



EMPERRESS MARIA LOUISA.

THE HISTORY
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

With Maps and Numerous Illustrations

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME IV.

“La vérité, rien que la vérité”
“Magna est veritas et prevalebit”

NEW EDITION



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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOLUME IV.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUDED

The victorious Allies now assembled, with shouts of exultation, in the great square of Leipsic. No pen can describe the horrible scene which the interior of the city presented. The streets were filled with heaps of the dying and of the dead—not merely of combatants, but of peaceful citizens, aged men, women, and children. The houses were shattered and blown into fragments by the terrific cannonade. Many parts of the city presented but piles of smouldering ruins. Broken caissons, baggage-wagons, guns, and all the enginery of war, were strewed in ruin around. Mangled horses, dismembered limbs, and pools of blood, polluted the pavements.

The Emperors of Russia and Austria, with the King of Prussia, accompanied by a magnificent suite, and deafening the city with clarion notes of triumph, entered by the southern barrier. At the same moment, Bernadotte, also surrounded by war's most exultant pageant, entered by the eastern gates. The Royalist party in Leipsic, who would regain opulence and power by the overthrow of the popular party, received the Allies with every demonstration of joy.

The friends of reform retired in silence and anguish to their dwellings, or abandoned their homes and accompanied the retreating army, to escape persecution, imprisonment, and death. In the explosions of artillery, and the chimes ringing from the steeples, and the peals of martial music, they heard the knell of German liberty. Their great friend, who, with heroism unexampled, had so long held at bay all the despots of Europe, was at last struck down. Germany was again delivered over, bound hand and foot, to Russian, and Prussian, and Austrian absolutism. Beneath that impenetrable gloom those nations still lie enthralled. Why God should thus, for a time, have permitted despotism to triumph, is one of those mysteries which is reserved for the revelations of a future day.*

The allied kings, who rested their claims to the throne on the doctrine of divine right, condescended to forget the plebeian origin of Bernadotte, since

* "Two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon," says Alison, "nine hundred chariots and ammunition wagons, an incalculable quantity of baggage, the King of Saxony, two generals of corps, seven generals of division, twelve of brigade, and thirty thousand other prisoners, constituted the trophies during the three days of a battle, in which the loss of the French was upward of sixty thousand men. The loss of the Allies was also immense; it amounted to nearly eighteen hundred officers, and forty-one thousand private soldiers, killed and wounded in the three days' combat. A prodigious sacrifice, but which, great as it is, humanity has no cause to regret, for it delivered Europe from French bondage, and the world from revolutionary aggression."

they stood in need of those services which he was both able and willing to render them. But Bernadotte himself admits that he felt that he was in an uncomfortable position, and he no longer wished to participate in the slaughter of his countrymen. He was therefore soon removed from the camp of the Allies, and was intrusted with an important distant command.

In the mean time, Napoleon, with his shattered army, continued his retreat rapidly toward Erfurth, which was about a hundred miles from Leipsic. The Allies, to throw reproach upon his honorable name, shamefully circulated through Europe the charge that Napoleon, immediately on crossing the bridge, had ordered it to be blown up, willing to secure his own escape at the expense of the lives of his friends. A story so confidently asserted was generally believed, and Napoleon was represented as a monster of meanness and selfishness; and it was thought that some magical arts must have been practiced upon the French soldiers to induce them to love, as they manifestly did love, one thus deserving only detestation. The accusation was subsequently proved to be false. It has now, with a thousand similar charges, passed into oblivion. The effect, however, of these calumnies still remains upon many minds.

On the day following the retreat, the French army, dejected, but still firm and determined, passed over the plains of Lutzen, where, but a few months before, they had obtained so decisive a victory. The Allies had now crossed the river, and were vigorously pressing the pursuit. In five days Napoleon reached Erfurth. Here Murat, seeing clearly that the cause of the Emperor was declining, and that, in the overthrow of the French empire, the crown of Naples would also be wrested from his brow, entered into secret negotiations with the Allies, engaging, if they would support him on his throne, that he would abandon Napoleon and attach himself to their cause. He deemed Napoleon utterly ruined, and from the wreck of the fortunes of his master, with an ignoble spirit, he wished to secure what he could for himself. Under pretense, therefore, of going to his own dominions to obtain re-enforcements, he abandoned the Emperor and departed for Naples.

Murat, though a fearless swordsman, and a man capable of sudden and heroic impulses, was not a man of lofty spirit. Napoleon fully appreciated his excellences and his defects. He had not forgotten Murat's base abandonment of his post on the Vistula. He fully understood the object of the King of Naples in his present movement; but the characteristic pride of the Emperor would not permit him, in the hour of approaching ruin, to solicit others to share his fall. When Murat called to take leave, Napoleon received him kindly. He uttered not a word of reproach, stifled his wounded feelings, and sadly, yet affectionately, embraced his brother-in-law, with the full assurance that they would never meet again. It proved to be their last interview. Murat went over to the Allies, and thus prevented Eugene from marching from Italy to assist Napoleon. Murat is not, perhaps, severely to be blamed. He was an impulsive man, of shallow intellect and of diluted heart, and, by nature, incapacitated for any noble deed of self-sacrifice.

On the 11th of January, 1814, a treaty was signed between the Allies and Murat. By this treaty Murat engaged to furnish thirty thousand men, to co-operate with sixty thousand furnished by Austria. Murat, taking com-

mand of this army of ninety thousand troops, made an attack upon the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnais, at Milan, and thus prevented him from moving to the aid of the Emperor. For this act, which must ever remain an indelible stain upon the character of Murat, the allied powers guaranteed to him and his heirs the throne of Naples, which guarantee they subsequently perfidiously violated. The thirty pieces of silver were never paid.

We do but give utterance to the general admission even of Napoleon's enemies when we say that the magnanimity which he manifested during the whole of this dreadful crisis was such as has never been surpassed.

Napoleon had with him but eighty thousand men. Six hundred thousand were crowding fiercely in pursuit of him, to rush, like an inundating wave, into France. He could no longer afford his friends any protection. Their attempt to protect him would only result in their utter ruin. He called before him the troops of the various German contingents who still remained faithful, released them from all further obligations to him, and, supplying them with money and provisions, permitted them to retire to their homes, where he knew that they would immediately be compelled to turn their arms against him.

The King of Bavaria, as we have before mentioned, had abandoned his alliance with Napoleon, joined the coalition, and declared war against France. Though he did this under compulsion, still, by passing over to the enemy several weeks sooner than Napoleon had expected, he plunged the Emperor into extreme embarrassment. The Bavarian army was now marching under the guidance of the Allies, to cut off the retreat of the French. There was, however, a corps of Bavarian troops still with Napoleon. They had remained faithful to him, notwithstanding the defection of their sovereign. Napoleon assembled these soldiers, who were bound to obey their lawful government, addressed them in terms of gratitude for their fidelity, and dismissed them to return to their king, who would immediately be compelled to direct their arms against the enfeebled bands of the French. He addressed a letter to his former ally, Maximilian, in which he wrote :

“Bavaria having disloyally, and without notice, declared hostilities against France, I might, with justice, have detained these troops as prisoners of war ; but such a step would destroy the confidence which I wish the troops in my service to repose in me. I have, therefore, abstained from any act of retaliation.” These soldiers were strongly attached to Napoleon ; but, yielding to cruel necessity, they sorrowfully retired from the French ranks.

Napoleon then assembled the Polish troops, and gave them their option either to make peace with the allied sovereigns upon the best terms in their power, or to adhere to his broken fortunes.

These gallant soldiers, with entire unanimity, declared that they would share the fate of the only monarch who, since the destruction of their country, had uttered a word of sympathy in their behalf.

As Napoleon had been compelled to weaken his forces in Spain, the popular cause was effectually suppressed there. Colonel Napier says,

“Lord Wellington's victories had put an end to the intercourse between Joseph and the Spaniards, who desired to make terms with the French ; but the people, not losing hope, formed a strong anti-English party. The ser-

viles, extremely bigoted both in religion and politics, had the whole body of the clergy on their side. These doctrines were comprised in two sentences —*an absolute king*; *an intolerant Church*. The *liberals*, supported and instigated by all ardent innovators, by the commercial body and populace of Cadiz, and taking as guides the revolutionary writings of the French philosophers, were hastening onward to a democracy, without regard to ancient usages or feelings, and without practical ability to carry their theories into execution. Jealousy of England was common to all, and *Inglesimo* was used as a term of contempt. Posterity will scarcely believe that when Lord Wellington was commencing the campaign of 1813, the *Cortes* was with difficulty, and by threats rather than reason, prevented from passing a law forbidding foreign troops to enter a Spanish fortress.”*

In this conflict, England expended on her own operations more than five hundred millions of dollars. She subsidized Spain and Portugal with millions besides, and maintained all the armies, English, Spanish, and Portuguese, with her own supplies of clothing, arms, and ammunition. She constantly employed in the Peninsula from thirty to seventy thousand British troops, in addition to the countless armies she raised from Spain and Portugal. Her naval squadron continually harassed the French, making descents on the coast. She left the bones of forty thousand Englishmen strewed over the plains and mountains of the Peninsula. The number of natives who perished no tongue can tell. Two hundred thousand of her adversaries were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and yet all this time Napoleon was engaged with adversaries so much more formidable, that he could hardly turn a passing glance toward his foes in Spain. General Soult was left, with enfeebled forces, to resist as he could the Duke of Wellington.

Most generously, at St. Helena, Napoleon apologized for the defection of his allies. “To the honor of human nature,” he said, “and even to the honor of kings, I must once more declare, that never was more virtue manifested than amid the baseness which marked this period. I never, for a moment, had cause to complain, individually, of the princes, our allies. The good King of Saxony continued faithful to the last. The King of Bavaria loyally avowed to me that he was no longer his own master. The generosity of the King of Wurtemberg was particularly remarkable. The Prince of Baden yielded only to force, and at the very last extremity. All, I must render them this justice, gave me due notice of the storm that was gathering, in order that I might adopt the necessary precautions; but, on the other hand, how odious was the conduct of subaltern agents! Can military parade obliterate the infamy of the Saxons, who returned to our ranks for the purpose of destroying us? Their treachery became proverbial among the troops, who still use the word *Saxonner* to designate a soldier who assassinates another. To crown all, it was a Frenchman, a man for whom French blood purchased a crown, a nursling of France, who gave the finishing stroke to our disasters.”†

Napoleon remained at Erfurth two days, reorganizing his army, and then resumed his line of march. Swarms of Cossacks, savage in garb and in

* Napier's *Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 259.

† *Las Casas*, vol. iii., p. 19.

character, hung upon his rear, not daring to venture on any formidable attack, yet harassing the army by incessant annoyances. Blucher, with a powerful force of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, followed close behind, ready to avail himself of any opportunity to crush the retiring foe. Napoleon pressed resolutely on for five days, and, after safely traversing some two hundred miles, arrived, on the 30th of October, at Haynau.

Here the Bavarian government, active in its new alliance, and animated by those now in power, who were hostile to France, had assembled an army of sixty thousand Austrians and Bavarians, strong in artillery and in cavalry, and had planted these forces in a formidable position, to cut off entirely the retreat of Napoleon. But the French soldiers, indignant and desperate, rushed recklessly upon their batteries, and, after a long and sanguinary battle, routed them entirely. During this conflict, in which thirty thousand men, goaded by indignation and despair, charged the intrenchments where sixty thousand were posted, Napoleon was anxiously walking backward and forward on the highway, conversing with Caulaincourt. A bomb-shell fell, and buried itself in the soft earth, close by their side. Caulaincourt immediately placed himself before the Emperor, to shield him with his own body from the effects of the explosion. The Emperor, paying no regard to the shell, continued his conversation. Fortunately, the bomb sank so deep in the moist ditch that it did not burst.



The Allies lost in this battle ten thousand men in killed and wounded. The French troops then pressed rapidly forward, and in two days arrived at Frankfort. At five o'clock the next morning, the 2d of November, the army arrived at Mayence. Napoleon remained there three days, reorganizing his

troops, and making arrangements for defending the passage of the Rhine from the advancing legions of the Allies. At eight o'clock at night on the 4th of November he departed for Paris, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day he arrived at St. Cloud.

It is said that Maria Louisa was in a state of dreadful embarrassment. She almost dreaded to see Napoleon. Her father had treacherously turned against her husband, and he was now marching, with hostile armies, to invade France. As the Emperor entered her apartment, she threw herself into his arms, hung her head upon his shoulder, and, bursting into a flood of tears, was unable to articulate a syllable. Napoleon pressed her tenderly to his bosom, soothed her with words of affection, and anxiously inquired for their idolized boy. The beautiful child was brought in, and a touching



INTERVIEW WITH MARIA LOUISA.

scene of domestic affection and grief ensued. Napoleon alone was calm. He still clung to hope, and endeavored to alleviate the anguish of his wife by the anticipation of brighter days.

The victorious Allies, in the mean time, overran all Germany. All the states of the Confederation of the Rhine were now arranged under their standards.

“The lesser princes,” says Sir Walter Scott, “had no alternative but to

declare, as fast as they could, their adherence to the same cause. Their ministers thronged to the head-quarters of the allied sovereigns, where they were admitted to peace and fraternity on the same terms, namely, that each state should contribute, within a certain period, *a year's income of their territories and a contingent of soldiers double in numbers* to that formerly exacted by Bonaparte, *for sustaining the good cause of the Alliance.*"

St. Cyr, with thirty thousand men, was shut up in Dresden. He was soon compelled, through famine, to capitulate. It was solemnly stipulated that he and his troops should be permitted to return to France, upon condition of not serving against the Allies till regularly exchanged. After St. Cyr, with his emaciate and tottering troops, had marched out of the city, and the Allies had taken possession, he was informed by the allied sovereigns that they were dissatisfied with the convention which their general had concluded, and could admit of no terms but such as provided for conducting the garrison *as prisoners of war into the Austrian states.* They also, having now had Dresden in their possession seven days, having ascertained all its weak points, and knowing that there was not food there to subsist its garrison for a single day, mocked St. Cyr by saying that, if he were dissatisfied with these terms, he might return again to Dresden.* By such an act of perfidy were thirty thousand men carried off into the prisons of Austria. This fact may to some seem incredible; but it is admitted, in all its bald baseness, even by those historians who most earnestly plead the cause of the Allies. Sir Archibald Alison, though adding to the remark several ungenerous qualifications, says, "In violating this convention, the allied sovereigns did not imitate the honorable fidelity with which Napoleon observed the conditions of the capitulation of Mantua, granted to Wurmser in 1796."

On the 29th of November, General Rapp, who was in Dantzig, with fifteen thousand men, one half of whom were French and the rest Germans, was also compelled by famine to surrender. "As in the case of Dresden," says Sir Walter Scott, "the sovereigns refused to ratify the stipulations, which provided for the return of the garrison to France, but made the commandant, Rapp, the same proposal which had been made to the Marshal St. Cyr, which Rapp, in like manner, declined. The detention of this garrison must also be recorded against the Allies as a breach of faith, which the temptation of diminishing the enemy's forces can not justify."

In reference to this capitulation, General Rapp himself says, "General Houdelet and Colonel Richemont went to the enemy's camp, and concluded a capitulation, in which the *power of returning to France was particularly guaranteed to us.* A part of the articles had been already executed; the Russian prisoners had been sent back, the forts had been given up, when I learned that the Emperor Alexander refused his ratification. The Duke of Wurtemberg offered me to put things in their former condition. This was a mockery; but what could we do? We had no more provisions. It was necessary to be resigned. He managed things as he wished, and we took the road to Russia." With such perfidy was Napoleon ever assailed. How

* "For how was it possible for the French commandant to be in the same situation as before the capitulation, when the enemy had become completely acquainted with his means of defense and resources?"—Sir Walter Scott.

noble and magnanimous does his character appear when contrasted with that of the Allies !

Rapidly, one after another of the garrisons which Napoleon had left behind, numbering in all some eighty thousand men, fell into the hands of the coalesced powers, and feudal despotism again became dominant over all the broad plains of Germany. The three great despotisms of Christendom, in alliance with the Tory government of England, had quenched the flames of republican liberty in blood. Nothing now remained but to march with a million of bayonets into France, to overthrow the popular government there, to force the Bourbons upon a people who had rejected them, to rivet upon ignorant and superstitious Spain the chains of the most intolerable civil and religious despotism, and then Europe would once again repose in the quietude of the dark ages.

In speaking of this memorable campaign, Napoleon said at St. Helena, “ How was I perplexed, when conversing on this subject, to find myself the only one to judge of the extent of our danger, and to adopt means to avert it ! I was harassed on the one hand by the coalesced powers, who threatened our very existence, and on the other by the spirit of my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with them ; by our enemies, who were laboring for my destruction, and by the importunities of my people, and even my ministers, who urged me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. And I was obliged to maintain a good appearance in this embarrassing situation ; to reply haughtily to some, and sharply to rebuff others, who created difficulties in my rear, encouraged the mistaken course of public opinion, instead of seeking to give it a proper direction, and suffered me to be tormented by demands for peace, when they ought to have proved that the only means of obtaining it was to urge me ostensibly to war. However, my determination was fixed. I awaited the result of events, firmly resolved to enter into no concessions or treaties which could present only a temporary reparation, and would inevitably have been attended by fatal consequences. Any middle course must have been dangerous ; there was no safety except in victory which would have preserved my power, or in some catastrophe which would have brought back my allies. In what a situation was I placed ! I saw that France, her destinies, her principles, depended on me alone.”

“ Sire,” said Las Casas, “ this was the opinion generally entertained ; and yet some parties reproached you for it, exclaiming with bitterness, ‘ Why would he connect every thing with himself personally ? ’ ”

“ That was a vulgar accusation,” the Emperor replied. “ My situation was not one of my own choosing, nor did it arise out of any fault of mine. It was produced entirely by the force and nature of circumstances—by the conflict of two opposite orders of things. Would the individuals who held this language, if, indeed, they were sincere, have preferred to go back to the period preceding Brumaire, when our internal dissolution was complete, foreign invasion certain, and the destruction of France inevitable ? From the moment when we decided on the concentration of power, which could alone save us, when we determined on the unity of doctrines and resources, which rendered us a mighty nation, the destinies of France depended solely

on the character, the measures, and the principles of him who had been invested with this accidental dictatorship. From that moment the public interest, *the State, was myself.*

“These words, which I addressed to men who were capable of understanding them, were strongly censured by the narrow-minded and ill-disposed ; but the enemy felt the full force of them, and therefore his first object was to effect my overthrow. The same outcry was raised against other words which I uttered in the sincerity of my heart. When I said that *France stood more in need of me than I stood in need of her*, this solid truth was declared to be mere excess of vanity. But, my dear Las Casas, you now see that I can relinquish every thing ; and as to what I endure here, my sufferings can not be long. My life is limited ; but the existence of France—”

Here the Emperor paused for a moment in silence, and then continued : “The circumstances in which we were placed were extraordinary and unprecedented ; it would be vain to seek for any parallel to them. I was myself the keystone of an edifice totally new, and raised on a slight foundation. Its stability depended on each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815 without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. It was the same at Austerlitz and Jena ; and again at Eylau and elsewhere. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of all these wars. But they were not of my choosing ; they were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict between the past and the future, that constant and permanent coalition of our enemies, which obliged us to subdue under pain of being subdued.”

“Napoleon,” says Napier, “the greatest man of whom history makes mention, Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman, lost by arms Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRUGGLE RENEWED.

French Equality—Remarks of the Emperor—Advance of the Allies—Conspiracies in France—The Emperor’s Address to the Senate—Object of the Allies—Testimony of Napier ; of Caulaincourt —Patriotism of Carnot—Offer of Gustavus—Remarks of the Emperor—Character of Joseph—Strength of the Allies.

THE war had now become a struggle for the dethronement of Napoleon, and for the effectual suppression, throughout Europe, of those principles of republican equality to which the French Revolution had given birth. There never was a government so popular as not to have its opposition. In every nation and state allied to France, there were many Royalists ready eagerly to join the allied armies. In the triumph of that cause they hoped to regain their exclusive privileges ; and in all the old aristocracies, there

were multitudes of the more intelligent portion of the populace hungering for reform. They welcomed with enthusiasm the approach of the armies of Napoleon. It was the existence of this party, in such strength, both in England and Ireland, which roused the Tory government of Britain to such tremendous exertions to crush, in the person of the French Emperor, the spirit of republican equality. The North British Review, one of the organs of the Tory party, in the following strain, which will certainly amuse American readers, complains of that equality which Napoleon established in France :

“ Those who have watched the interior workings of society in France, long and close at hand, are inclined to attribute much of that uselessness and discontent, which is one of its most striking features, and which is the despair both of the friends of order and the friends of freedom, to the national system of education. Members of various grades and classes in the social scale are instructed together, in the same schools, in the same mode, and on the same subjects, to a degree of which we have no example here. If the peasant, the grocer, or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor, whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy who ought to be a laborer or a petty tradesman sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the state. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The result is, that each one naturally learns to despise his own destination, and to aspire to that of his fortunate schoolfellow. The grocer’s son can not see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble-born lad, who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task.”*

“ Napoleon,” says Las Casas, “ truly was, and must remain in the eyes of posterity, the type, the standard, and the prince of liberal opinions. They belonged to his heart, to his principles, and to his mind. If his actions sometimes seemed at variance with these ideas, it was when he was imperiously swayed by circumstances. In one of the evening parties at the Tuilleries, Napoleon, conversing with several individuals of the court, who were group-

* It is greatly to Napoleon’s honor that such men as the Duke of Wellington were contending against him. It is, in itself, evidence of the righteousness of his cause. Probably there can not be found in the world a man more resolutely hostile to popular reform than was the Duke of Wellington. He was the idol of the aristocracy. He was hated by the people. They had pelted him with mud through the streets of London, and he had been compelled to barricade his windows against their assaults. Even the soldiers under his command in Spain had no affection for his person; and, notwithstanding all the calumnies of the British press, they loved, around their camp-fires, to tell stories of the goodness of Napoleon. Many, too, of these soldiers, after the battle of Waterloo, were sent to Canada. I am informed, by a gentleman of commanding character and intelligence, that, when a child, he has sat for hours listening to the anecdotes in favor of Napoleon which these British soldiers had picked up in the camp. Yet, true to military discipline, they would stand firmly to their colors in the hour of battle. They were proud of the grandeur of the “Iron Duke,” but no soldier loved him. We will imitate Napoleon’s magnanimity in not questioning the sincerity of the Duke of Wellington’s convictions that an aristocratic government is best for the people. We simply state the undeniable *fact* that his hostility was deadly to all popular reform.

ed around him, closed a discussion on a great political question with the following words :

“ ‘ For my part, I am fundamentally and naturally favorable to a fixed and moderate government.’ Observing that the countenance of one of the interlocutors expressed surprise, he continued, ‘ You do not believe me. Why not ? Is it because my deeds do not seem to accord with my words ? My dear sir, how little you know of men and things ! Is the necessity of the moment nothing in your eyes ? Were I to slacken the reins only for a moment, neither you nor I would probably sleep another night in the Tuilleries.’ ”

With a million of foes marching against France, and aristocrats and Jacobins, in the heart of the empire, ready to combine against the established government, a degree of rigor was essential, which, under other circumstances, would not be called for. Liberty was compelled to make sacrifices to preserve herself from destruction. When the ship is in peril of foundering in the storm, even the richest freight must be cast into the sea.

The Allies now advanced triumphantly toward the Rhine. Napoleon roused all his energies to meet the emergence. “ Though age,” says Bourrienne, “ might have been supposed to have deprived him of some of his activity, yet, in that crisis, I beheld him as in his most vigorous youth. Again he developed that fervid mind, which, as in his early conquests, annihilated time and space, and seemed omnipresent in its energies.” France, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, assumed the appearance of a vast arsenal. The Council of State suggested to Napoleon that it might not be wise to announce to the people the humiliating truth that the frontiers of France were invaded.

“ Wherefore,” replied Napoleon, “ should not the truth be told ? Wellington has entered the south ; the Russians menace the north ; the Austrians, Prussians, and Bavarians are on the east. Shame ! Wellington is in France, and ye have not risen, *en masse*, to drive him back. There must be an impulse given. All must march. It is for you, councillors, fathers of families, heads of the nation, to set the example. People speak of peace when all should echo to the call of war.”

The emigrants, members of the old Royalist party whom Napoleon had generously permitted to return to France, and to enter again upon their estates, basely, in this hour of disaster, turned against their benefactor. They organized a wide-spread conspiracy, opened communications with the Allies, distributed arms among their adherents, extolled the Bourbons, and defamed in every possible way the good character of Napoleon.

The priests, hoping by the restoration of the Bourbons to regain the enormous Church possessions which had been confiscated by the Revolution, in large numbers joined the conspirators, and endeavored to sting the bosom which had warmed them into life. In many districts, their influence over the peasantry was almost omnipotent.

The Count of Artois, afterward Charles X., hastened to join the army of the Austrians. His son, the Duke of Angoulême, who had married the unhappy daughter of Louis XVI., whose tragic imprisonment with her brother, the Dauphin, in the Temple, has moved the sympathies of the world, hastened to the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington. The Count of Provence,

subsequently Louis XVIII., was residing at Hartwell, England. He was an infirm, unwieldy, gouty old man of threescore years. Unable to make any exertions himself, he sat lolling in his chair, while the Allies deluged France in blood and flame to place him on the throne. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, clearly discerning the fall of the Empire, entered into communication with the Allies to secure the best possible terms for himself. He did every thing in his power to thwart the exertions of Napoleon and of the nation. In the Council of State and in the saloons of the capital, he incessantly advised submission.

On the 20th of December Napoleon assembled the Senate. He opened the session in person, and thus addressed the members :

“ Splendid victories have illustrated the French army in this campaign. Defections without a parallel have rendered those victories unavailing, or have turned them against us. France would now have been in danger but for the energy and the union of the French. In these momentous circumstances, my first thought has been to summon you around me. My heart has need of the presence and affection of my subjects. I have never been seduced by prosperity. Adversity will find me superior to its strokes. I have often given peace to the nations when they had lost every thing. With a part of my conquests I have raised up monarchs who have since abandoned me. I had conceived and executed great designs for the happiness of the world. A monarch and a father, I feel that peace adds to the security of thrones as well as families. Nothing on my part is an obstacle to the re-establishment of peace. You are the natural organs of the throne. It is for you to give an example of energy which may dignify our generation in the eyes of our posterity. Let them not say of us, ‘They have sacrificed the first interests of our country ; they have submitted to laws which England has sought in vain, during four centuries, to impose upon France.’ I am confident that in this crisis the French will show themselves worthy of themselves and of me.”

At the same time, Napoleon communicated to the Senate and to the Legislative Assembly the correspondence which had taken place with the Allies, both before and after the battle of Leipsic. He wished to prove to the nation that he had neglected no honorable exertions to arrest the calamities of war. A committee was appointed by both bodies to examine and report upon the documents. The report of the Senate was favorable to Napoleon, and yet the influence of that report was to weaken the Emperor’s hold on the democracy. He had sought to identify himself with the ancient order of things. It was the policy of his government to conciliate antagonistic principles, to ingraft democratic rights upon monarchical forms. He hoped thus to secure popular rights on the one hand, and to abate the hostility of monarchical Europe on the other. This policy might have been unwise, but there is every evidence that he sincerely thought it the best which could be adopted under then existing circumstances. He knew that France would not submit again to place her neck under the yoke of the old feudal aristocracy. He believed it impossible to maintain republican forms in France, with a Jacobin mob at one extremity of society, with Royalist conspirators at the other extremity, and with all Europe in arms against the republic.

Though the overwhelming majority of the people of France were strongly in favor of the policy of Napoleon, yet the Jacobins on the one hand, and the Royalists on the other, a small but busy minority, were ever ready to join hands for his overthrow. The president of the senatorial commission, M. Fontanes, concluded his report respecting the continued assault of the Allies with the following words :

“Against whom is that attack directed ? Against that great man who has merited the gratitude of all kings ; for he it was who, in re-establishing the throne of France, extinguished the volcano with which they were all menaced.”

The *people* did not relish this declaration that Napoleon had become an advocate of the *rights of kings*. Napoleon had achieved all his victories and attained his supremacy as the recognized advocate of the *rights of the people*. His rejection of Josephine, and his matrimonial alliance with the proud house of Hapsburg, also operated against him. They had secured for his cause no monarchical friends, but had wilted the enthusiasm of the people.

France was now disheartened. One army had perished upon the snows of Russia, another upon the plains of Saxony. The conscription and taxation had borne heavily upon all classes. All Europe had been combining, in an interminable series of wars, against Revolutionary France. It seemed impossible any longer to protract the conflict. The majority of the Legislative Body adopted the report of their committee, containing the following sentiments deeply wounding to the Emperor :

“In order to prevent the coalesced powers from accusing France of any wish to maintain a too extensive territory, which they seem to fear, would it not exhibit real greatness to undeceive them by a formal declaration ? It is for the government to propose the measures which may be considered most prompt and safe for repelling the enemy and establishing peace on a solid basis. These measures must be effectual, if the French people be convinced that their blood will be shed only in defense of their country and of its laws. It appears indispensable, therefore, that his majesty shall be entreated to maintain the full and constant execution of the laws which guarantee to the nation the free exercise of its political rights.”

Napoleon regarded these insinuations as peculiarly unfriendly, and ordered the printing of the report to be suppressed. He immediately assembled the Council of State, and thus expressed his sentiments on the subject :

“You are aware, gentlemen, of the dangers to which the country is exposed. Without any obligation to do so, I thought it right to consult the deputies of the Legislative Body. They have converted this act of my confidence into a weapon against me, that is to say, against the country. Instead of assisting me, they obstruct my efforts. We should assume an attitude to check the advance of the enemy. Their attitude invites him. Instead of showing to him a front of brass, they unveil to him our wounds. They stun me with clamors for peace, while the only means to obtain it is to prepare for war. They speak of grievances. But these are subjects to be discussed in private, and not in the presence of an enemy.

“Was I inaccessible to them ? Did I ever show myself averse to rational
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argument? It is time to come to a conclusion. The Legislative Body, instead of assisting to save France, has concurred to accelerate her ruin. It has betrayed its duty. I fulfill mine. I prorogue the Assembly, and call for fresh elections. Were I sure that this act would bring the people of Paris in a crowd to the Tuilleries to murder me this day, I would still do my duty. My determination is perfectly legal. If every one here will act worthily, I shall yet be invincible, as well before the enemy as behind the shelter of the law."

Notwithstanding this prorogation, a few days after, on the first of January, a deputation from the Legislative Body attended court, to present the congratulations of the season to the Emperor. As they entered the room, Napoleon advanced to meet them. In earnest tones, which were subdued by the spirit of seriousness and sadness, he thus spoke:

"Gentlemen of the Chamber of Deputies,—You are about to return to your respective departments. I had called you together with perfect reliance upon your concurrence in my endeavors to illustrate this period of our history. You might have rendered me a signal service by giving me the support of which I stood in need, instead of attempting to confine me within limits which you would be the first to extend when you had discovered the fatal effects of your internal dissensions. By what authority do you consider yourselves entitled to limit the action of government at such a moment as the present? Am I indebted to you for the authority which is invested in me? I hold it from God and the people only. Have you forgotten in what manner I ascended the throne which you now attack? There existed at that period an assembly like your own. Had I deemed its authority and its choice sufficient for my purposes, do you think that I wanted the means to obtain its votes? I have never been of opinion that a sovereign could be elected in that manner.

"I was desirous, therefore, that the wish, so generally expressed for my being invested with the supreme power, should be submitted to a national vote, taken from every person in the French dominions. By such means only did I accept of a throne. Do you imagine that I consider the throne as nothing more than a piece of velvet spread over a chair? The throne consists in the unanimous wish of the nation in favor of their sovereign. Our position is surrounded with difficulties. By adhering to my views, you might have been of the greatest assistance to me. Nevertheless, I trust that, with the help of God and of the army, I shall extricate myself, if I am not doomed to be betrayed. Should I fall, to you alone will be ascribed the evils which will desolate our common country."*

* "The internal state of France was more disquieting to his mind than foreign negotiation or the number of invaders. The sincere Republicans were naturally averse to him as the restorer of monarchy, yet they should have felt that the sovereign, whose ruin was so eagerly sought by the legitimate kings and nobles of Europe, could not be really opposed to liberty. Meanwhile, the advocates of legitimacy shrunk from him as a usurper, and all those tired of war—and they were a majority of the nation—judging from the stupendous power of his genius that he had only to will peace to attain it with security, blamed his tardiness in negotiation. An unexpected opposition to his wishes was also displayed in the Legislative Body, and the partisans of the Bourbons were endeavoring to form a great conspiracy in favor of that house. There were many traitors, likewise, to him and to their country, men devoid of principle, patriotism, or honor, who, with instinctive hatred

The Duke of Rovigo, who has recorded the above interview, says that the Emperor, on returning to his cabinet, showed no particular indications of displeasure against the Legislative Body. With that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, he gave them credit for the best intentions. He, however, observed that he could not safely allow the existence of this state of things behind him, when he was on the point of proceeding to join the army, where he would find quite enough to engage his attention.

It was the special aim of the Allies, aided by their copartners, the Royalists of France, to create a division between Napoleon and the French people, and to make the Emperor as odious as possible. Abusive pamphlets were circulated like autumn leaves all over the Empire. The treasury of England and that of all the Allies was at the disposal of any one who could wage effective warfare against the dreaded republican Emperor. The invading kings, at the head of their locust legions, issued a proclamation, to be spread throughout Europe, full of the meanest and most glaring falsehoods. They asserted that they were the friends of peace, and Napoleon the advocate for war; that they were struggling for liberty and human rights, Napoleon for tyranny and oppression. They declared that they earnestly desired peace, but that the despot Napoleon would not sheathe the sword. They assured the French people that they waged no war against France, but only against the *usurper*, who, to gratify his own ambition, was deluging Europe in blood. The atrocious falsehood was believed in England, on the Continent, and in America. Its influence still poisons thousands of minds.

Colonel Napier, though an officer in the allied army, and marching under the Duke of Wellington for the invasion of France, candidly admits that the Allies in this declaration were utterly insincere, that they had no desire for peace, and that their only object was to rouse the hostility of the people of Europe against Napoleon. He says the negotiations of the Allies with Napoleon were "a deceit from the beginning." "This fact," he says, "was placed beyond a doubt by Lord Castlereagh's simultaneous proceedings in London."*

Napoleon sent Caulaincourt to the head-quarters of the Allies to make every effort in his power to promote peace. They had consented to a sort of conference, in order to gain time to bring up their reserves. France was exhausted. The Allies had slain so many of the French in these iniquitous wars, that the fields of France were left unilled for want of laborers; and they proclaimed this horrible fact as the result of Napoleon's bloodthirsty spirit! More than a million of men were now on the march to invade the almost defenseless empire. It is utterly impossible but that Napoleon must

of a falling cause, plotted to thwart his projects for the defense of the nation. In fine, the men of action and the men of theories were alike combined for mischief. Nor is this outbreak of passion to be wondered at, when it is considered how recently Napoleon had stopped the anarchy of the Revolution, and rebuilt the social and political structure of France. But of all who, by their untimely opposition to the Emperor, hurt their country, the most pernicious were those silly politicians whom he so felicitously described as 'discussing abstract systems of government when the battering-ram was at the gates.'—*Napier*.

* For the conclusive proof of this hypocrisy on the part of the Allies, see Napier's *Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 327, 328.

have wished for peace. But nobly he resolved that he would perish rather than submit to dishonor. Every generous heart will throb in sympathy with this decision.*

"The Emperor," says Caulaincourt, "closed his last instructions to me with the following words: 'I wish for peace. I wish for it without any reservation or after-thought. But, Caulaincourt, I will never accede to dishonorable conditions. It is wished that peace shall be based on the independence of all nations; be it so. This is one of those Utopian dreams of which experience will prove the fallacy. My policy is more enlightened than that of those men who were *born kings*. Those men have never quitted their gilded cages, and have never read history except with their tutors. Tell them, I impress upon them, with all the authority we are entitled to exercise, that peace can be durable only inasmuch as it shall be reasonable and just to all parties. To demand absurd concessions, to impose conditions which can not be acceded to consistently with the dignity and importance of France, is to declare a deadly war against me. I will never consent to leave France less than I found her. Were I to do so, the whole nation, *en masse*, would be entitled to call me to account. Go, Caulaincourt. You know the difficulties of my position. Heaven grant that you may succeed! Do not spare couriers. Send me intelligence every hour. You know how anxious I shall be.'

"Our real enemies," continues Caulaincourt, "they who had vowed our destruction, were England, Austria, and Sweden. There was a determined resolution to exterminate Napoleon, and consequently all negotiations proved fruitless. Every succeeding day gave birth to a new conflict. In proportion as we accepted what was offered, new pretensions rose up, and no sooner was one difficulty smoothed down than we had to encounter another. I know not how I mustered sufficient firmness and forbearance to remain calm amid so many outrages. I accordingly wrote to the Emperor, assuring him that these conferences, pompously invested with the title of a congress, served merely to mask the irrevocably fixed determination not to treat with France; that the time we were thus losing was employed by the allied powers in assembling their forces, for the purpose of invading us on all points at once; that by further temporizing we should unavoidably augment the disadvantages of our position."

In a private interview with Caulaincourt, as reported by the Duke of Rovigo, Napoleon said, "France must preserve her natural limits. All the powers of Europe, including England, have acknowledged these bases at Frankfort. France, reduced to her old limits, would not possess two thirds

* "The contrast between these wiles to gain a momentary advantage, and the manly, vigorous policy of Lord Wellington, must make honest men of all nations shun for the bunting which diplomats call policy. Napoleon, rising even above himself, burst against the armed arrays opposed to him with such a terrible energy, that, though ten times his number, they were rolled back on every side with confusion and dismay." ** That great man was never personally deceived by the Allies' pretended negotiations. He joined issue with them to satisfy the French people that he was not averse to peace; but his instructions, dated the 4th of January, and addressed to Caulaincourt, prove at once his sagacity and his firmness. "I think," he said, "that both the Allies' good faith and the wish of England to make peace are doubtful. For my part I desire peace but it must be solid and honorable. I have accepted the basis proposed at Frankfort, yet it is more probable the Allies have other notions." — *Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 530.

of the relative power she possessed twenty years ago. What she has acquired toward the Alps and the Rhine does not compensate for what Russia, Austria, and Prussia have acquired by the mere act of the partition of Poland. All these powers have aggrandized themselves. To pretend to bring France back to her former state would be to lower and to degrade her. Neither the Emperor, nor the republic, if it should spring out anew from this state of agitation, can ever subscribe to such a condition. I have taken my determination, which nothing can change. Can I consent to leave France less powerful than I found her? If, therefore, the Allies insist upon this reduction of France, the Emperor has only one of three choices left: either to fight and conquer; to die honorably in the struggle; or, lastly, to abdicate, if the nation should not support me. The throne has no charms for me. I will never attempt to purchase it at the price of dishonor.”*

In the midst of these days of disaster, when Napoleon’s throne was crumbling beneath him, there were exhibited many noble examples of disinterestedness and fidelity. The illustrious and virtuous Carnot, true to his republican principles, had refused to accept office under the Empire. Napoleon had earnestly, but in vain, sought his aid. Carnot, retiring from the allurements of the imperial court, was buried in seclusion and poverty. His pecuniary embarrassments at length became so great, that they reached the ears of the Emperor. Napoleon, though deeming Carnot in error, yet highly appreciating the universally recognized integrity of the man, immediately sent him, with a touching letter, ample funds for the supply of his wants. Years had rolled away; gloom was gathering around the Emperor; foreign armies were crowding upon France; all who advocated the cause of Napoleon were in danger of ruin. In that hour Carnot came to the rescue, and offered himself to Napoleon for the defense of the country. Napoleon gratefully accepted the offer, and intrusted him with the command of Antwerp, one of the keys of the empire. In the defense of this place, Carnot exhibited all those noble traits of character which were to be expected of such a man.

“The offer,” said Carnot, in his letter to Napoleon, “of an arm sixty years old is, without doubt, but little. But I thought that the example of a soldier, whose patriotic sentiments are known, might have the effect of rallying to your Eagles a number of persons hesitating as to the part which they should take, and who might possibly think that the only way to serve their country was to abandon it.”

In many of the departments of France, the populace, uninfluenced by the libels against Napoleon, enthusiastically demanded arms, and entreated that they might be led against the invading foe. The leaders of the Jacobin clubs in Paris offered their services in rousing the phrensy of the lower orders, as in the days of the old revolution, if Napoleon would receive them into his alliance, surrender to their writers and to their orators the press and the tribune, and allow them to sing their revolutionary songs in the streets and in the theatres. Napoleon listened to their proposition, hesitated for a moment, and then resolutely replied,

“No. I shall find in battle some chance of safety, but none with these

* *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv., p. 193.

wild demagogues. There can be no connection between them and monarchy ; none between furious clubs and a regular ministry ; between revolutionary tribunals and the tribunal of the law. If I must fall, I will not bequeath France to the revolution from which I rescued her."

Gustavus, the deposed king of Sweden, who had always strenuously affirmed that Napoleon was the *Beast* described in the *Apocalypse*, now strangely offered his services to the Emperor. He wished to make himself the rallying point of the old Royalist party in Sweden. He would thus greatly embarrass the movements of the treacherous Bernadotte, and stand some chance of regaining his throne. It was a curious case of a legitimate monarch who had been deposed by the people, applying for aid to Napoleon, in order to overthrow the elected monarch, and to restore him to his hereditary claims. Notwithstanding the strength of the temptation, Napoleon refused, magnanimously refused to listen to his overtures.

"I have reflected," he said, "that if I received him, my dignity would require me to make exertions in his favor ; and, as I no longer rule the world, common minds would not have failed to discover, in the interest I might have displayed for him, an impotent hatred against Bernadotte. Besides, Gustavus had been dethroned by the voice of the people, and it was by the voice of the people that I had been elevated. In taking up his cause, I should have been guilty of inconsistency in my conduct, and have acted upon discordant principles."

This will be universally recognized as an exhibition of the very nicest sense of honor. Napoleon might thus have greatly embarrassed his foes, but he preferred to fall rather than call the forces of despotism to his aid. There is, perhaps, no incident in Napoleon's career more nobly illustrative of his lofty character.

The Duke of Wellington, with a hundred and forty thousand British, Portuguese, and Spanish troops, having driven the French soldiers out of Spain, was now overrunning the southern departments of France. Spain was lost. Napoleon consequently released Ferdinand, and restored him to his throne. The perfidious wretch manifested no gratitude whatever toward his English deliverers. He promptly entered into a treaty hostile to England.

"Thus did the sovereign," says Alison, "who had regained his liberty and his crown by the profuse shedding of English blood, make the first use of his promised freedom to banish from his dominions the allies whose swords had liberated him from prison and placed him on the throne."

"Ferdinand," says Colonel Napier, "became once more the King of Spain. He had been a rebellious son in the palace, a plotting traitor at Aranjuez, a dastard at Bayonne, an effeminate, superstitious, fawning slave at Valençay, and now, after six years of captivity, he returned to his own country an ungrateful and cruel tyrant. He would have been the most odious and contemptible of princes, if his favorite brother, Don Carlos, had not existed."

Such were the results of the English war in Spain. A greater curse one nation never inflicted upon another. What is Spain now ? What would she now have been had the energies of a popular government, under Joseph Bonaparte, been diffused throughout the Peninsula ? This king, whom the

English drove from Spain, was a sincere, enlightened, conscientious man, devoted to the public welfare.

When Joseph ascended the throne of Spain, Cevallos, the secretary of State, notified the accession to all the foreign powers. By all of them, with the exception of England, he was formally recognized. The Emperor of Russia, acquainted with the exalted personal character of Joseph, added felicitations to his acknowledgments. Even Ferdinand was so well satisfied with the bargain he had made that he wrote Joseph letters of congratulation. "Madame Joseph Bonaparte," says the Duchess of Abrantes, "is an angel of goodness. Pronounce her name, and all the indigent, all the unfortunate in Paris, Naples, &c., will repeat it with blessings. Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she conceived to be her duty. Her unalterable kindness, her active charity, gain her the love of every body."

Blaquiere, an English writer, in his History of the Spanish Revolution of 1820, says, "Whatever objections may have been made to the particular mode in which Napoleon effected the regeneration of this country, it will doubtless be enough for posterity to know that the honor belonged to him alone; the principle was unquestionably paramount to every other consideration, and if there ever existed a case in politics or morals wherein the end justified the means, that of rescuing a whole people from the lowest and most abject state of misery and degradation is certainly not among the least exceptionable."

"I can not help observing that the spoliations of human lives and territory effected by the various European congresses held since the abdication of Napoleon, run the risk of being regarded in an infinitely worse light by future generations than his enterprise against Spain, inasmuch as the latter was undertaken for the avowed and express purpose of improving the institutions of an enslaved people, weighed down by centuries of oppression, and of whom numbers of the most virtuous and enlightened espoused the cause of the foreign prince, whereas it is well known that neither Poland, Naples, Genoa, Lombardy, Venice, Saxony, Ragusa, Sicily, nor Spain herself, were restored to their old masters for any other purpose than the renewal of the former tyrannies destroyed by the victorious arms of Bonaparte."

Joseph, upon the overthrow of his brother, retired to the United States, and resided for many years, universally respected, at Bordentown, upon the Delaware. While there, a deputation from Mexico came to offer him the Mexican crown. He replied,

"I have worn two crowns. I would not take a step to wear a third. Nothing can gratify me more than to see men who would not recognize my authority when I was at Madrid now come to seek me in exile. But I do not think that the throne which you wish to raise again can make you happy. Every day I pass in this hospitable land proves more clearly to me the excellence of republican institutions for America. Keep them as a precious gift from Heaven; settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States, and seek among your fellow-citizens a man more capable than I am of acting the great part of Washington."*

* Joseph Bonaparte died at Florence on the 28th of July, 1844, aged seventy-six years. "He was attended," says Louis Napoleon, "by Queen Julie, whose devotion failed not to the last, and

The last days of the month of January had now arrived. An army of one million twenty-eight thousand men, from the north, the east, and the south, were on the march for the overthrow of the imperial republic. Such forces the world had never before seen. Napoleon, having lost some five hundred thousand men in the Russian campaign, three hundred thousand on the plains of Saxony, two hundred and fifty thousand in the Spanish peninsula, and having nearly a hundred thousand besieged in the fortresses of the Elbe and the Oder, was unable, with his utmost exertions, to bring forward more than two hundred thousand in the field to meet the enormous armies of the Allies. He could take but seventy thousand to encounter the multitudinous hosts crowding down upon him from the Rhine.*

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

The Empress invested with the Regency—The Emperor's Departure from Paris—Battle of Brienne—Directions to Caulaincourt—Unrelenting Hostility of the Allies—Their atrocious Demands—Unparalleled Efforts of the Emperor—Battle of Montereau—Interview with Josephine—Bold Resolve of the Emperor—Plan of the Allies—The Attack on Paris—Capitulation—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

ON Sunday, the 24th of January, 1814, Napoleon, after attending mass, received the dignitaries of the empire in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries. The Emperor entered the apartment preceded by the Empress, and leading by the hand his idolized son, a child of extraordinary beauty, not yet three years of age. The child was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, while luxuriant ringlets of golden hair were clustering over his shoulders. The Emperor was calm, but a deep shade of melancholy overspread his features. The most profound sadness reigned in the assembly. In a ceremony grave and solemn, the Empress was invested with the regency, and took the requisite oath of office. The Emperor, then advancing, with his child, into the centre of the circle, in tones which thrilled upon every heart thus addressed them :†

who was ever a comforting angel, as well as by his brothers Louis and Jerome, whom he loved affectionately. He expired gently; and, as a righteous man, he would have seen the approach of death without regret, if the phantom of exile had not intruded, even on his last moments, to wring his heart and poison his last farewell.”

* “Napoleon having decreed a fresh levy of three hundred thousand conscripts, the Allies had published a manifesto treating this measure, so essentially a defensive one, since they would not suspend their military operations, as a fresh provocative on his part, because the motives assigned for the conscription contained a just and powerful description of the past deceits and violence, with a view to rouse the national spirit of France. Thus having first, by a pretended desire for peace, and a willingness on the part of England to consent to an arrangement about her maritime code, inveigled the Emperor into negotiations, and thereby ascertained that the maritime question was uppermost in his mind and the only obstacle to peace, they declared that vital question should not even be discussed; and when, by this subtlety, they had rendered peace impossible, proclaimed that *Napoleon alone resisted the desire of the world for tranquillity.*”—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 329.

† It is to be regretted that Lamartine can not record the most simple fact respecting Napoleon without interweaving some hostile comment. In reference to this extraordinary struggle, he says, “Seventy thousand troops constituted the only army with which Napoleon had to maneuver and



THE EMPRESS INVESTED WITH THE REGENCY.

"Gentlemen,—I depart to-night to place myself at the head of the army. On quitting the capital, I leave behind, with confidence, my wife and son, upon whom so many hopes repose. I shall depart with a mind freed from a weight of disquietude when I know that these pledges are under your faithful guardianship. To you I confide what, next to France, I hold dearest in the world. Let there be no political divisions. Endeavors will not be wanting to shake your fidelity to your duties. I depend on you to repel all such perfidious instigations. Let the respect for property, the maintenance of order, and, above all, the love of France, animate every bosom." As Napoleon uttered these words, his voice trembled with emotion, and

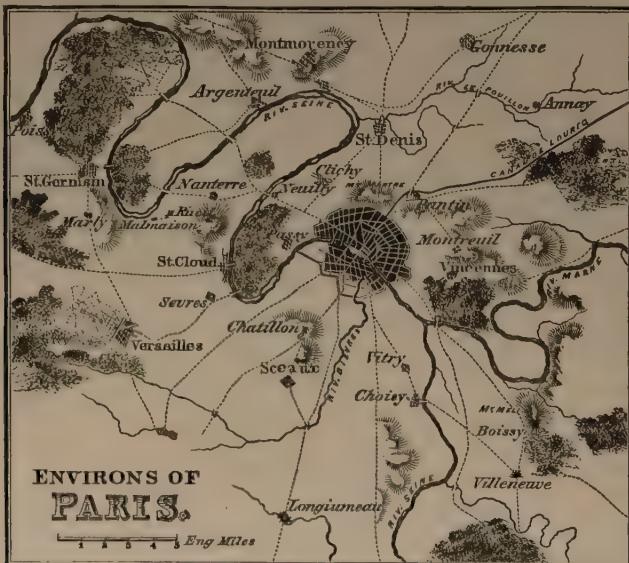
combat a million of men in the heart of France. Victory itself could do nothing for so small a number. It could only waste them less rapidly than defeat. Did he depend on impossibilities, or was he only desirous of illustrating his last struggle? No one knows what was passing in that soul, maddened for so many years by illusions. The most likely solution is, that he calculated upon some brilliant but passing success which might serve as a pretext for the Emperor of Austria to negotiate with him. He never thought a father would dishonor his son-in-law, or that kings would dethrone the conqueror of the Revolution. But, at all events, he did not doubt that, if conquered or deprived of his throne, the empire would be transmitted to his son."

many of his auditors were affected even to tears. At an early hour he withdrew, saying to those near him, "Farewell, gentlemen; we shall perhaps meet again."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 25th of January, Napoleon, after having burned all his private papers, and embraced his wife and his son for the last time, left the Tuilleries to join the army. He never saw either wife or child again.

The Allies had now crossed the Rhine, and were sweeping all opposition before them. They issued the atrocious proclamation that every French peasant who should be taken with arms in his hands, endeavoring to defend his country, should be shot as a brigand, and that every village and town which offered any resistance should be burned to the ground. Even Mr. Lockhart exclaims, "This, assuredly, was a flagrant outrage against the most sacred and inalienable rights of mankind."

Napoleon drove rapidly in his carriage about one hundred miles east of Paris, to Vitry and St. Dizier. Here, at the head of a few thousand soldiers, he encountered the leading Cossacks of Blucher's army. He immediately fell upon them, and routed them entirely. Being informed that Blucher had a powerful army near Troyes, about fifty miles south of Vitry, Napoleon



marched all the next day through wild forest roads, and in a drenching rain, to surprise the unsuspecting and self-confident foe. The ground was covered with snow, and the wheels of the cannon were with the utmost difficulty dragged through the deep quagmires. But intense enthusiasm inspired the soldiers of Napoleon, and the inhabitants of the country through which they passed gave the most affecting demonstrations of their gratitude and their love. "The humblest cabins," says Lamartine, "gave up their little stores, with cordial hospitality, to warm and nourish these last defenders of the soil of France." Napoleon, in the midst of a column of troops, marched fre-

quently on foot, occasionally entering a peasant's hut to examine his maps, or to catch a moment's sleep by the fire on the cottage hearth.

About noon on the 29th, with but twenty thousand men, he encountered sixty thousand Russians, commanded by Blucher, formidably posted in the castle and upon the eminences of Brienne. Napoleon gazed for a moment upon these familiar scenes, hallowed by the reminiscences of childhood, and ordered an immediate assault, without allowing his troops a moment to dry their soaked garments. Before that day's sun went down behind the frozen hills, the snow was crimsoned with the blood of ten thousand of the Allies, and Blucher was retreating to effect a junction with Schwartzenberg at Bar-sur-Aube, some few miles distant.

As Napoleon was slowly returning to his quarters after the action, indulging in melancholy thought, a squadron of Russian artillery, hearing the footfalls of his feeble escort, made a sudden charge in the dark. Napoleon was assailed, at the same moment, by two dragoons. General Corbineau



THE ATTACK UPON NAPOLEON.

threw himself upon one of the Cossacks, while General Gourgaud shot down the other. The escort, who were but a few steps behind, immediately charged, and rescued the Emperor. Napoleon had lost in the conflict at Brienne five or six thousand men in killed and wounded.

The next day Blucher and Schwartzenberg, having effected a junction, marched with a hundred and fifty thousand men to attack Napoleon at Ro-

thierre, nine miles from Brienne. Prince Schwartzenberg sent a confidential officer to Blucher to inquire respecting the plan of attack. He abruptly replied,

“We must march to Paris. Napoleon has been in all the capitals of Europe. We must make him descend from a throne which it would have been well for us all that he had never mounted. We shall have no repose till we pull him down.”

The Emperor had, with much difficulty, assembled there forty thousand troops. The French, desperately struggling against such fearful odds, maintained their position during the day. As a gloomy winter’s night again darkened the scene, Napoleon retreated to Troyes, leaving six thousand of his valiant band, in every hideous form of mutilation, upon the frozen ground. Alexander and Frederick William, from one of the neighboring heights, witnessed, with unbounded exultation, this triumph of their arms. Blucher, though a desperate fighter, was, in his private character, one of the most degraded of bacchanals and debauchees.

“The day after the battle,” says Sir Archibald Alison, “the sovereigns, ambassadors, and principal generals supped together, and Blucher, striking off, in his eagerness, the necks of the bottles of champagne with his knife, quaffed off copious and repeated libations to the toast, drunk with enthusiasm by all present, ‘*To Paris!*’”

Napoleon was now in a state of most painful perplexity. His enemies, in bodies vastly outnumbering any forces he could raise, were marching upon Paris from all directions. A movement toward the north only opened an unobstructed highway to his capital from the east and the south. Tidings of disaster were continually reaching his ears. A conference was still carried on between Napoleon and the Allies in reference to peace. Napoleon wrote to Caulaincourt to agree to any reasonable terms “which would save the capital and avoid a final battle, which would swallow up the last forces of the kingdom.”

The Allies, however, had no desire for peace. They wished only to create the impression that Napoleon was the one who refused to sheathe the sword. Consequently, they presented only such terms as Napoleon could not, without dishonor, accept. On receiving, at this time, one of those merciless dispatches, requiring that he should surrender *all the territory which France had acquired since his accession to the throne*, Napoleon was plunged into an agony of perplexity. Such a concession would dishonor him in the eyes of France and of Europe. It would leave France weakened and defenseless—exposed not only to insult, but to successful invasion from the powerful and banded enemies who surrounded the republican empire. Napoleon shut himself up for hours, pondering the terrible crisis. Ruin was coming like an avalanche upon him and upon France. The generals of the army urged him to submit to the dire necessity. With reluctance Napoleon transmitted these inexorable conditions of the Allies to his privy council at Paris. All but one voted for accepting them. His brother Joseph wrote to him :

“Yield to events. Preserve what may yet be preserved. Save your life, precious to millions of men. There is no dishonor in yielding to numbers

and accepting peace. There would be dishonor in abandoning the throne, because you would thus abandon a crowd of men who have devoted themselves to you. Make peace at any price."

Thus urged and overwhelmed, Napoleon at last, with extreme anguish, gave Caulaincourt permission to sign any treaty which he thought necessary to save the capital. His consent was given in a singularly characteristic manner. Calmly taking from a shelf a volume of the works of Montesquieu, he read aloud the following passage :

"I know nothing more magnanimous than a resolution which a monarch took, who has reigned in our times, to bury himself under the ruins of his throne, rather than accept conditions unworthy of a king. He had a mind too lofty to descend lower than his fortunes had sunk him. He knew well that courage may strengthen a crown, but infamy never."

In silence he closed the book. He was still entreated to yield to the humiliating concessions. It was represented that nothing could be more magnanimous than to sacrifice even his glory to the safety of the state, which would fall with him. The Emperor, after a moment's pause, replied,

"Well ! be it so. Let Caulaincourt sign whatever is necessary to procure peace. I will bear the shame of it, but I will not dictate my own disgrace."

But to make peace with the Republican Emperor was the last thing in the thoughts of these banded kings. When they found that Napoleon was ready to accede to their cruel terms, they immediately abandoned them for other and still more exorbitant demands. Napoleon had consented to surrender all the territory which France had acquired *since his accession to power*.

The Allies now demanded that Napoleon should cut down France *to the limits it possessed before the Revolution*. The proposition was a gross insult. Can we conceive of the United States as being so humbled as even to listen to such a suggestion ? Were England to combine the despotisms of Europe in a war against Republican America, and then to offer peace only upon the condition that we would surrender all the territory which had been annexed to the United States since the Revolution—Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, California—what administration would dare to accede to such terms ? And yet demands so atrocious the Allies pronounced moderate and reasonable. Napoleon nobly resolved to perish rather than yield to such dishonor.

"What !" he exclaimed, as he indignantly held up these propositions, "do they require that I should sign such a treaty as this, and that I should trample upon the oath I have taken, to detach nothing from the soil of the empire ? Unheard of reverses may force from me a promise to renounce my own conquests, but that I should also abandon the conquests made before me—that, as a reward for so many efforts, so much blood, such brilliant victories, I should leave France smaller than I found her ! Never ! Can I do so without deserving to be branded as a traitor and a coward ?

"You are alarmed at the continuance of the war, but I am fearful of more certain dangers which you do not see. If we renounce the boundary of the Rhine, France not only recedes, but Austria and Prussia advance. France stands in need of peace ; but the peace which the Allies wish to impose on

her would subject her to greater evils than the most sanguinary war. What would the French people think of me if I were to sign their humiliation? What could I say to the republicans of the Senate, when they demanded the barriers of the Rhine? Heaven preserve me from such degradation! Dispatch an answer to Caulaincourt, and tell him that I reject the treaty. I would rather incur the risks of the most terrible war." This spirit his foes have stigmatized as insatiable ambition and the love of carnage.

The exultant Allies, now confident of the ruin of their victim, urged their armies onward, to overwhelm with numbers the diminished bands, still valiantly defending the independence of France. Napoleon, with forty thousand men, retreated some sixty miles down the valley of the Seine to Nogent. Schwartzenberg, with two hundred thousand Austrians, took possession of Troyes, about seventy-five miles above Nogent. With these resistless numbers he intended to follow the valley of the river to Paris, driving the Emperor before him.

Fifty miles north of the River Seine lies the valley of the Marne. The two streams unite near Paris. Blucher, with an army of about seventy thousand Russians and Prussians, was rapidly marching upon the metropolis, down the banks of the Marne, where there was no force to oppose him. The situation of Napoleon seemed now quite desperate. Wellington, with a vast army, was marching from the south. Bernadotte was leading uncounted legions from the north. Blucher and Schwartzenberg, with their several armies, were crowding upon Paris from the east; and the enormous navy of England had swept French commerce from all seas, and was bombarding every defenseless city of France. The counselors of the Emperor were in despair. They urged him, from absolute necessity, to accede to any terms which the Allies might extort.

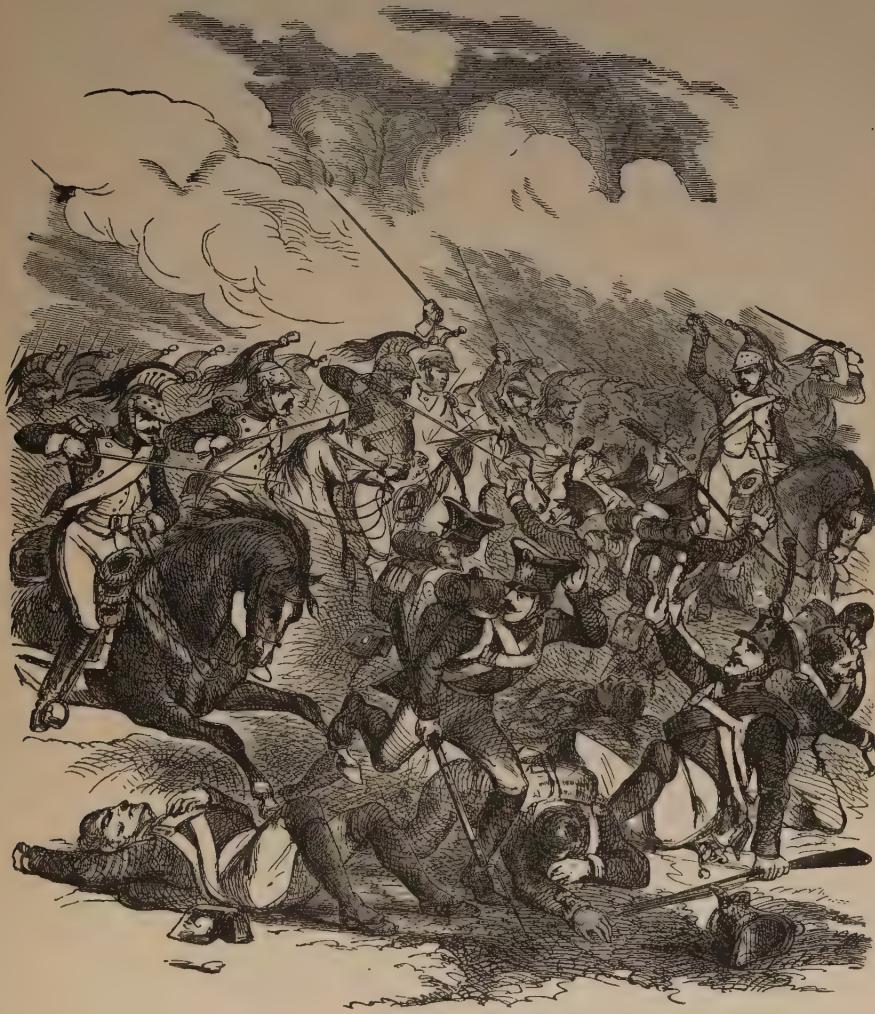
The firmness which Napoleon displayed under these trying circumstances soars into sublimity. To their entreaties that he would yield to dishonor, he calmly replied :

"No! no! we must think of other things just now. I am on the eve of beating Blucher. He is advancing on the road to Paris. I am about to set off to attack him. I will beat him to-morrow. I will beat him the day after to-morrow. If that movement is attended with the success it deserves, the face of affairs will be entirely changed. Then we shall see what is to be done."

Napoleon had formed one of those extraordinary plans which so often, during his career, had changed apparent ruin into the most triumphant success. Leaving ten thousand men at Nogent to retard the advance of the two hundred thousand Austrians, he hastened, with the remaining thirty thousand troops, by forced marches across the country to the valley of the Marne. It was his intention to fall suddenly upon the flank of Blucher's self-confident and unsuspecting army.

The toil of the wintry march, through miry roads, and through storms of sleet and rain, was so exhausting, that he had but twenty-five thousand men to form in line of battle when he encountered the enemy. It was early in the morning of the 10th of February, as the sun rose brilliantly over the snow-covered hills, when the French soldiers burst upon the Russians, who

were quietly preparing their breakfasts. The victory was most brilliant. Napoleon pierced the centre of the multitudinous foe, then turned upon one wing and then upon the other, and proudly scattered the fragments of the army before him. But he had no reserves with which to profit by this extraordinary victory. His weary troops could not pursue the fugitives.



THE RUSSIANS SURPRISED.

The next day, Blucher, by energetically bringing forward re-enforcements, succeeded in collecting sixty thousand men, and fell with terrible fury upon the little band who were gathered around Napoleon. A still more sanguinary battle ensued, in which the Emperor was again, and still more signally, triumphant. These brilliant achievements elated the French soldiers beyond measure. They felt that nothing could withstand the genius of the Emperor, and even Napoleon began to hope that Fortune would again smile upon him. From the field of battle he wrote a hurried line to Caulaincourt, who was

his plenipotentiary at Chatillon, where the Allies had opened their pretended negotiation. "I have conquered," he wrote; "your attitude must be the same for peace. But sign nothing without my order, because I alone know my position."

While Napoleon was thus cutting up the army of Blucher upon the Marne, a singular scene was transpiring in Troyes. The Royalists there, encouraged by Napoleon's apparently hopeless defeat, resolved to make a vigorous movement for the restoration of the Bourbons. A deputation, consisting of the Marquis de Virdranges and the Chevalier de Goualt, accompanied by five or six of the inhabitants, with the white cockade of the fallen dynasty upon their breasts, treasonably called upon the Emperor Alexander, and said,

"We entreat your majesty, in the name of all the respectable inhabitants of Troyes, to accept with favor the wish which we form for the re-establishment of the royal house of Bourbon on the throne of France."

But Alexander, apprehensive that the genius of Napoleon might still retrieve his fallen fortunes, cautiously replied: "Gentlemen, I receive you with pleasure. I wish well to your cause, but I fear your proceedings are rather premature. The chances of war are uncertain, and I should be grieved to see brave men like you compromised or sacrificed. We do not come ourselves to give a king to France. We desire to know its wishes, and to leave it to declare itself."

"But it will never declare itself," M. de Goualt replied, "as long as it is under the knife. Never, so long as Bonaparte shall be in authority in France, will Europe be tranquil."

"It is for that very reason," replied Alexander, "that the first thing we must think of is to beat him—to beat him—to beat him."

The Royalist deputation retired, encouraged with the thought that, from prudential considerations, their cause was adjourned, but only for a few days. At the same time, the Marquis of Vitrolles, one of the most devoted of the Bourbon adherents, arrived at the head-quarters of the Allies with a message from the Royalist conspirators in Paris, entreating the monarchs to advance as rapidly as possible to the capital. A baser act of treachery has seldom been recorded. These very men had been rescued from penury and exile by the generosity of Napoleon. He had pardoned their hostility to Republican France; had sheltered them from insult and from injury, and, with warm sympathy for their woes, which Napoleon neither caused or could have averted, had received them under the protection of the imperial regime.

In ten days Napoleon had gained five victories. The inundating wave of invasion was still rolling steadily on toward Paris. The activity and energy of Napoleon surpassed all which mortal man had ever attempted before. In a day and night march of thirty hours he hurried back to the banks of the Seine. The Austrians, now three hundred thousand strong, were approaching Fontainebleau. Sixty miles southeast of Paris, at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne, is situated, in a landscape of remarkable beauty, the little town of Montereau.

Here Napoleon, having collected around him forty thousand men, presented a bold front to arrest the farther progress of the Allies. An awful

battle now ensued. Napoleon, in the eagerness of the conflict, as the projectiles from the Austrian batteries plowed the ground around him, and his artillerymen fell dead at his feet, leaped from his horse, and with his own hand directed a gun against the masses of the enemy. As the balls from the hostile batteries tore through the French ranks, strewing the ground with the wounded and the dead, the cannoneers entreated the Emperor to retire to a place of safety. With a serene eye, he looked around upon the storm of iron and of lead, and smiling, said, "Courage, my friends; the ball which is to kill me is not yet cast."* The bloody combat terminated with the night. Napoleon was the undisputed victor.

The whole allied army, confounded by such unexpected disasters, precipitately retreated, and began to fear that no numbers could triumph over Napoleon. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, bewildered by such unanticipated blows, were at a loss what orders to issue. Napoleon, with but forty thousand men, pursued the retreating army, one hundred thousand strong, up the valley of the Seine, till they took refuge in the vicinity of Chaumont, about a hundred and sixty miles from the field of battle.

"My heart is relieved," said Napoleon, joyfully, as he beheld the flight of the Allies. "I have saved the capital of my empire." Amazing as were these achievements, they only postponed the day of ruin. The defeat of one or two hundred thousand, from armies numbering a million of men, with another army of a million held in reserve to fill up the gaps caused by the casualties of war, could be of but little avail.†

In the midst of these terrific scenes Napoleon almost daily corresponded with Josephine, whom he still loved as he loved no one else. On one occasion, when the movements of battle brought him not far from her residence, he turned aside from the army, and sought a hurried interview with his most faithful friend. It was their last meeting. At the close of the short and melancholy visit, Napoleon took her hand, and, gazing tenderly upon her, said,

"Josephine, I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, in this wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose."

His letters, written amid all the turmoil of the camp, though exceeding brief, were more confiding and affectionate than ever, and, no matter in what

* In one of the charges which took place at the bridge of Montereau, a bomb literally entered the chest of General Pajoli's charger, and burst in the stomach of the poor animal, sending its rider a considerable height into the air. General Pajoli fell, dreadfully mangled, but almost miraculously escaped mortal injury. When this singular occurrence was mentioned to the Emperor, he said to the general that nothing but the interposition of Providence could have preserved his life under such circumstances. This anecdote was related to W. H. Ireland, Esq., by General Pajoli himself.

† "Meantime hostilities were maintained with increased vigor over a vast line of operations. How much useless glory did our soldiers not gain in these conflicts! But, in spite of prodigies of valor, the enemy's masses advanced and approximated to a central point, so that this war might be compared to the battle of the ravens and the eagles on the Alps. The eagle kills them by hundreds. Every stroke of his beak is the death of an enemy, but still the ravens return to the charge and press upon the eagle, until he is literally overwhelmed by the number of his assailants."—*Bourrienne*.

business he was engaged, a courier from Josephine immediately arrested his attention, and a line from her was torn open with the utmost eagerness. His last letter to her was written from the vicinity of Brienne, after a desperate engagement against overwhelming numbers. It was concluded in the following affecting words :

“ On beholding these scenes where I had passed my boyhood, and comparing my peaceful condition then with the agitation and terrors which I now experience, I several times said in my own mind, ‘ I have sought to meet death in many conflicts. I can no longer fear it. To me, death would now be a blessing. But I would once more see Josephine.’ ”

There was an incessant battle raging for a circuit of many miles around the metropolis. All the hospitals were filled with the wounded and the dying. Josephine and her ladies were employed at Malmaison in scraping lint and forming bandages for the suffering victims of war. At last it became dangerous for Josephine to remain any longer at Malmaison, as bands of barbarian soldiers, with rapine and violence, were wandering all over the country. One stormy morning, when the rain was falling in floods, she took her carriage for the more distant retreat of Navarre. She had proceeded about thirty miles, when some horsemen appeared in the distance, rapidly approaching. She heard the cry, “ The Cossacks, the Cossacks ! ” In her terror she leaped from her carriage, and, in the drenching rain, fled across the fields. The attendants soon discovered that they were French hussars, and the unhappy Empress was recalled. She again entered her carriage, and proceeded the rest of the way without molestation.

The scenes of woe which invariably accompany the march of brutal armies no imagination can conceive. We will record but one, as illustrative of hundreds which might be narrated. In the midst of a bloody skirmish, Lord Londonderry saw a young and beautiful French lady, the wife of a colonel, seized from a calèche by three semi-barbarian Russian soldiers, who were hurrying into the woods with their frantic and shrieking victim. With a small band of soldiers he succeeded in rescuing her. The confusion and peril of the battle still continuing, he ordered a dragoon to conduct her to his own quarters till she could be provided with suitable protection. The dragoon took the lady, fainting with terror, upon his horse behind him, when another ruffian band of Cossacks struck him dead from his steed, and seized again the unhappy victim. She was never heard of more. And yet every heart must know her awful doom. Such is war, involving in its inevitable career every conceivable crime and every possible combination of misery.

The Allies, in consternation, held a council of war. Great despondency prevailed. “ The Grand Army,” said the Austrian officers, “ has lost half its numbers by the sword, disease, and wet weather. The country we are now in is ruined. The sources of our supplies are dried up. All around us the inhabitants are ready to raise the standard of insurrection. It has become indispensable to secure a retreat to Germany and wait for re-enforcements.”

These views were adopted by the majority. The retreat was continued in great confusion, and Count Lichtenstein was dispatched to the head-quarters of Napoleon to solicit an armistice. Napoleon received the envoy in

the hut of a peasant, where he had stopped to pass the night. Prince Lichtenstein, as he proposed the armistice, presented Napoleon with a private note from the Emperor Francis. This letter was written in a conciliatory and almost apologetic spirit, admitting that the plans of the Allies had been most effectually frustrated, and that, in the rapidity and force of the strokes which had been given, the Emperor of Austria recognized anew the resplendent genius of his son-in-law. Napoleon, according to his custom on such occasions, entered into a perfectly frank and unreserved conversation with the prince. He inquired of him if the Allies intended the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France.

“Is it a war against the throne,” said he, “which you intend to carry on? The Count d’Artois is with the Grand Army in Switzerland. The Duke d’Angoulême is at the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington, from thence addressing proclamations to the southern portions of my empire. Can I believe that my father-in-law, the Emperor Francis, is so blind or so unnatural as to project the dethronement of his own daughter and the disinheriting of his own grandson?”

The prince assured Napoleon that the Allies had no such idea; that the residence of the Bourbon princes with the allied armies was merely on sufferance, and that the Allies wished only for peace, not to destroy the empire. Napoleon acceded to the proposal for an armistice. He appointed the city of Lusigny as the place for opening the conference. Three of the allied generals were deputed as commissioners, one each on the part of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Hostilities, however, were not to be suspended till the terms of the armistice were agreed upon.

On the morning of the 24th Napoleon re-entered Troyes, the enemy having abandoned the town during the night. The masses of the people crowded around him with warm and heartfelt greetings. They thronged the streets through which he passed, strove to kiss his hand and even to touch his horse, and with loud acclamation hailed him as the savior of his country. Napoleon immediately ordered the arrest of Vidranges and Goualt. The former had escaped and joined the Allies. The latter was arrested, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. Napoleon, conscious of the peril he encountered from the Royalist conspirators in every town, thought that he could not safely pardon so infamous an act of treason. The nobleman was left to his fate. At eleven o’clock at night he was led out to his execution. A large placard was suspended upon his breast, upon which were inscribed, in conspicuous letters, the words, “Traitor to his country.” He died firmly, protesting to the last his devotion to the Bourbons.

Since the commencement of this brief campaign, Napoleon had performed the most brilliant achievements of his whole military career. It is the uncontradicted testimony of history that feats so extraordinary had never before been recorded in military annals. The Allies were astounded and bewildered. Merely to gain time to bring up their enormous reserves, they had proposed a truce, and now, to form a new plan, with which to plunge again upon their valiant foe, they held a council of war. The Kings of Russia and Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, were present, and a strong delegation of determined men from the court of St. James. Lord Castlereagh was the

prominent representative of the British government. The Allies, while intimating that they had not determined upon the dethronement of Napoleon, still advanced resolutely to that result.

“Lord Castlereagh,” says Alison, “in conformity with the declared purpose of British diplomacy, ever since the commencement of the war, made no concealment of his opinions, either in or out of Parliament, that the best security for the peace of Europe would be found in the restoration of the dispossessed race of princes to the French throne; and ‘the ancient race and the ancient territory’ was often referred to by him, in private conversation, as offering the only combination which was likely to give lasting repose to the world.”

When Napoleon was elected to the chair of the First Consul by the almost unanimous suffrages of France, he made overtures to England for peace. Lord Grenville returned an answer both hostile and grossly insulting, in which he said, “The best and most natural pledge of the abandonment by France of those gigantic schemes of ambition by which the very existence of society in the adjoining states has so long been menaced, would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home and consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would alone have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory, and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that *security* which they are now compelled to seek by other means.”

General Pozzo di Borgo was sent by Alexander on an embassy to the British government. Count d’Artois, afterward Charles X., urged him to induce the Allies openly to avow their intentions to reinstate the Bourbons. “My lord,” General Borgo replied, “every thing has its time. Let us not perplex matters. To sovereigns you should not present complicated questions. It is with no small difficulty that they have been kept united in the grand object of overthrowing Bonaparte. As soon as that is done, and the imperial rule destroyed, the question of dynasty will present itself, and then your illustrious house will spontaneously occur to the thoughts of all.”

Lord Castlereagh, in a speech in Parliament on the 29th of June, 1814, said, “Every pacification would be incomplete if you did not re-establish on the throne of France the ancient family of the Bourbons. Any peace with the man who had placed himself at the head of the French nation could have no other final result but to give Europe fresh subjects for alarms; it could be neither secure nor durable; nevertheless, it was impossible to refuse to negotiate with him when invested with power without doing violence to the opinion of Europe, and incurring the whole responsibility for the continuance of the war.”

These proud despots were, indeed, committing a crime which was doing violence to the sense of justice of every unbiased mind. They were ashamed to acknowledge their intentions. While forcing, by the aid of two millions of bayonets, upon a nation exhausted by compulsory wars, a detested king, they had the boldness to declare that they had no intention to interfere with the independence of France. When the indignant people again drove the

Bourbons beyond the Rhine, again the invading armies of combined despotisms, crushing the sons of France beneath their artillery-wheels, conducted the hated dynasty to the throne. And England, liberty-loving England, was compelled by her Tory government to engage in this iniquitous work. Louis XVIII., encircled by the sabres of Wellington's dragoons, marched defiantly into the Tuileries. In the accomplishment of this crime, Europe was, for a quarter of a century, deluged in blood and shrouded in woe. And these conspirators against popular rights, instead of doing justice to the patriotism and the heroism of Napoleon, who for twenty years nobly sustained the independence of his country against the incessant coalitions of the monarchs of Europe, have endeavored to consign his name to infamy. But the world has changed. The *people* have now a voice in the decisions of history. They will reverse—they have already reversed—the verdict of despotisms. In the warm hearts of the *people* of all lands, the memory of Napoleon has found a congenial throne.

The Allies now decided to embarrass Napoleon by dividing their immense host into two armies. Blucher, taking the command of one, marched rapidly across the country to the Marne, to descend on both sides of that river to Paris. The other multitudinous host, under Schwartzenberg, having obtained abundant re-enforcements, still trembling before the renown of Napoleon, were cautiously to descend the valley of the Seine. Napoleon, leaving ten thousand men at Troyes to obstruct the march of Schwartzenberg, took thirty thousand troops with him, and resolutely pursued Blucher. The Prussians, astonished at the vigor of the pursuit, and bleeding beneath the blows which Napoleon incessantly dealt on their rear guard, retreated precipitately. The name of Napoleon was so terrible, that one hundred thousand Prussians fled in dismay before the little band of thirty thousand exhausted troops headed by the Emperor.

Blucher crossed the Marne, blew up the bridges behind him, and escaped some fifty miles north, in the vicinity of Laon. Napoleon reconstructed the bridges and followed on. By wonderful skill in maneuvering, he had placed Blucher in such a position that his destruction was inevitable, when suddenly Bernadotte came, with a powerful army, to the aid of his Prussian ally. Napoleon had now but about twenty-five thousand men with whom to encounter these two united armies of more than one hundred thousand. With the energies of despair he fell upon his foes. His little army was melted away and consumed before the terrific blaze of the hostile batteries. The battle was long and sanguinary. Contending against such fearful odds, courage was of no avail. The enemy, however, could do no more than hold their ground. Napoleon rallied around him his mutilated band, and retired to Rheims. The enemy dared not pursue him in his despair.

As soon as Schwartzenberg heard that Napoleon was in pursuit of Blucher, he commenced, with two hundred thousand men, his march upon Paris by the valley of the Seine. The Duke of Wellington was, at the same time, at Bordeaux, with his combined army of English, Portuguese, and Spaniards, moving, almost without opposition, upon the metropolis of France. The Duke of Angoulême was with the English army, calling upon the Royalists to rally beneath the unfurled banner of the Bourbons. Another army of the

Allies had also crossed the Alps from Switzerland, and had advanced as far as Lyons. Wherever Napoleon looked, he saw but the march of triumphant armies of invasion. Dispatches reached him with difficulty. He was often reduced to conjectures. His generals were disheartened; France was in dismay.

In the midst of these scenes of impending peril, Napoleon was urged to request Maria Louisa to interpose with her father in behalf of her husband. "No," Napoleon promptly replied, with pride which all will respect; "the archduchess has seen me at the summit of human power; it does not belong to me to tell her now that I am descended from it, and still less to beg of her to uphold me with her support." Though he could not condescend to implore the aid of Maria Louisa, it is very evident that he hoped that she would anticipate his wishes, and secretly endeavor to disarm the hostility of the Emperor Francis. The Empress was with Napoleon when he received the intelligence that Austria would, in all probability, join the coalition. He turned affectionately toward her, took her hand and said, in tones of sadness,

"Your father is then about to march anew against me. Now I am alone against all! yes, alone! absolutely alone!" Maria Louisa burst into tears, arose, and left the apartment.

Napoleon now formed the bold resolve to fall upon the rear of Schwartzzenberg's army, and cut off his communications with Germany and his supplies. With astonishing celerity, he crossed the country again from the Marne to the Seine, and Schwartzzenberg, in dismay, heard the thunders of Napoleon's artillery in his rear. The Austrian army, though two hundred thousand strong, dared not advance. They turned and fled. Alexander, Francis, and Frederick William, mindful of Napoleon's former achievements, and dreading a snare, turned from Paris toward the Rhine, and put spurs to their horses. The enormous masses of the retreating Allies unexpectedly encountered Napoleon at Arcis upon the Aube. A sanguinary battle ensued.

"Napoleon," says Lamartine, "fought at hazard, without any other plan, and with the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed in this action the miracles of bravery and *sang froid* of Lodi and of Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and reappearing, as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of an explosion, Napoleon, to reassure them, spurred his charger toward the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound, amid the plaudits of his soldiers he calmly called for another horse, and continued to brave the grape-shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle."

During the heat of the conflict, a division of Russians, six thousand strong, preceded by an immense body of Cossacks, with wild hurrahs broke through the feeble lines of the French. The smoke of their guns, and the clouds of dust raised by their horses' hoofs, enveloped them in impenetrable obscurity. Napoleon, from a distance, with his eagle glance, perceived the approach



THE BURSTING OF THE BOMB.

of this whirlwind of battle. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped to the spot. He here encountered crowds of soldiers, some of them wounded and bleeding, flying in dismay. It was a scene of awful tumult. At that moment an officer, bareheaded and covered with blood, galloped to meet the Emperor, exclaiming,

“Sire, the Cossacks, supported by an immense body of cavalry, have broken our ranks, and are driving us back.” The Emperor rushed into the midst of the fugitives, and, raising himself in his stirrups, shouted, in a voice that rang above the uproar of the battle, “Soldiers, rally! Will you fly when I am here? Close your ranks! Forward!”

At that well known and dearly beloved voice, the flying troops immediately re-formed. Napoleon placed himself at their head, and, sword in hand, plunged into the midst of the Cossacks. With a shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* the men followed him. The Cossacks were driven back with enormous



THE COSSACKS REPULSED.

slaughter. Thus one thousand men, headed by the Emperor, arrested and drove back six thousand of their foes. The Emperor then tranquilly returned to his post, and continued to direct the dreadful storm of war. During every hour of this conflict the masses of the Allies were accumulating. Night at length darkened over the dreadful scene, and the feeble bands of the French army retired into the town of Arcis. The Allies, alarmed by this bold march of Napoleon toward the Rhine, now concentrated their innumerable forces on the plains of Chalons. Even Blucher and Bernadotte came back to join them.

Soon after the battle of Arcis, the Austrians intercepted a French courier, who had, with other dispatches, the following private letter from Napoleon to Maria Louisa : " My love,—I have been for some days on horseback. On the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight o'clock in the evening ; I beat him the same evening ; I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy's army put itself in battle array to protect the march of its columns on Brienne and Bar-sur-Aube, and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs, in order to drive them farther from Paris by approaching my own fortified places. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love ! Embrace my son ! "

Another council of war was held by the Allies. The dread of Napoleon was so great, that many argued the necessity of falling back upon the Rhine, to prevent Napoleon from entering Germany, and relieving his garrisons which were blockaded there. Others urged the bolder counsel of marching directly upon Paris. Napoleon was now at Arcis. The Allies were thirty miles north of him, at Chalons, on the banks of the Marne. On the 25th of March, the Allies, united in one irresistible body, advanced once more toward Paris, thronging, with their vast array, all the roads which follow the valley of the Marne. Napoleon was about two hundred miles from Paris. He hoped, by doubling his speed, to descend the valley of the Seine, and to arrive at the metropolis almost as soon as the Allies. There he had resolved to make his last and desperate stand.

As soon as Napoleon learned that the combined army were marching vigorously upon Paris, he exclaimed, "I will be in the city before them. Nothing but a thunderbolt can now save us." Orders were immediately given for the army to be put in motion. The Emperor passed the whole night shut up in his cabinet, perusing his maps.

"This," says Caulaincourt, "was another cruel night. Not a word was uttered. Deep sighs sometimes escaped his oppressed bosom. He seemed as if he had lost the power of breathing. Good heaven! how much he suffered!"

His brother was then in command of the city. Napoleon dispatched courier after courier, entreating him, in the most earnest tones, to rouse the populace, to arm the students, and to hold out until his arrival. He assured him that if he would keep the enemy in check but for two days at the longest, he would arrive, and would yet compel the Allies to accept reasonable terms.

"If the enemy," said he, "advance upon Paris in such force as to render all resistance vain, send off, in the direction of the Loire, the Empress-Regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, and the great officers of the crown and of the treasury. Do not quit my son. Recollect that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most unhappy fate recorded in history."

Napoleon, at Arcis, was four marches further distant from Paris than were the Allies at Chalons. It was a singular spectacle which the two armies now presented. The Allies, numbering some three hundred thousand, were rushing down the valley of the Marne. The war-wasted army of Napoleon, now dwindled to thirty thousand men, with bleeding feet, and tattered garments, and unhealed wounds, were hurrying down the parallel valley of the Seine. The miry roads, just melting from the frosts of winter, and cut up by the ponderous enginery of war, were wretched in the extreme. But the soldiers, still adoring their Emperor, who marched on foot in their midst, sharing their perils and their toils, were animated by the indomitable energies of his own spirit.

Throwing aside every thing which retarded their speed, they marched nearly fifty miles a day. Napoleon, before leaving Arcis, with characteristic humanity, sent two thousand francs from his private purse to the Sisters

of Charity, to aid and relieve the wants of the sick and wounded. At midnight on the 29th of March, the French army arrived at Troyes. In the early dawn of the next morning, Napoleon was again upon the march at the head of his Guard. Having advanced some fifteen miles, his impatience became so insupportable, that he threw himself into a light carriage which chance presented, and proceeded rapidly to Sens. The night was cold, dark, and dismal as he entered the town. He immediately assembled the magistrates, and ordered them to have refreshments ready for his army upon its arrival. Then mounting a horse, he galloped through the long hours of a dark night along the road toward Fontainebleau.

Dreadful was the scene which was then occurring in Paris. The allied army had already approached within cannon shot of the city. Mortier and Marmont made a desperate but an unavailing resistance. At last, with ammunition entirely exhausted, and with their ranks almost cut to pieces by the awful onslaught, they were driven back into the streets of the city. Marmont, with his sword broken, his hat and clothes pierced with balls, his features blackened with smoke, disputed, step by step, the advance of the enemy into the suburbs. With but eight thousand infantry and eight hundred cavalry, he held at bay, for twelve hours, fifty-five thousand of the Allies. In this dreadful conflict the enemy lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, fourteen thousand men. The Empress, with the chief officers of the state, and with the ladies of her court, had fled to Blois. Her beautiful child, inheriting the spirit of his noble father, clung to the curtains of his apartments, refusing to leave.

"They are betraying my papa, and I will not go away," exclaimed the precocious child, who was never destined to see that loved father again. "I do not wish to leave the palace. I do not wish to go away from it. When papa is absent, am I not master here?" Nothing but the ascendancy of his governess, Madame Montesquieu, could calm him, and she succeeded only by promising faithfully that he should be brought back again. His eyes were filled with tears as he was taken to the carriage. Maria Louisa was calm and resigned; but, pallid with fear, she took her departure, as she listened to the deep booming of the cannon which announced the sanguinary approach of her own father.

The batteries of the Allies were now planted upon Montmartre, and upon other heights which commanded the city, and the shells were falling thickly in the streets of Paris. Joseph, deeming further resistance unavailing, ordered a capitulation. Mortier, in the midst of a dreadful fire, wrote upon a drum-head the following lines to Schwartzenberg:

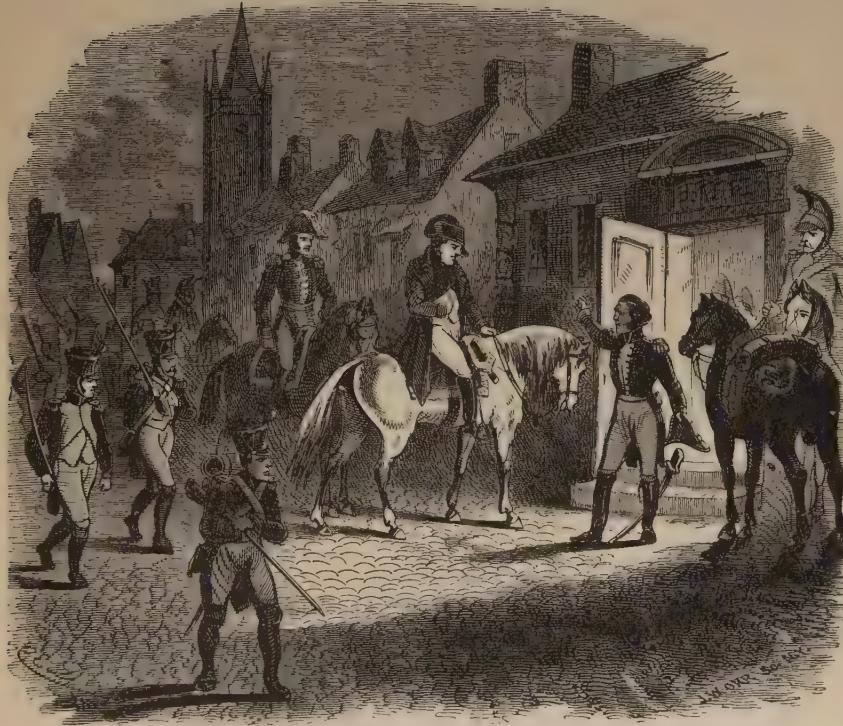
"Prince, let us save a useless effusion of blood. I propose to you a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours, during which we will treat, in order to save Paris from the horrors of a siege; otherwise we will defend ourselves within its walls to the death."*

* "Had Paris held out for two days longer, Napoleon's army would have entered it, and every one is well acquainted with his skill in the management of affairs. He would have had no hesitation in throwing the arsenals open to the people. His presence would have influenced the multitude. He would have imparted a salutary direction to their enthusiasm, and Paris would no doubt have imitated the example of Saragossa; or, to speak more correctly, the enemy would not have ven-

Marshal Marmont also, who was contending against Blucher, sent a similar proposition to the Allies. But the fire was so dreadful, and the confusion so great, that seven times the officers who attempted, with flags of truce, to pass over to the hostile camp, were shot down, with their horses, on the plain. During this scene Marmont slowly retreated, with one arm severely wounded, the hand of the other shattered by a bullet, and having had five horses killed under him during the action.

In the gloomy hours of the night, when Napoleon was galloping along the solitary road, the allied monarchs were congratulating themselves upon their astonishing victory. Napoleon had avoided Fontainebleau, lest he should encounter there some detachments of the army. The night was intensely cold; gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and Napoleon encountered no one on the deserted roads who could give him any information respecting the capital. Far away in the distance the horizon blazed with the bivouac fires of his foes. The clock on the tower of the church was tolling the hour of twelve as he entered the village of La Cour. Through the gloom, in the wide street, he saw groups of disbanded soldiers marching toward Fontainebleau. Riding into the midst of them, he exclaimed, with astonishment,

“How is this? why are not these soldiers marching to Paris?”



TIDINGS OF THE CAPITULATION.

tured to make any attempt upon it; for, independently of the Emperor's being for them a Medusa's head, it was ascertained, at a later period, that in the battle which preceded the surrender of the capital, they had consumed nearly the whole of their ammunition. Tears of blood are ready to flow at the recollection of these facts.”—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv., p. 44.

General Belliard, one of Napoleon's most devoted friends, from behind a door recognizing the voice of the Emperor, immediately came forward and said, "Paris has capitulated. The enemy enters to-morrow, two hours after sunrise. These troops are the remains of the armies of Marmont and Mortier, falling back on Fontainebleau to join the Emperor's army at Troyes."

The Emperor seemed stunned by the blow. For a moment there was dead silence. The cold drops of agony oozed from his brow. Then, with rapid step, he walked backward and forward on the rugged pavement in front of the hotel, hesitating, stopping, retracing his steps, bewildered with the enormity of his woe. He then, in rapid interrogatories, without waiting for any answer, as if speaking only to himself, exclaimed,

"Where is my wife? Where is my son? Where is the army? What has become of the National Guard of Paris, and of the battle they were to have fought to the last man under its walls? and the Marshals Mortier and Marmont, where shall I find them again?"

After a moment's pause, he continued, with impatient voice and gesture, "The night is still mine. The enemy only enters at daybreak. My carriage! my carriage! Let us go this instant! Let us get before Blucher and Schwartzenberg! Let Belliard follow me with the cavalry! Let us fight even in the streets and squares of Paris! My presence, my name, the courage of my troops, the necessity of following me or of dying, will arouse Paris. My army, which is following me, will arrive in the midst of the struggle. It will take the enemy in rear, while we are fighting them in front. Come on! success awaits me, perhaps, in my last reverse!"

General Belliard then acknowledged to him that, by the terms of the capitulation, the army of Paris was bound to fall back upon Fontainebleau. For a moment Napoleon was again silent, and then exclaimed, "To surrender the capital to the enemy! What cowards! Joseph ran off too! My very brother! And so they have capitulated! betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign; degraded France in the eyes of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls without firing a shot! It is too dreadful. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. And yet they had only a battery of six pieces, and an empty magazine on Montmartre. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder upon blunder."

A group of officers successively arriving now closed sadly around their Emperor. Napoleon became more calm as he interrogated them, one by one, and listened to the details of the irreparable disaster. Then, taking Caulaincourt aside, he directed him to ride with the utmost speed to the head-quarters of the Allies. "See," said he, "if I have yet time to interpose in the treaty, which is signing already, perhaps, without me and against me. I give you full powers. Do not lose an instant. I await you here." Caulaincourt mounted his horse and disappeared. Napoleon then, followed by Belliard and Berthier, entered the hotel.

Caulaincourt speedily arrived at the advanced posts of the enemy. He gave his name and demanded a passage. The sentinels, however, refused to allow him to enter the lines. After an absence of two hours Caulaincourt returned to the Emperor. They conversed together for a few moments,

luring which Napoleon, though calm, seemed plunged into the profoundest grief, and Caulaincourt wept bitterly.

"My dear Caulaincourt," said Napoleon, "go again, and try to see the Emperor Alexander. You have full powers from me. I have now no hope but in you, Caulaincourt." Affectionately he extended his hand to his faithful friend.

Caulaincourt pressed it fervently to his lips, and said, "I go, sire; dead or alive, I will gain entrance to Paris, and will speak to the Emperor Alexander."

As, several years after, Caulaincourt was relating these occurrences, he said, "My head is burning; I am feverish; should I live a hundred years, I can never forget these scenes. They are the fixed ideas of my sleepless nights. My reminiscences are frightful. They kill me. The repose of the tomb is sweet after such sufferings."



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

It was now past midnight. Caulaincourt mounted another horse, and galloped in the deep obscurity by another route to Paris. Napoleon also

mounted his horse, and in silence and in sadness took the route to Fontainebleau. A group of officers, dejected, exhausted, and woe-worn, followed in his train. At four o'clock in the morning he arrived at this ancient palace of the kings of France. Conscious of his fallen fortunes, he seemed to shrink from every thing which could remind him of the grandeurs of royalty. Passing by the state apartments which his glory had embellished, and to which his renown still attracts the footsteps of travelers from all lands, he entered, like a private citizen, into a small and obscure chamber in one angle of the castle. A window opened into a small garden shaded with funereal firs, which resembled the cemeteries of his native island. Here he threw himself upon a couch, and his noble heart throbbed with the pulsations of an almost unearthly agony, but he was calm and silent in his woe. The troops which had followed him from Troyes, and those which had retired from Paris, soon arrived, and were cantoned around him. They numbered about fifty thousand. Their devotion to the Emperor was never more enthusiastic, and they clamored loudly to be led against the three hundred thousand Allies who were marching proudly into Paris.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ABDICATION.

The Mission of Caulaincourt—The Allies enter Paris—Adventures of Caulaincourt—Interview with Alexander—Caulaincourt returns to Napoleon—Abdication in favor of the King of Rome—Defection of Marmont—Mission of Macdonald, Ney, and Caulaincourt to Paris—The Allies demand Unconditional Abdication—The Abbé de Pradt—Speech of Pozzo di Borgo; of Talleyrand—Interview between Caulaincourt and Napoleon—The Unconditional Abdication—Libel of Chateaubriand—Comments of Dr. Channing.

WHILE Napoleon, before the dawn of the dark and lurid morning of the 1st of April, was directing his melancholy steps toward Fontainebleau, his faithful ambassador, Caulaincourt, was galloping once more toward Paris. The deep obscurity of the night was partially mitigated by the fires of the bivouacs, which glimmered, in a vast semicircle, around the city. The road which Caulaincourt traversed was crowded with officers, soldiers, and fugitives, retiring before the triumphant army of the invaders. He was often recognized, and groups collected around him, inquiring, with the most affectionate anxiety,

“Where is the Emperor? We fought for him till night came on. If he lives, let him but appear. Let us know his wishes. Let him lead us back to Paris. The enemy shall never enter its walls but over the dead body of the last French soldier. If he is dead, let us know it, and lead us against the enemy. We will avenge his fall.”

Universal enthusiasm and devotion inspired the troops, who, be it remembered, were the people; for the conscription to which France had been compelled to resort by the unrelenting assaults of its foes, had gathered recruits from all the villages of the empire. The veterans of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Friedland had perished beneath the snows of Russia, or in the awful

carnage of Leipsic. The youthful soldiers, who now surrounded Napoleon with deathless affection, were fresh from the work-shops, the farm-houses, and the saloons of France. They were inspired by that love for the Emperor which they had imbibed at the parental hearth. These faithful followers of the people's devoted friend, war-worn and haggard, with shriveled lips, and bleeding wounds, and tattered garments, and shoes worn from their feet, were seated by the road side, or wading through the mud, eager only to meet once more their beloved Emperor. Whenever Caulaincourt told them that Napoleon was alive, and was waiting for them at Fontainebleau, with hoarse and weakened voices they shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and hastened on to rejoin him. Truly does Colonel Napier say, "The troops idolized Napoleon. Well they might. And to assert that their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities and greatness of mind turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon never was hated by the people of France; he was their own creation, and they loved him so as never monarch was loved before."

As Caulaincourt drew near the city, he found it encircled by the encampments of the Allies. At whatever post he made his appearance, he was sternly repulsed. Orders had been given that no messenger from Napoleon should be permitted to approach the head-quarters of the hostile sovereigns. At length the morning gloomily dawned, and a shout of exultation and joy ascended from the bivouacs of the Allies, which covered all the hills. With the roar of artillery, and with gleaming banners, and clarion peals of martial music, three hundred thousand men, the advance guard of a million of invaders, marched into the humiliated streets of Paris. The masses of the people, dejected, looked on in sullen silence. They saw the Bourbon princes, protected by the bayonets of foreigners, coming to resume their sway. The Royalists did every thing in their power to get up some semblance of rejoicing, in view of this spectacle of national humiliation. The emissaries of the ancient nobility shouted lustily, "*Vive le Roi!*" The wives and daughters of the Bourbon partisans rode through the streets in open carriages, scattering smiles on each side of the way, waving white flags, and tossing out to the listless spectators the white cockade of the Bourbons. "Still," says M. Rochefoucauld, "the silence was most dismal." The masses of the people witnessed the degradation of France with rage and despair.

As night approached, these enormous armies of foreign invaders, in numbers apparently numberless, of every variety of language, lineament, and costume, swarmed through all the streets and gardens of the captured metropolis. The Cossacks, in aspect as wild and savage as the wolves which howl through their native wastes, filled the Elysian Fields with their bivouac fires, and danced around them in barbarian orgies.

Alexander, who well knew the exalted character and the lofty purposes of Napoleon, was the only one of these banded kings who manifested any sympathy in his behalf. Though all the rest were ready to crush Napoleon utterly, and to compel the people to receive the Bourbons, he still hesitated. He doubted whether the nation would long submit to rulers thus forced upon them. "But a few days ago," said he, "a column of five or six thousand

new French troops suffered themselves to be cut to pieces before my eyes, when a single cry of ‘*Vive le Roi!*’ would have saved them.”

“And things will continue just so,” the Abbé de Pradt replied, “until Napoleon is put out of the way—even although he has at this moment a halter round his neck.” He alluded, in this last sentence, to the fact that the Bourbonists, protected from the rage of the populace by the sabres of foreigners, had placed ropes round the statue of Napoleon, to drag it from the column in the Place Vendôme. A nation’s love had placed it on that magnificent pedestal; a faction tore it down. The nation has replaced it, and there it will now stand forever.

The efforts of the Royalist mob to drag the statue of the Emperor from the column were at this time unavailing. As they could not throw it down with their ropes, they covered the statue with a white sheet to conceal it from view. When Napoleon was afterward informed of this fact, he simply remarked, “They did well to conceal from me the sight of their baseness.” Alexander, to protect the imperial monuments from destruction, issued a decree taking them under his care. “The monument in the Place Vendôme,” said he, “is under the especial safeguard of the magnanimity of the Emperor Alexander and his allies. The statue on its summit will not remain there. It will immediately be taken down.”

During the whole of the day, while these interminable battalions were taking possession of Paris, Caulaincourt sought refuge in a farm-house in the vicinity of the city. When the evening came, and the uproar of hostile exultation was dying away, he emerged from his retreat, and again resolutely endeavored to penetrate the capital. Every where he was sternly repulsed. In despair, he slowly commenced retracing his steps toward Fontainebleau; but it so happened that, just at this time, he met the carriage of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander. The Grand Duke instantly recognized Caulaincourt, who had spent much time as an ambassador at St. Petersburg. He immediately took him into his carriage, and informed him frankly that Talleyrand, who had now abandoned the fallen fortunes of Napoleon, and had attached himself to the cause of the Bourbons, had inflexibly closed the cabinet of the Allies against every messenger of the Emperor. But Constantine was moved by the entreaties and the noble grief of Caulaincourt. He enveloped him in his own pelisse, and put on his head a Russian cap. Thus disguised, and surrounded by a guard of Cossacks, Caulaincourt, in the shades of the evening, entered the barriers.

The carriage drove directly to the palace of the Elysée. Constantine, requesting the Duke to keep muffled up in his cap and cloak, alighted, carefully shut the door with his own hands, and gave strict orders to the servants to allow no one to approach the carriage. At this moment a neighboring clock struck ten. The apartments of the palace were thronged and brilliantly lighted. The court-yard blazed with lamps. Carriages were continually arriving and departing. The neighing of horses, the loud talking and joking of the drivers, the wild hurras of the exultant foe in the distant streets and gardens, presented a festive scene sadly discordant with the anguish which tortured the bosom of Napoleon’s faithful ambassador. The Emper-

or of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenberg, as representative of the Emperor of Austria, with others, were assembled within the palace in conference.

Hour after hour of the night passed away, and still the Grand Duke did not return. From his concealment Caulaincourt witnessed a vast concourse of diplomatists and generals of all nations, incessantly coming and going. Toward morning the Grand Duke again made his appearance. He informed Caulaincourt that, with great difficulty, he had obtained the consent of Alexander to grant him a private audience. Caulaincourt descended from the carriage, and, still enveloped in his Russian disguise, conducted by the Grand Duke, passed unrecognized through the brilliant saloons, which were crowded with the exultant enemies of his sovereign and friend.



CAULAINCOURT AND THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

Caulaincourt was a man of imposing figure, and endowed with great dignity and elegance of manners. The unaffected majesty of his presence commanded the deference even of those monarchs who stood upon the highest pinnacles of earthly power. He was received by Alexander with great courtesy and kindness, but with much secrecy, in a private apartment. The Russian emperor had formerly loved Napoleon; he had been forced by his nobles into acts of aggression against him; he had even been so much charmed with Napoleon's political principles as to have been accused of the wish to introduce liberal ideas into Russia. They had called him, contemptuously, the *liberal emperor*. To sustain his position, he had found it necessary to yield to the pressure, and to join in the crusade against his old friend. In this hour of triumph, he alone, of all the confederates, manifested sympathy for their victim. The Emperor of Russia was alone as Caulaincourt en-

tered his cabinet. He was agitated by a strong conflict between the natural magnanimity of his character and his desire to vindicate his own conduct.

Caulaincourt's attachment to Alexander was so strong that Napoleon occasionally had bantered him with it. Caulaincourt considered the pleasantry rather too severe when Napoleon, evidently himself a little piqued, sometimes, in allusion to these predilections, called the friend whose constancy he could not doubt *The Russian*.

"My dear duke," said Alexander, clasping both hands of Caulaincourt warmly in his own, "I feel for you with all my heart. You may rely upon me as upon a brother. But what can I do for you?"

"For me, sire, nothing," Caulaincourt replied, "but for the Emperor, every thing."

"This is just what I dreaded," resumed Alexander. "I must refuse and afflict you. I can do nothing for Napoleon. I am bound by my engagements with the allied sovereigns."

"But your majesty's wish," replied Caulaincourt, "must have great weight. And if Austria should also interpose in behalf of France—for surely the Emperor Francis does not wish to dethrone his daughter and his grandson—a peace may still be concluded which shall insure general tranquillity."

"Austria, my dear duke," Alexander replied, "will second no proposition which leaves Napoleon on the throne of France. Francis will sacrifice all his personal affections for the repose of Europe. The allied sovereigns have resolved, irrevocably resolved, to be forever done with the Emperor Napoleon. Any endeavor to change this decision would be useless."

Caulaincourt was struck, as by a thunderbolt, with this declaration. The idea that the victors would proceed to such an extremity as the dethronement of Napoleon had not seriously entered his mind. It was a terrible crisis. Not a moment was to be lost. A few hours would settle every thing. After a moment of silence, he said,

"Be it so! but is it just to include the Empress and the King of Rome in this proscription? The son of Napoleon is surely not an object of fear to the Allies. A regency—"

"We have thought of that," Alexander exclaimed, interrupting him. "But what shall we do with Napoleon? He will doubtless yield, for the moment, to necessity. But restless ambition will rouse all the energy of his character, and Europe will be once more in flames."

"I see," said Caulaincourt, sadly, "that the Emperor's ruin has been resolved upon."

"Whose fault is it?" eagerly resumed Alexander. "What have I not done to prevent these terrible extremities? In the imprudent sincerity of youth, I said to him, 'The Powers, wearied with insults, are forming alliances among themselves against your domination. One signature alone is wanting to the compact, and that is mine.' In reply, he declared war against me. Still, I can not find in my heart any unkind feeling toward him. I wish his fate depended on me alone."

"Noblest of monarchs," said Caulaincourt, "I feel assured that I do not vainly invoke your support for so great a man in adversity. Be his defender, sire. That noble part is worthy of you."

"I wish to be so," Alexander replied; "on my honor I wish it; but I can not succeed. To restore the Bourbons is the wish of a very influential party here. With that family we should have no fear of a renewal of the war. We have no wish to *impose* the Bourbons on the French people. My declaration secures full liberty for France to choose a sovereign. I am assured that the French nation desires the Bourbons. The public voice recalls them."

"Sire, you are misinformed," Caulaincourt replied. "The Bourbons have nothing in common with France. The people feel no affection for that family. Time has consecrated the Revolution. The ungrateful men who now wish to get rid of the Emperor are not the nation. If the Allies respect the rights of France, an appeal to the majority of votes is the only means whereby they can prove that intention. Let registers be opened in all the municipalities. The Allies will then learn whether the Bourbons are preferred to Napoleon."

Alexander seemed impressed by these remarks. For nearly a quarter of an hour he walked to and fro in the room, absorbed in intense thought, during which time not a word was uttered. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he remarked,

"My dear duke, I am struck with what you have said. Perhaps the method you suggest would be the best; but it would be attended with much delay, and circumstances hurry us on. We are urged, driven, tormented, to come to a decision. Moreover, a provisional government is already established. It is a real power around which ambition is rallying. It is long since the schemes for this state of things began to work. The allied sovereigns are constantly surrounded, flattered, pressed, and teased to decide in favor of the Bourbons; and they have serious personal injuries to avenge. The absence of the Emperor of Austria is a fatality. Were I to attempt any thing in favor of Napoleon's son, I should be left alone. No one would second me. They have good reason, my dear friend," said he, kindly, taking Caulaincourt by the hand, "for making me promise not to see you. This warmth of heart, which renders you so distressed, is infectious. You have roused every generous feeling within me. I will try. To-morrow, at the council, I will advert to the regency. Every other proposition is impossible. So do not deceive yourself; and let us hope."

It was now four o'clock in the morning. The room in which this interesting interview took place was the bed-chamber of Napoleon when he inhabited the Elysée. A small room opened from it, which the Emperor had used as a study. Alexander conducted Caulaincourt into this cabinet as a safe retreat, and the ambassador threw himself upon a sofa in utter exhaustion. After a few hours of slumber, disturbed by frightful dreams, he awoke. It was eight o'clock in the morning. He heard persons passing in and out of the chamber of the Emperor of Russia. He stepped to a window, and looked through the curtains into the garden. It was filled with hostile troops, as were also the squares of the city. Tormented by the sight, he again threw himself upon the sofa, almost in a state of distraction. The room remained just as it was when the Emperor last left it. The table was covered with maps of Russia, plans, and unfinished writing. Caulaincourt carefully rearranged the books and maps, and tore all the papers and plans into a thou-

sand bits, and buried them in the ashes of the fireplace. "The new occupants of the Elysée," said he, "might there have found matter for jests and for mortifying comparisons."



CAULAINCOURT IN THE CABINET OF NAPOLEON.

At eleven o'clock some one knocked at the door, and the Grand Duke Constantine entered. "Duke," said he to Caulaincourt, "the Emperor sends you his compliments. He was unable to see you before leaving the palace, but in the mean time we will breakfast together. I have given orders to have it prepared in Alexander's room. We will shut ourselves up there, and endeavor to pass the time till his return."

After breakfast, Caulaincourt, accompanied by Constantine, returned to the cabinet, where he remained in close concealment during the day. At six o'clock in the evening the Emperor of Russia again made his appearance. "My dear Caulaincourt," said he, "for your sake I have acted the diplomatist. I intrenched myself behind certain powerful considerations, which did not permit us to decide rashly on a matter so important as the choice of a sovereign. Finding myself safe on that ground, I then resumed the subject of the regency. Hasten back to the Emperor Napoleon. Give him a faithful account of what has passed here, and return as quickly as possible with Napoleon's abdication in favor of his son."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, earnestly, "what is to be done with the Emperor Napoleon?"

"I hope that you know me well enough," Alexander replied, "to be certain that I shall never suffer any insult to be offered to him. Whatever may be the decision, Napoleon shall be properly treated. Return to Fontainebleau as rapidly as possible. I have my reasons for urging you."

The shades of night had now darkened the streets. The Grand Duke Constantine descended the stairs to make preparation for Caulaincourt's departure, for it was necessary that he should leave the city as he entered it, in disguise. He soon returned; and Caulaincourt, wrapped in his cloak, and favored by the gloom of night, followed Constantine on foot through the dense grove of the garden of the Elysée into the Elysian Fields, where, a an appointed station, they found a carriage in waiting.

"Prince," said Caulaincourt, as he took leave of the Grand Duke at the door of the carriage, "I carry with me a recollection which neither time nor circumstances can efface. The service you have rendered me is one which must bind a man of honor forever, unto death. In all places, in all circumstances, dispose of me, my fortune, and my life."

"Ill-informed persons," continues the duke, "who have contracted unjust prejudices against the Russian sovereign, will tax me with partiality for Alexander and his family. But I speak in truth and sincerity, and I fulfill an obligation of honor in rendering them that justice which is their due. The base alone disallow benefactors and benefits. Eighteen leagues separated me from the Emperor, but I performed the journey in five hours. In proportion as I approached Fontainebleau I felt my courage fail. Heavens! what a message had I to bear! In the mission which I had just executed, I had experienced all the anguish which could be endured by pride and self-love. But in the present business my heart bled for the pain I was about to inflict on the Emperor, who rose in my affections in proportion as the clouds of misfortune gathered around him."

It was just midnight when Caulaincourt approached Fontainebleau. The environs were filled with troops who were bivouacking, impatient for battle. The forest of Fontainebleau and the whole surrounding region were illumined with the camp-fires of fifty thousand men, who, in a state of intense excitement, were clamoring to be led to battle. As Caulaincourt approached the gate of the chateau, he was recognized. He was known as the firm friend of Napoleon, and was greeted with an enthusiastic shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which was echoed and re-echoed from rank to rank through the deep aisles of the forest. He entered the little cabinet where our narrative left Napoleon.

The Emperor was alone, seated at a table, writing. "Ten years seemed to have passed over his noble head," says Caulaincourt, "since last we parted. A slight compression of his lips gave to his countenance an expression of indescribable suffering."

"What has been done?" inquired Napoleon. "Have you seen the Emperor of Russia? What did he say?"

For a moment, Caulaincourt, overcome with anguish, was unable to speak. Napoleon took his hand, pressed it convulsively, and said,

"Speak, Caulaincourt, speak. I am prepared for every thing."

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I have seen the Emperor Alexander. I have passed twenty-four hours concealed in his apartments. He is not your enemy. In him alone your cause has a supporter."

Napoleon shook his head expressive of doubt, but said,

"What is his wish? What do they intend?"



CAULAINCOURT RETURNING TO FONTAINEBLEAU.

“Sire,” Caulaincourt replied, in a voice almost unintelligible through emotion, “your majesty is required to make great sacrifices—to surrender the crown of France to your son.”

There was a moment’s pause, and then, in accents “terribly impressive,” Napoleon rejoined,

“That is to say, they will not treat with me. They mean to drive me from my throne which I conquered by my sword. They wish to make a Helot of me, an object of derision, destined to serve as an example to those who, by the sole ascendancy of genius and superiority of talent, command men, and make legitimate kings tremble on their worm-eaten thrones. And is it you, Caulaincourt, who are charged with such a mission to me?”

For a moment the Emperor paced the floor in great agitation, then threw himself, exhausted, into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. After a brief interval of silence he arose, and, turning to Caulaincourt, continued,

“Have not you courage to go on? Let me hear what it is *your Alexander* has desired you to say.”

Caulaincourt, deeply wounded by this unkind reproach, replied, “Sire, your majesty has no mercy. The stroke which is now felt by you lacerated my heart before it reached yours. For forty-eight hours this torture has rankled in my bosom.”

Napoleon was at once vanquished. Pressing his hand upon his burning

brow, he exclaimed, in accents of deepest tenderness, "I am to blame, Caulaincourt, I am to blame, my friend. There are moments when I feel my brain beating within my head, so many misfortunes assail me at once. That powerful organization which so often sustained me amid battles and perils, sinks under the repeated strokes which overwhelm me. I can not doubt your fidelity, Caulaincourt. Of all about me, you perhaps are the only one in whom I place implicit faith. It is only among my poor soldiers, it is only in their grief-expressing eyes, that I still find written fidelity and devoted attachment. When happy, I thought I knew men, but I was destined to know them only in misfortune." He paused, fixed his eyes upon the floor, and remained absorbed in silent thought.

Caulaincourt, entirely overcome by exhaustion and mental anguish, was unable to make any reply. At length he said, "Sire, I request permission to take a little rest. I am beyond measure fatigued. You must be correctly informed of the difficulties of your position before you can decide on the course to be adopted. I feel, in my present state, incapable of giving those detailed explanations which the importance of the subject demands."

"You are right, Caulaincourt," the Emperor replied. "Go and take some rest. I have a presentiment of the subject about which we shall have to discourse, and it is necessary for me to prepare myself for the consequences. Go and repose a while. I will take care to have you called at ten o'clock."

At ten Caulaincourt again entered the apartment of the Emperor. Napoleon, in subdued tones, but calm and firm, said, "Take a seat, Caulaincourt, and tell me what they require. What is exacted from us?"

Caulaincourt gave a minute recital of his interview with Alexander. When he spoke of the debate of the Allies respecting the restoration of the Bourbons, Napoleon rose from his chair in extreme agitation, and, rapidly pacing up and down the room, exclaimed,

"They are mad! Restore the Bourbons! It will not last for a single year! The Bourbons are the antipathy of the French nation. And the army—what will they do with the army? My soldiers will never consent to be theirs. It is the height of folly to think of melting down the empire into a government formed out of elements so heterogeneous. Can it ever be forgotten that the Bourbons have lived twenty years on the charity of foreigners, in open war with the principles and the interests of France? Restore the Bourbons! it is not merely madness, but it shows a desire to inflict on the country every species of calamity. Is it true that such an idea is seriously entertained?"

Caulaincourt informed him unreservedly of the machinations which were carried on for the accomplishment of that purpose.

"But," Napoleon observed, "the Senate can never consent to see a Bourbon on the throne. Setting aside the baseness of agreeing to such an arrangement, what place, I should like to know, could be assigned to the Senate in a court from which they or their fathers dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold? As for me, I was a new man, unsullied by the vices of the French Revolution. In me there was no motive for revenge. I had every thing to reconstruct. I should never have dared to sit on the vacant throne of France had not my brow been bound with laurels. The French people elevated me

because I had executed, with them and for them, great and noble works. But the Bourbons, what have they done for France? What proportion of the victories, of the glory, of the prosperity of France belongs to them? What could they do to promote the interests or independence of the people? When restored by foreigners, they will be forced to yield to all their demands, and, in a word, to bend the knee before their masters. Advantage may be taken of the stupor into which foreign occupation has thrown the capital to abuse the power of the strongest by proscribing me and my family. But to insure tranquillity to the Bourbons in Paris! never! Bear in mind my prophecy, Caulaincourt."

After a moment's pause, the Emperor, in a more tranquil tone, resumed: "Let us return to the matter in question. My abdication is insisted on. Upon this condition, the regency will be given to the Empress, and the crown will descend to my son. I do not know that I have the right to resign the sovereign authority—that I should be justified in taking such a step until all hope was lost. I have fifty thousand men at my disposal. My brave troops still acknowledge me for their sovereign. Full of ardor and devotedness, they call loudly on me to lead them to Paris. The sound of my cannon would electrify the Parisians and rouse the national spirit, insulted by the presence of foreigners parading in our public places. The inhabitants of Paris are brave; they would support me; and after the victory," he added, in a more animated tone, "after the victory, the nation would choose between me and the Allies, and I would never descend from the throne unless driven from it by the French people. Come with me, Caulaincourt. It is now twelve o'clock. I am going to review the troops."

As the Emperor left the palace, Caulaincourt sadly followed him. The illusions to which the Emperor still clung filled him with anxiety, for he knew that the strength of the Allies was such that all further resistance must be unavailing.

The soldiers were delighted in again seeing the Emperor, and received him with acclamations of unbounded joy. The officers thronged enthusiastically around him, shouting, "To Paris—to Paris! Sire, lead us to Paris!"

"Yes, my friends," replied the Emperor, "we will fly to the succor of Paris. To-morrow we will commence our march."

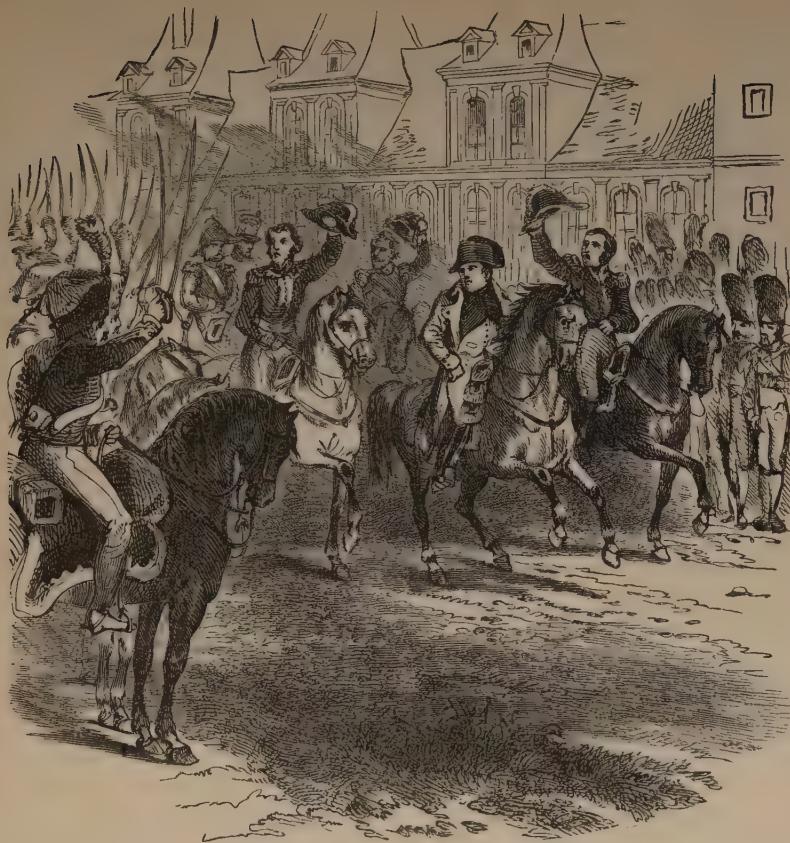
At these words, tumultuous shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang through the air. The ardor was so intense and so universal, that even Caulaincourt thought that there were some chances in Napoleon's favor.

As the Emperor returned to the court-yard of the palace, and dismounted from his horse, he said to Caulaincourt, triumphantly, and yet interrogatively, "Well?" as if he would inquire, "What do you think now?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "this is your last step. Your majesty ought alone to decide."

"You approve of my determination, that is clear," Napoleon added, with a smile. Passing silently, but with friendly recognitions, through the groups of officers who thronged the saloons, he retired to his room.

The young generals, full of ardor, and who had their fortunes to make, expressed an intense desire to march upon Paris. The older officers, however, who had already obtained fame and fortune, which they hoped to re-



THE LAST REVIEW AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

tain by yielding to a power which they no longer felt able to resist, were silent.

Talleyrand, president of the Senate, now eager to ingratiate himself into the favor of the Allies, had influenced that body to pass a decree deposing Napoleon, and organizing a provisional government with Talleyrand at its head. As Napoleon received his office, not from the Senate, but from the people, he paid no respect to this act. Still, the abandonment of the Emperor by the Senate bewildered and disheartened the people, inspired the Royalists, and introduced much perplexity into the councils of the army.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Napoleon, struggling against despondency, again reviewed the troops, having previously given orders to have all things prepared for the march upon Paris. Immediately after the review he met in council all the dignitaries, civil and military, who were at Fontainebleau. A conference ensued, which crushed the hopes and almost broke the heart of the Emperor. His most influential generals presented difficulties, and, finally, remonstrances, declaring that all was hopelessly lost.

"If at this moment," says Baron Fain, "Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of

young men ready to follow wherever he should lead. But a step further, and he would have been greeted by the acclamations of all his troops."

Disheartened, however, by the apathy which he encountered, he yielded, addressing to his generals these prophetic words :

" You wish for repose. Take it, then. Alas ! you know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that ease which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war could have done."

The Emperor then, in extreme dejection, retired alone to his cabinet. After the lapse of a few hours of perplexity and anguish, such as mortals have seldom endured, he again sent for Caulaincourt. As the duke entered the room, he found the countenance of the Emperor fearfully altered, but his demeanor was calm and firm. He took from his table a paper, written with his own hand, and, presenting it to Caulaincourt, said,

" Here is my abdication. Carry it to Paris." As the Emperor saw the tears gush into the eyes of his noble companion, he was for a moment unmanned himself. " Brave, brave friend !" cried he, with intense emotion. " But those ungrateful men ! they will live to regret me." Then throwing himself into the arms of Caulaincourt, he pressed him fervently to his agitated breast, saying, " Depart, Caulaincourt ; depart immediately." The abdication was written in the following words :

" The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country ; without prejudice, however, to the rights of his son, to those of the regency of the Empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the empire.

" Given at our palace at Fontainebleau, the 4th of April, 1814."

Napoleon requested Macdonald and Ney to accompany Caulaincourt, as commissioners, to Paris. As he confided to them this important document, he said to Macdonald, whom he had in former years mistrusted, but to whom he became fully reconciled on the field of Wagram,

" I have wronged you, Macdonald ; do you not remember it ?"

" No, sire," Macdonald responded, " I remember nothing but your confidence in me."

Napoleon affectionately grasped his hand, while tears filled the eyes of both these noble men.

" What conditions," said one of the commissioners, " shall we insist upon in reference to your majesty ?"

" None whatever," Napoleon promptly replied. " Obtain the best terms you can for France. For myself, I ask nothing."

The commissioners immediately entered a carriage and set out for Paris. Napoleon, overpowered by the events of the day, retired in solitude to his chamber. He immediately sent an officer to Marshal Marmont, who, with twelve thousand men, occupied a very important position at Essonne, a village about half way between Fontainebleau and Paris. The messenger re-

turned at night with the utmost speed, and communicated the astounding intelligence that Marshal Marmont had abandoned his post and joined the Allies; that he had gone to Paris, and had marched his troops, without their knowledge of the treachery, within the lines of the enemy. Thus Fontainebleau was entirely undefended.

Napoleon at first could not credit the story. He repeated to himself, "It is impossible. Marmont can not be guilty of dishonor. Marmont is my brother-in-arms." But when he could no longer doubt, he sank back in his chair, riveted his eyes upon the wall, pressed his burning brow with his hand, and said, in generous tones of grief, which brought tears into the eyes of those who were present, "He! my pupil! my child! Ungrateful man! Well, he will be more unhappy than I!"

In order to deliver up these soldiers, the subordinate officers, who were devoted to the Emperor, were assembled at midnight, and deceptively informed that the Emperor had decided to move upon Paris, and that they were to march, as an advance guard, on the road to Versailles. All flew eagerly to arms, with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* In the darkness of the night this disgraceful transaction was consummated. With enthusiasm the soldiers commenced their march. But they were astonished in meeting no enemy. They heard strange noises on either side of them, as of troops in motion, but the darkness of the night concealed all distant objects from their view. The break of day showed them the batteries, battalions, and squadrons of the Russian army, by whom they were now completely encircled. Escape was impossible. A cry of indignation and grief, loud and long-continued, broke from the ranks. The rearguard, in the early dawn, discovered the snare before it had crossed the bridge of Essonne. It immediately halted, and fortified the pass to protect the Emperor, resolving to defend him to the last drop of blood.

The entrapped soldiers, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment, congregated together in groups, almost insane with rage, and commenced loud shouts, in the very camp of the Allies, of *Vive l'Empereur!* Colonel Ordiner called together all the other colonels, who, indignant at the treachery of their generals, immediately conferred upon him the command of their battalions. He accordingly ordered the cavalry to mount, and directed them on Rambouillet, that they might return by that circuitous route to Fontainebleau. The entire force—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—seized their arms, and, in the spirit of desperation, commenced their march, through the ranks of their multitudinous enemies, back to Napoleon. "The roads and woods echoed," said Lamartine, "with fury and acclamations, the expression of their desperate and indomitable fidelity to their vanquished Emperor."

Marmont, hearing the tidings, in great alarm mounted one of his fleetest horses, and soon overtook the retiring column. "Stop!" he cried to Colonel Ordiner, "or I will have you court-martialed for usurping the command."

"I defy you," the colonel replied. "There is no law which compels the troops to obey treachery; and if there were, there is no soldier here so base as to obey it."

The loud altercation caused a halt in the ranks. The soldiers had re-



MARMONT ARRESTING THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS.

spected Marmont and admired his courage. He appealed to them ; showed his scars and his still bleeding wounds ; assured them that peace was already negotiated, and that the movement they were making was harmless to themselves and to the Emperor. He entreated them to kill him rather than disgrace themselves by abandoning their general. The soldiers, accustomed to obedience, believed him, and shouting "*Vive Marmont!*" bewildered, returned again to their cantonments within the lines of the Allies.*

In the mean time, the commissioners, unconscious of this treachery, were rapidly approaching Paris. Just as the evening lamps were lighted, they entered the gates of the agitated city. Caulaincourt, leaving his companions, immediately obtained a private audience with Alexander. The Emperor, though cordial, seemed not a little embarrassed. He, however, promptly announced to Caulaincourt that the whole aspect of affairs was now changed.

"But, sire," said Caulaincourt, "I am the bearer of the act of abdication of the Emperor Napoleon in favor of the King of Rome. Marshals Ney and Macdonald accompany me as the plenipotentiaries of his majesty. All the formalities are prepared. Nothing now remains but the conclusion of the treaty."

"My dear duke," Alexander replied, "when you departed, the position of

* Bourrienne, who was associated with Talleyrand in the provisional government, says, "The mission of the marshals" (Caulaincourt, Ney, and Macdonald) "had caused the most lively apprehensions among the members of the provisional government ; but the alarm was equally great on hearing the news of the mutiny of Marmont's troops. During the whole of the day we were in a state of the most cruel anxiety. The insurrectionary spirit, it was feared, might extend to other corps of the army. But the successful gallantry of Marmont saved every thing ; and it would be impossible to convey an idea of the manner in which he was received by us at Talleyrand's when he related the particulars of what had passed at Versailles."

the Emperor Napoleon was still imposing. The rallying of troops around Fontainebleau, their devotion to the Emperor, his address and courage, were of a nature to create alarm ; but to-day the position of the Emperor is not the same."

"Your majesty deceives yourself," Caulaincourt replied. "The Emperor has at his command, within the circle of a few leagues, eighty thousand men who demand to be led upon Paris, who will allow themselves, in defense of the Emperor, to be cut in pieces to the last man, and whose example will electrify the capital."

"My dear duke," Alexander replied, "I am truly sorry to afflict you. But you are in complete ignorance of what is going on. The Senate has declared the forfeiture of Napoleon. The commanders of corps of the army are sending in their adherence from all parts. They disguise, under pretext of submission to the mandates of the Senate, their eagerness to absolve themselves from allegiance to a sovereign who is unfortunate. Such are mankind. At the very moment at which we speak, Fontainebleau is uncovered, and the person of Napoleon is in our power."

"What say you, sire," cried Caulaincourt, in amazement—"still fresh treasons?"

"The camp of Essonne is raised," Alexander deliberately added. "Marshal Marmont has sent in his adherence, and that of his division of the army. The troops which compose it are in full march into the camp of the Allies."

At this intelligence Caulaincourt was struck dumb as by a thunderbolt. After a moment's pause, he bowed his neck to the storm, and sadly said, "I have no hope but in the magnanimity of your majesty."

"As long as the Emperor Napoleon," Alexander replied, "was supported by an army, he held the councils of his adversaries in check ; but now, when the marshals and generals are leading away the soldiers, the question is changed. Fontainebleau is no longer an imposing military position. All the persons of note at Fontainebleau have sent in their submissions. Now judge for yourself, what could I do ?"

Caulaincourt raised his hand to his burning brow, so bewildered that he was unable to utter a single word.

"During your absence," Alexander continued, "a discussion arose on the subject of the regency. Talleyrand and others contended against it with all their might. The Abbé de Pradt declared that neither Bonaparte nor his family had any partisans—that all France earnestly demanded the Bourbons. The adherences of the civil and military bodies are pouring in. You thus see the impossibilities which master my good wishes."

"The Emperor Napoleon," exclaimed Caulaincourt, indignantly, "is betrayed, basely abandoned, delivered to the enemy by the very men who ought to have made for him a rampart of their bodies and their swords. This, sire, is horrible, horrible!"

Alexander, with an expression of bitter disdain, placing his hand confidently on the arm of Caulaincourt, said,

"And add, duke, that he is betrayed by men who owe him every thing, every thing—their fame, their fortune. What a lesson for us sovereigns! I verily believe that if we had wished to place Kutusoff upon the throne of

France, they would have cried out, *Vive Kutusoff!* But take courage. I will be at the council before you. We will see what can be done."

He then took the act of abdication, read it, and expressed much surprise that it contained no stipulations for Napoleon personally. "But I have been his friend," said Alexander, "and I will still be his advocate. I will insist that he shall retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island."

As Caulaincourt was passing out of the court-yard, exasperated by grief and despair, he met the Abbé de Pradt, who, with the basest sycophancy, was hovering around the court of the Allies. The smiling ecclesiastic, complacently rubbing his hands, advanced to meet the tall, courtly, and dignified duke, exclaiming,

"I am charmed to see you."

Caulaincourt fixed his eye sternly upon him, and was proudly passing by, refusing to return his salutation, when the abbé ventured to add, with an insulting smile, "Your affairs are not going on very prosperously, duke."

Caulaincourt could restrain his indignation no longer. He lost all self-control. Seizing the astonished and gray-headed abbé by the collar, he ex-



CAULAINCOURT AND THE ABBÉ DE PRADT.

claimed, "You are a villain, sir!" and after almost shaking his breath out of his body, twirled him around upon his heels like a top; then, ashamed of such an instinctive ebullition of fury toward one so helpless, he contemptuously left him and went on his way. The abbé never forgave or forgot this rude pirouette. The Bourbons administered to his wounded pride the balm of many honors.

Caulaincourt immediately sought his companions, Macdonald and Ney, and proceeded to the council. But he had no heart to reveal to them the awful defection of Marmont. They found the council chamber filled with the highest dignitaries of the various kingdoms allied against France. The Emperor of Russia was earnestly talking with the King of Prussia in the embrasure of a window. In other parts of the room were groups of English, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Swedish diplomatists, engaged in very animated conversation.

The entrance of the French commissioners interrupted the colloquy. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia approached a long table covered with green, in the centre of the room, and sat down. Each person then took his seat at the table. The Emperor of Austria, perhaps from motives of delicacy, was not present. Lord Castlereagh, the English plenipotentiary, had not yet arrived. Caulaincourt presented, in the name of Napoleon, the act of abdication in favor of the King of Rome and of the regency of Maria Louisa. For a moment there was profound silence. Then Frederick William, the King of Prussia, remarked,

“Events no longer permit the Powers to treat with the Emperor Napoleon. The wishes of France for the return of her ancient sovereigns are manifest on all sides.”

Macdonald replied, “The Emperor holds the crown from the French nation. He resigns it for the purpose of obtaining general peace. The allied sovereigns having declared that he is the only obstacle to peace, he does not hesitate to sacrifice himself when the interests of his country are concerned. But if they deny him the right of abdicating in favor of his son, great misfortunes may result therefrom. The army, entirely devoted to its chief, is still ready to shed the last drop of its blood in support of the rights of its sovereign.”

A smile of disdain, accompanied with whispering, followed this declaration, as the Allies perceived that Macdonald was unaware how entirely Napoleon’s position was uncovered. Just at that moment Marmont entered the room, with his head erect and a smile on his features.

He was received with shaking of hands and congratulations. The discussion was again resumed. Pozzi di Borgo, the aid of Bernadotte, inveighed loudly against the regency. He foolishly hoped to gain for his traitorous master the throne of France.*

“As long,” said he, “as the name of Napoleon weighs from the throne upon the imagination of Europe, Europe will not consider itself satisfied or delivered. It will always see in the government of the son the threatening

* Pozzi di Borgo was a Corsican. He was a strong partisan of the Bourbons, and joined the English in their attack upon his native island. As Napoleon adopted the cause of popular rights, Borgo became his implacable enemy. He took refuge in London, and joined with intense zeal those who were conspiring against the popular government of France. Though a man of dissolute habits, his elegant manners and his zeal for royalty secured for him the familiarity and esteem of the English and Continental aristocracy. Entering the Russian service, he had been employed by Alexander at the court of Bernadotte. “He knew,” says Lamartine, “that he flattered, in secret, the inclinations of his master, the intrigues of M. de Talleyrand, the vengeance of the court of London, and the resentment of the aristocracy of Vienna, in speaking against the half measure of the regency.”

soul of the father. If he is present, nothing will restrain his genius, impatient of action and of adventures. The allied armies will have no sooner returned into their respective countries than ambition will inflame the mind of this man. Again he will summon to the field his country, speedily restored from its disasters, and once more it will be necessary to repeat over him those victories, so dearly purchased by the treasures and the blood of the human race. If banished far from France, his counsels will cross the sea, and his lieutenants and his ministers will seize upon the regency. To allow the empire to survive the Emperor, this is not to extinguish the incendiary fire of Europe, but to cover it with treacherous ashes, under which will smoulder a new conflagration. Victory made Napoleon. Victory unmade him. Let the empire fall with the man who made it."

These sentiments were too obviously true to be denied. The government of Napoleon was the government of popular rights. The Allies were deluging Europe in blood to sustain aristocratic privilege. These two hostile principles of government could not live side by side. Even the genius of Napoleon, tasked to its utmost, could not reconcile them. He has drawn upon himself insane abuse, even from the sincere lovers of liberty, for his humane endeavor, by a compromise, to rescue Europe from those bloody wars with which combined despots assailed the dreaded spirit of republicanism.

"There are," said Talleyrand, "but two principles now at issue in the world—legitimacy and chance." By *chance*, he meant the suffrages of the people—popular rights. But it was not prudent to call things by their right names. "Legitimacy," he continued, "is a recovered right. If Europe wishes to escape revolution, she should attach herself to legitimacy. There are but two things possible in this case—either Napoleon or Louis XVIII. The Emperor Napoleon can have no other successor than a legitimate king. He is the first of soldiers. After him, there is not one man in France or in the world who could make ten men march in his cause. Every thing that is not Napoleon or Louis XVIII. is an intrigue."

Thus contemptuously was the name of Bernadotte flung aside.

The defection of the camp at Essonne, which was the advance guard of the army at Fontainebleau, placed Napoleon entirely at the mercy of the Allies. A corps of the Russian army had already been echeloned from Paris to Essonne, and covered all that bank of the Seine. Napoleon was now apparently helpless, and the Allies triumphantly demanded *absolute and unconditional abdication*. It was clear that Napoleon was ruined, and, even while the discussion was going on, many, anxious to escape from a falling cause, were sending in their adherence to the Allies.

The French commissioners, having received the peremptory demand for the unconditional abdication of Napoleon, now retired in consternation to watch over the personal security of the Emperor, for he was in imminent danger of being taken captive.

"Who," said Caulaincourt, in tones of anguish, "can be the bearer of this fresh blow to the Emperor?"

"You," answered Ney, with tearful eyes. "You are the friend of his heart, and can, better than any other, soften the bitterness of this news."

For my part, I have no courage but in the presence of an enemy. I can never, never go and say coldly to him—" His voice choked with emotion, and he could say no more.

There was a moment of profound silence, during which neither of the three could utter one word. Macdonald, then taking the hand of Caulaincourt, pressed it with affection, and said,

" It is a sorrowful, a most sorrowful mission ; but you alone can fulfill it to the Emperor, for you possess his entire confidence."

Caulaincourt departed. He was so entirely absorbed in painful thought that he became quite unconscious of the lapse of time, and was struck with astonishment when the carriage entered the court-yard of Fontainebleau. For a time he was so transfixed with grief and despair that he could not leave his seat.

" Was I, then," says Caulaincourt, " destined only to approach the Emperor to give him torture ? I revolted at the misery of my destiny, which forced upon me the office of inflicting pain on him whom with my blood I would have ransomed from suffering. I sprang from the carriage, and reached the cabinet of the Emperor almost running. I know not how it happened that there was no one there to announce me. I opened the door. ' Sire, it is Caulaincourt,' said I, and I entered."

Napoleon was seated at a window looking out upon the gardens. His pallid countenance and disordered dress indicated that he had passed the night without seeking any repose. Caulaincourt hesitated to commence his dreadful message. The Emperor broke the silence by saying, with an evident effort to be calm,

" The defection of Essonne has served as an excuse for new pretensions. Is it not so ? Now that I am abandoned, openly betrayed, there are other conditions. What do they now demand ?"

Caulaincourt deliberately narrated the scenes through which he had passed, and the demand of the Allies for an unconditional abdication. The indignation of Napoleon was now roused to the highest pitch. All the gigantic force and energy of his lofty nature burst forth like a volcano. His eyes flashed fire. His face glowed with an almost superhuman expression of intellect and of determination.

" Do these arrogant conquerors suppose," he exclaimed, " that they are masters of France because treason has opened to them the gates of Paris ? If a handful of vile conspirators have planned my destruction, the nation has not ratified the infamous deed. I will summon my people around me. Fools ! they can not conceive that a man like me only ceases to be formidable when he is laid in the tomb. To-morrow, in one hour, I will shake off the fetters with which they have bound me, and rise, more terrible than ever, at the head of one hundred and thirty thousand warriors.

" Attend to my calculation, Caulaincourt. I have here around me 25,000 men of my Guards. Those giants, the terror of the legions of the enemy, shall form a nucleus round which I will rally the army of Lyons, 30,000 strong. These, with Grenier's corps of 18,000, just arrived from Italy, Suchet's 15,000, and the 40,000 scattered under the command of Soult, make altogether an army of 130,000 men. I am master of all the strong places in

France and Italy, though I know not as yet whether they contain aught but felons and traitors. I am again upon my feet," said he, raising his head proudly, "assisted by this same sword which has opened to me every capital in Europe. I am still the chief of the bravest army in the whole world —of those French battalions of which no portion has suffered a defeat. I will exhort them to the defense of their country by the principles and in the name of liberty. Above my Eagles shall be inscribed, 'Independence and our country !' and my Eagles will again be terrible. If the chiefs of the army, who owe their splendor to my conquests, wish for repose, let them retire. I will find among those who now wear worsted epaulets men fit to be generals and marshals. A road that is closed against couriers will soon open before 50,000 men."

As the Emperor uttered these vehement words he strode rapidly up and down the apartment. Suddenly he stopped, and, turning to Caulaincourt, said,

"Write to Ney and Macdonald to return directly. I renounce all negotiation. The Allies have rejected the personal sacrifice which I imposed upon myself for the sake of purchasing the peace and the repose of France. They have insolently refused my abdication, and I retract it. I will prepare for the conflict. My place is marked out above or below the surface of a field of battle. May the French blood which is again about to flow fall upon the wretches who wish the ruin of their country!"

Caulaincourt, contemplating with pain the intense excitement into which the Emperor was plunged, and conscious of the inutility, at that moment, of attempting a calm and dispassionate discussion, bowed to the Emperor, and asked leave to retire.

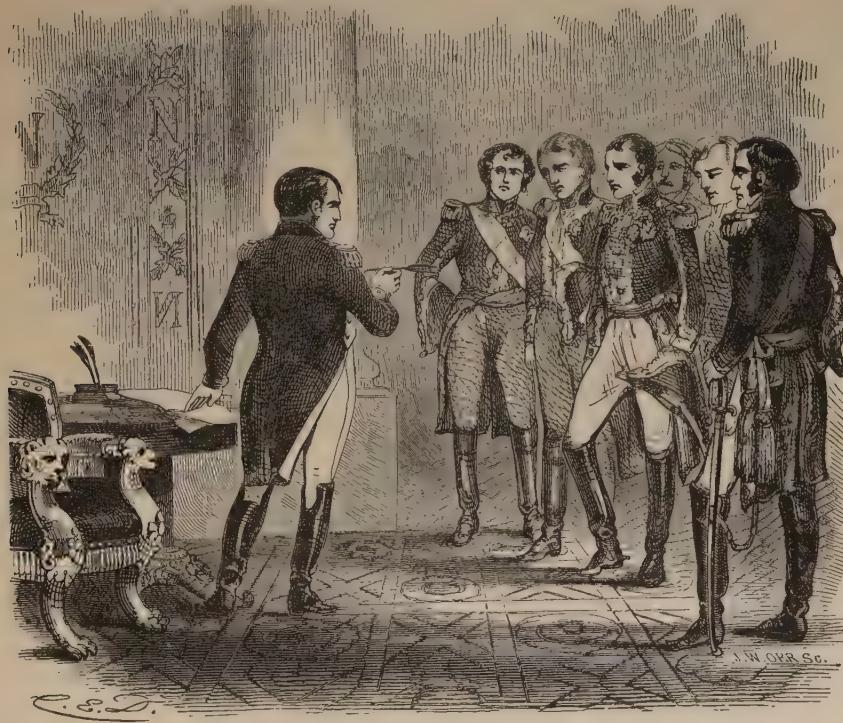
"We are one, Caulaincourt," said the Emperor, kindly. "Our misfortunes are great. Go and take some repose. There is, henceforth, none for me. The night will perhaps enlighten me."

In unutterable anguish, Caulaincourt retired to his room and threw himself upon his bed. He knew that though the Emperor might prolong the bloody struggle, his situation was desperate. Already armies containing six hundred thousand foreigners covered the soil of France. Reserves which would more than double the number were collected on the frontiers, waiting but the signal to pour themselves into the doomed republican empire. The new government welcomed all who would abandon Napoleon and give in their adhesion. There was now a general rush of the high functionaries to Paris to obtain situations under the new dynasty. Still the Allies stood in terror of Napoleon. They knew that the masses of the people were all in his favor, and they dreaded one of those bold movements which more than once had astonished Europe. Foreign troops now occupied all the avenues around Fontainebleau. Napoleon was inclosed in a vast knot. At one signal two hundred thousand men could spring upon the little band which still guarded him. But the formidable name of the Emperor still kept the Allies at a respectful distance.

The next day Caulaincourt again saw the Emperor, and informed him of the fearful peril in which he was placed. He endeavored to dissuade him from any attempt to extricate himself by force, representing the **extreme** danger of such a step to the country, the army, and himself.

“Dangers!” exclaimed the Emperor; “I do not fear them! A useless life is a heavy burden. I can not long support it. But, before involving others, I wish to question them as to their opinion respecting this desperate resolve. If my cause, if the cause of my family is no longer the cause of France, then I can decide. Call around me the marshals and generals who still remain. I will be guided by their opinion.”

The generals and the marshals, dejected and embarrassed, were soon assembled. “I have offered my abdication,” said Napoleon, “but the Allies now impose upon me the abdication of my family. They wish me to depose my wife, my son, and all who belong to my family. Will you allow it? I have the means of cutting my way through the lines that surround me. I can traverse and arouse the whole of France. I can repair to the Alps, re-join Augereau, rally Soult, recall Suchet, and, reaching Eugene in Lombardy, pass into Italy, and there found with you a new empire, a new throne, and new fortunes for my companions, until the voice of France shall recall us to our country. Will you follow me?”



THE ABDICATION.

“I listened,” says Caulaincourt, “to the Emperor’s noble and dignified appeal to the hearts, to the honor of his ancient lieutenants. But those hearts remained cold. They opposed the interests of France, a useless civil war, and the country ravaged by invasion, but they found no word of sympathy for the frightful misfortune which fell upon the benefactor, the sovereign who, during twenty years, had been the glory of France.”

Caulaincourt, unable to repress his emotions, was about to leave the apartment. As he rose, the Emperor caught his eye, and understood the movement. "Stop, Caulaincourt," said he; then, taking his seat at the table, he rapidly wrote,

"April 6, 1814.

"The allied sovereigns having declared that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of a general peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the throne of France and Italy; and that there is no personal sacrifice, not even that of life itself, which he is not willing to make for the interests of France."

FAC SIMILE OF THE ABDICATION.

6 April, 1814.

Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoléon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement de la paix en Europe, l'Empereur, fidèle à son serment, déclare qu'il renonce pour lui et ses enfants, aux trônes de France et d'Italie, et qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice, même celui de la vie, qu'il ne soit prêt à faire aux intérêts de la France.

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"These men have neither heart nor conscience. I am less conquered by fortune than by egotism and ingratitude of my brothers in arms. This is hideous. Now all is consummated. Leave me, my friend."

"I shall never," says Caulaincourt, "forget these scenes at Fontainebleau. There is nothing in history to be compared with these last convulsions of the French empire, to the torture of its chief, to the agony of its hours, its days. Never did the Emperor appear to me so truly great."

Having placed this important paper in the hands of Caulaincourt as the basis of new negotiations, he calmly and proudly turned to his generals, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish to be alone." When all had left but Caulaincourt, he added,

The tortures of suspense being now removed, the heart of Napoleon seemed relieved of an enormous load. Allowing himself to indulge in no useless repinings, with dignity and gracefulness he submitted to his destiny. He had sufficient self-command at least to assume the aspect of cheerfulness and contentment. No reproaches escaped his lips, and he addressed all around him only in tones of benignity and kindness. The noble and dignified resignation he displayed surprised all, and won their admiration. He conversed familiarly, and as a private citizen, respecting the events of the Revolution and of the empire, as if they had been matters of a past century, having no reference to himself.

But it was not enough for the Allies that they had driven Napoleon from the throne. He was still enthroned in the hearts of the French people. It was essential to the final success of the cause of the Allies that the reputation of Napoleon should be destroyed, and that the people of France should look upon him as a selfish and merciless monster. The Allies had now the control of the press of all Europe. They could deluge the nations with libels to which Napoleon could make no possible reply. The pen of Chateaubriand was dipped in mingled venom and gall for the accomplishment of this crime. His world-renowned pamphlet on "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," was the most cold, merciless, infamous assassination of character history has recorded. There is no historian who assails Napoleon with more acrimony than Lamartine, and yet even he speaks of this atrocious work in the following terms :

" M. Chateaubriand, the first writer of the day, did not preserve either his genius or his conscience from the outpouring of insults and calumnies upon a great but a fallen name. He had written a severe pamphlet against the Emperor and in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons, in which he dragged his name through the blood and the charnel-houses of time. He himself performed in it the office of hangman to the reign of the Emperor. He had formerly praised him, even by sacred comparisons, with the heroes of the Bible. After the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, the enthusiasm of the writer, which had changed into contempt, had placed him in a secret but cautious opposition. He called himself proscribed and persecuted ; yet he never was proscribed except by imperial favors, nor persecuted except by the affected contempt of his master.

" However this may have been, he bore about him for several months his unedited pamphlet, as the sword which was to give the last blow to the tyrant. This pamphlet, printed in the night, and delivered in fragments to the journals, inundated Paris in the morning, and very shortly all France, with maledictions against the Emperor and the empire. Napoleon was there painted in the traits of the modern Attila, and with the features, still more hideous, of a hangman, effecting, with his own hands, the executions in which he delighted. He was represented at Fontainebleau torturing the conscience of Pius VII., and dragging the pontiff by his white locks on the flags of his prison—a martyr at once to his complaisance for, and resistance of, the crowned upstart.

" M. de Chateaubriand opened all the dungeons, to indicate therein to the people, with his finger, the tortures, the gags, the pretended silent assassina-

tion of victims. He raked up all the ashes, from that of Pichegrus down to the plague-hospital at Jaffa, to drag from out of the long-buried mass accusations, suspicions, and crimes. It was the bitter speech of the public prosecutor of humanity and of liberty, written by the hand of the Furies against the great culprit of the age. He did not spare his enemy even those vile accusations of sordid avarice and of peculation which penetrate the deepest and tarnish the most in the vulgar and venal souls of the multitude. Robbery, cowardice, cruelty, sword, poison, every thing served as a weapon to stab that fame he wished to extinguish. This book, issued leaf by leaf to the public during several days, was the more terrible, inasmuch as it succeeded the long silence of a mute opposition.

“ M. de Chateaubriand, in putting forth this character of Napoleon as food for the wickedness of the people, and a homage to the Royalist party, was guilty of an action which no political passion can excuse—the annihilation of a reign by poisoned weapons. But this wicked action, praised at the time because the time required it, was repudiated at a later period by the conscience of the age, though it contributed powerfully then to render the empire unpopular. When M. de Chateaubriand presented himself to Louis XVIII. to receive his reward in the shape of favors from the new monarchy, the prince said to him, ‘ *Your book has been worth an army to my cause!* ’ ”

These libels were reiterated in Great Britain in pamphlets and reviews, which were scattered, like autumn leaves, throughout the kingdom. The Tories were triumphant in England, the Allies triumphant on the Continent, the Bourbons triumphant in France. Napoleon was silenced, imprisoned, crushed. No voice, pleading his cause, could obtain a hearing in the universal clamor of his foes. Even now, he who ventures to speak for Napoleon must be prepared to breast a great flood of obloquy. The *people* of the world love him; but political influences of tremendous power still assail his memory.

An English writer, W. H. Ireland, Esq., says: “ The most trifling circumstances, brought forward to the disparagement of Napoleon, were tortured into the most enormous crimes; every thing that had been urged against him in England for many years was readily and most eagerly received by the British nation as indisputable truth; while, on the contrary, any circumstance which gained this country favorable to the Emperor was solely imputed to French flattery and adulation. Scarcely a publication emanated from the press for a series of years, however foreign to French affairs, in which means were not found of introducing something to the disparagement of Napoleon. No less zeal was displayed from the pulpit, the Senate, the bar, and the stage; nay, to such a ridiculous excess was that sentiment carried, that the name of Bonaparte was used to inspire dread in children, for, instead of being told, according to custom, that if they were naughty, *the old man should take them away*, they were threatened with Bonaparte’s coming for them. So true is this statement, that we would challenge any individual in this island, under thirty years of age, to say whether he does not call to mind that such were his earliest impressions respecting Napoleon Bonaparte.”

Thus far the Allies have had it all their own way. They have been ac-

cuser, counsel, jury, judge, and executioner. They have also reported the trial and written the biography. But now, after the silence of thirty years, the spirit of Napoleon emerges from its tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides, and, turning to a new nation of twenty-five millions of freemen, solicits another trial. Calmly, yet firmly, these freemen insist that he shall not be defrauded of that right.*

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE FOR ELBA.

Deliberations of the Allies—Generosity of Alexander—Napoleon recalls his Abdication—**The Treaty**—Unworthy Conduct of the English Government—Interview between Caulaincourt and the Emperor—Illness of Napoleon—Testimony of Antommarchi—Parting with Macdonald—Napoleon's Impatience to leave Fontainebleau—Departure of Berthier—The Cuirassier of the Guard—Situuation of Maria Louisa—Conversation with Beausset—Grief of the Emperor—Napoleon takes leave of Caulaincourt—Noble Address to his Officers—Affecting Adieu to the Old Guard—Departure for Elba.

THE scenes described in the conclusion of the last chapter occurred in the evening of the 6th of April. The next morning, at sunrise, Caulaincourt again set out for Paris with the unconditional abdication. In the course of the day the important document was presented to the council of the Allies. The entire overthrow of one whose renown had so filled the world moved their sympathies. The march of their troops upon Fontainebleau was suspended, and an anxious conference was held to determine what should be done with the fallen Emperor and his family.

The Bourbon partisans were anxious that he should be sent as far as possible from France, and mentioned St. Helena. Others spoke of Corfu and of Corsica. Elba was mentioned, and its fine climate highly eulogized. Caulaincourt immediately seized upon this opening, and urged the adoption of Elba. The Bourbonists were alarmed. They well knew the love of the people of France for Napoleon, and trembled at the thought of having him so near. Earnestly they objected.

Alexander, however, generously came to the support of Caulaincourt. After an animated debate, his influence prevailed, and it was decided that the principality of the island of Elba should be conceded to the Emperor Napoleon, to enjoy for life, with the title of sovereignty and proprietorship.

* Under the influence of these representations of Chateaubriand, which were universally prevalent thirty years ago, Dr. William Ellery Channing—whose name as a philosopher, a philanthropist, and a Christian I can not mention but with affection and admiration—wrote his celebrated comments upon the career of Napoleon. He was fresh from the reading of the reiteration of those sentiments by Sir Walter Scott—of whose "Life of Napoleon" Dr. Channing's eloquent treatise was a review—and assumed that the statements of Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott were correct. It was the misfortune of the age, not the fault of the individual. It is currently reported that Dr. Channing's views upon this subject were much modified before his death. Indeed, there is no intelligent man who thinks of Napoleon now as he thought of him thirty years ago. The writer, in that day, read Dr. Channing's pages with approval and delight. But we are very certain that, with the light of the present time, the candid and generous mind of Dr. Channing, ever appreciating greatness and loving goodness, would have been among the first to acknowledge the magnanimity and the virtues of that great man, who even now stands without a rival in the hearts of the masses of the people in all lands.

Napoleon, finding that the Allies were not disposed to treat with him, but were simply deciding his fate according to their good pleasure, was stung to the quick. He immediately dispatched a courier to Caulaincourt, with the order, "Bring me back my abdication. I am conquered. I yield to the fortune of arms. A simple cartel will be sufficient."

In the evening he dispatched another letter, saying, "Why do you speak to me of the conventions of a treaty? I want none. Since they will not treat with me, and only employ themselves about the disposal of my person, to what purpose is a treaty? This diplomatic negotiation displeases me. Let it cease."

At five o'clock the next morning Caulaincourt was awakened by another courier. He brought the following message. "I order you to bring back my abdication. I will sign no treaty. And in all cases I forbid you to make any stipulations for money. That is disgusting."

In twenty-four hours Caulaincourt received seven couriers. He was utterly bewildered. He had given in the abdication. The Allies were drawing up the terms of the settlement, which were to be presented to Napoleon for his acceptance. The power was entirely in their hands. Caulaincourt, whose solicitude amounted to anguish, was watching the proceedings with an eagle eye, ever ready to interpose in behalf of the Emperor.

A few days of harassing diplomacy thus passed away, and on the 11th of April, the treaty, as drawn up by the Allies, was ready. It provided that the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Maria Louisa should retain those



THE CONVENTION.

titles during their lives ; and that the mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces should equally preserve the titles of princes of his family. The sovereignty and right of ownership of Elba was assigned to him, with an annual income from France of \$500,000. The sovereignty and full property of the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastella were assigned to Maria Louisa, to descend to her son. The Emperor's mother was to receive from France \$60,000 a year; King Joseph and his queen, \$100,000; King Louis, \$40,000; Hortense and her son, \$80,000; Jerome and his queen, \$100,000; the Princess Eliza, \$60,000; the Princess Pauline, \$60,000. The annual allowance to the Empress Josephine, which Napoleon had fixed at \$600,000, was reduced to \$200,000. The princes and princesses of the imperial family were also to retain all their private property. Certain domains in France were set aside, the rents of which were to be appropriated to the payment of the above annuities. The private property of Napoleon, however, whether as extraordinary or as private domain, was to revert to the crown.

The Imperial Guard were to furnish a detachment of twelve or fifteen hundred men, to escort Napoleon to his place of embarkation. He was to retain a body-guard of four hundred men, who might volunteer to accompany him to Elba. Two days were allowed for the ratification of the treaty.

The unrelenting hostility with which the English government still pursued the overpowered Emperor is unparalleled in the history of nations. We record with amazement that, when every other government in Europe, without a single exception, hesitated not to recognize the legality of a nation's suffrage as a title to sovereignty, England alone refused to recognize that right, and still persisted in the insulting declaration *that the French nation were rebels, and that Napoleon was a usurper.* They even murmured that the illustrious monarch of the people was granted the pitiable boon of Elba. Had the British commissioners been present at the conference, even the magnanimity of Alexander could not have rescued Napoleon from imprisonment and insult.*

"There was one power," says Sir Walter Scott, "whose representatives foresaw the evils which such a treaty might occasion, and remonstrated against them. But the evil was done, and the particulars of the treaty adjusted before Castlereagh came to Paris. Finding that the Emperor of Russia had acted for the best, in the name of the other Allies, the English minister refrained from risking the peace, which had been made in such urgent circumstances, by insisting upon his objections. He refused, however, on the part of his government, to become a party to the treaty further than by acceding to it so far as the territorial arrangements were concerned; *but he particularly declined to acknowledge, on the part of England, the title of Emperor, which the treaty conferred on Napoleon.* Yet, when we have expressed all the objections to which the treaty of Fontainebleau seems liable, it must be owned that the allied sovereigns showed policy in obtaining an ac-

* "Lord Castlereagh's objections to the treaty were twofold: 1. That it recognized the title of Napoleon as Emperor of France, which England had never yet done, directly or indirectly. 2. That it assigned him a residence, in independent sovereignty, close to the Italian coast, and within a few days' sail of France, while the fires of the revolutionary volcano were yet unextinguished in both countries."—Alison.

commodation upon almost any terms, rather than renewing the war by driving Napoleon to despair, and inducing the marshals, from a sense of honor, again to unite themselves with his cause."

With a heavy heart, on the evening of the 11th of April, Caulaincourt set out with this treaty for Fontainebleau. He had disobeyed the Emperor in making no attempt to withdraw the abdication. He had been compelled to exercise his own judgment in the midst of the embarrassments which oppressed him.

Napoleon, as Caulaincourt entered his cabinet, fixed upon him a piercing glance, and said,

"Do you at length bring me back my abdication?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I beseech your majesty to hear me before you address to me unmerited reproaches. It was no longer in my power to send back to you that act. My first care, on my arrival at Paris, was to communicate it to the allied sovereigns, for the purpose of obtaining a cessation of hostilities. It has served as the basis to the negotiations of the treaty. The official document of the abdication of your majesty is already inserted in the journals."

"And what is that to me," Napoleon responded, "that they have made it public—that they have inserted it in the journals—if I do not choose to treat in these forms? I will not sign. I want no treaty."

The painful debate was long continued. At last Caulaincourt, leaving the treaty on the table, begged leave to retire. "I had not been able," he says, "to prevail upon him to read the whole of it. I returned to my quarters. I had need of rest. My energy was exhausted in this incessant struggle. I almost gave myself up to despair. But my thoughts returned to the sufferings of this great and noble victim, and I found the will and the power to attempt to alleviate them."

In the evening he returned again to the cabinet. The Emperor was in a state of profound dejection. He seemed bewildered with the enormity of his woe. His beloved France was handed over to the Bourbons; all the liberal governments of Europe were overthrown. All his devoted friends fell with him. The most disastrous eclipse darkened the liberties of the world. It was difficult to rouse him from the apathy into which he had sunk.

Caulaincourt was overwhelmed with anguish. He knew that if Napoleon should refuse to accept the terms presented him, a worse fate would be his doom. With the utmost difficulty, the noble duke had won from the Allies even the little mercy they had offered to the dethroned Emperor. But a few hours more remained for his acceptance, and then Napoleon would be again entirely at their mercy, and they might deal with their captive as they would.

"Sire," exclaimed Caulaincourt, in tones thrilling with anguish, "I entreat you, in the name of your own glory, come to a decision. Circumstances do not admit of temporizing. Sire, I can not express the agony which preys upon me. But when Caulaincourt, your faithful, your devoted friend, implores you, on his knees, to consider the position in which your majesty is placed, there must be reasons, most imperative, which urge his perseverance."

The Emperor languidly raised his eyes, fixed them earnestly upon Cau-

laincourt, and, after a moment's pause, sadly said, "What would you have me do?" He then arose, clasped his hands behind his back, and slowly paced the floor for a long time in silence. Then turning again to his faithful friend, he said, "It must come to an end. I feel it. My resolution is taken. To-morrow, Caulaincourt."

It was now late in the evening. Caulaincourt pressed the burning hand of the Emperor and retired. At midnight he was hastily summoned to the bedside of the Emperor, who was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. It will be remembered that Napoleon, just after the battle of Dresden, was seized by a violent attack of colic. Fatigue, sleeplessness, and woe had apparently renewed the attack. These were probably the early paroxysms of that fatal disease which, subsequently developed by captivity and insults, in a few years consigned him to the grave. The Emperor was writhing upon his bed, in frightful convulsions of pain. The big drops of agony oozed from his brow. His hair was matted to his forehead. His eyes were livid and dull, and he smothered the cries which agony extorted by grinding a handkerchief between his teeth. The Emperor evidently thought that he was dying, and, utterly weary of the world, he was glad to go. Turning his eyes to the duke, he said,

"I die, Caulaincourt. To you I commend my wife and son. Defend my memory. I can no longer support life."

His physician, Ivan, simply administered a little hot tea. Gradually the cramp in the stomach became less violent, the limbs became more supple, and the dreadful paroxysms passed away.

"The interior of this chamber of death," says Caulaincourt, "this agony, by the pale light of the tapers, can not be described. The silence was uninterrupted but by the sobs of those present. There was no witness of this terrible scene who would not have given his own life to have saved that of Napoleon, who, in his domestic retirement, was the best of men, the most indulgent of masters. The regrets of all who served him survive him."

It has been asserted that Napoleon, on this occasion, attempted to commit suicide. But the nature of his disease, the remedy applied—simply hot tea—the rapid recovery, and his previous and subsequent conduct, have led many men to discharge the accusation as groundless.*

* Dr. Antonmarchi, who was with Napoleon at St. Helena during the last eighteen months of the Emperor's life, very decisively rejects the idea of his having attempted suicide. He says :

"He loved to revert to the events of his life, without omitting the slightest details or the most trivial incidents. It is, therefore, highly improbable that, in those moments of unreserved confidence of a patient to his physician, he would have concealed the fact of his having made an attempt which must ever be attended with consequences of a most serious nature. The scenes and preparations which such an event suggest may have a most dramatic effect; but their only existence, in the case alluded to, has been in the imagination of the writer who is pleased to allude to them."

Since writing the above, we have found in Montholon's History of the Captivity of Napoleon the following statement. He represents the Emperor as saying to him, in reference to this scene,

"My life no longer belonged to my country. The events of the last few days had again rendered me master of it. Why should I endure so much suffering?" I reflected; "and who knows that my death may not replace the crown on the head of my son? France was saved. I hesitated no longer, but, leaping from my bed, mixed the poison with a little water, and drank it with a sort of feeling of happiness. But time had taken away its strength. Fearful pains drew forth some groans from me. They were heard, and medical assistance arrived. It was not God's will that I should die so soon. St. Helena was in my destiny." Did Montholon misunderstand the Emperor? It seems impossible.

The lofty nature of Napoleon ever condemned self-destruction as an ignoble and a cowardly act. "Self-murder," said he, "is sometimes committed for love. What folly! Sometimes for the loss of fortune. There it is cowardice. Another can not live after he has been disgraced. What weakness! But to survive the loss of empire—to be exposed to the insults of one's contemporaries—that is true courage."

The Emperor slept for a few moments that profound sleep which follows the exhaustion of intolerable agony. He soon awoke. The morning sun was shining brightly in at his window. With energetic action he drew aside his bed-curtains, rose up in his bed with his accustomed energy, and silently and thoughtfully gazed upon the glories of the lovely morning. The forest and the shrubbery of Fontainebleau were bursting into luxuriant foliage. Innumerable birds, free from all mortal griefs and cares, filled the air with their songs. Napoleon, after a few moments of apparently serene thought, turned to Caulaincourt, and said, in serious tones,

"God has ordained that I should live. I could not die."

"Sire!" Caulaincourt replied, "your son—France, in which your name will live forever—impose upon you the duty of supporting adversity."

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the Emperor, in accents of peculiar tenderness and sadness. "What a dismal inheritance I leave him! A child born a king, to-day without a country! Why was I not permitted to die? It is not the loss of the throne which renders my existence insupportable. There is something harder to bear than the reverses of fortune. Do you know what that is which pierces the heart most deeply? It is the ingratitude of man. I am weary of life. Death is repose. What I have suffered for the last twenty days can not be comprehended."

At that moment the clock struck five. The cloudless sun of a beautiful spring morning, shining through the damask curtains, colored with the rosy tint of health and vigor the serene and expressive features of Napoleon. He pressed his hand upon his expansive brow, and said.

"Caulaincourt, there have been moments in these last days when I thought I should go mad—when I have felt such a devouring heat here! Madness is the last stage of human degradation. It is the abdication of humanity. Better to die a thousand times. In resigning myself to life, I accept tortures which are nameless. It matters not—I will support them."

After a moment's pause, in which his whole soul seemed concentrated in intense thought, he resumed with emphasis,

"*I will sign the treaty to-day.* Now I am well, my friend. Go and rest yourself."

Caulaincourt retired. Napoleon immediately rose and dressed. At ten o'clock he sent again for Caulaincourt, and, with entire composure and self-possession, as if it were the ordinary business of the day, entered into conversation upon the conditions of the treaty.

"These pecuniary clauses," said he, "are humiliating. They must be canceled. I am now nothing beyond a soldier. A Louis a day will be sufficient for me."

Caulaincourt, appreciating this refinement of sensibility, urged that the necessities of his friends and attendants, who would be dependent upon the

means at Napoleon's disposal, would not permit the stipulations in question to be suppressed.

Napoleon yielded to these considerations, and added,

"Hasten the conclusion of the whole. Place the treaty in the hands of the allied sovereigns. Tell them, in my name, that I treat with a conquering enemy, not with this provisional government, in which I see nothing but a committee of factious men and traitors."

He requested the two plenipotentiaries, Macdonald and Ney, to come to his cabinet. As they entered, he slowly passed his hand over his forehead, then took the pen and signed the treaty. Rising from his chair, he turned to the noble Macdonald, and said, "I am no longer rich enough to recompense your last and faithful services. I wish, however, to leave you a souvenir, which shall remind you of what you were to me in these days of trial. Caulaincourt," said he, turning to his confidential officer, "ask for the sabre that was given to me in Egypt by Mourad Bey, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor."

Napoleon took the Oriental weapon, and, handing it to the marshal, said,

"There is the only reward of your attachment which I am now able to give you. You are my friend."



MARSHAL MACDONALD.

"Sire," replied Macdonald, pressing the weapon to his heart, "I shall preserve it all my life. And if I should ever have a son, it will be his most precious inheritance."

Napoleon clasped the hands of the marshal, threw his arms around his neck, and tears filled the eyes of both as they thus parted.

Mindful of his soldiers more than of himself in this hour, he said to his plenipotentiaries, as they left the room, "My abdication and my ratification of the treaty can not be obligatory unless the Allies keep the promises made to the army. Do not let the documents go out of your possession until that be done."

The plenipotentiaries immediately returned to Paris. The sovereigns and the members of the provisional government were assembled in council. The treaty, as ratified by the Emperor, was presented. There were various points to be established, which occupied several days, during which great rewards were held out to the prominent and influential men of the empire who would give in their cordial adherence to the new government. Their support was of essential importance to its stability. The situation in which they were placed was peculiarly trying. They could do nothing more for Napoleon. Their refusal to accept office under the new regime consigned them to suspicion, poverty, and obscurity. Still many, from love to the Emperor, refused to enroll themselves under the banners of the Bourbons. But the great majority were eager to make peace with the new government.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon was exceedingly impatient for the hour of his departure. He sent courier after courier to Caulaincourt, urging expedition. In one of his short notes he wrote, "I wish to depart. Who would have ever supposed that the air of France would become suffocating to me? The ingratitude of mankind kills more surely than steel or poison. It has rendered my existence a burden. Hasten, hasten my departure."

The four great powers, Russia, Prussia, England, and Austria, appointed each a commissioner to conduct the Emperor to Elba. The sovereigns deemed the escort of an imposing armed force to be necessary. It was feared that the enthusiastic love of the inhabitants of the middle and eastern departments of France for Napoleon might, upon his appearance, break out into an insurrection which would blaze through the whole empire. In some of the southern departments the Royalists predominated. It was feared that in those sections conspiracies might lead to his assassination. It was therefore deemed necessary that commissioners should accompany Napoleon with a force sufficiently strong to crush the populace should they attempt to rise, and also to protect him from insult and violence. His death would have left an irreparable stain upon the Allies, and a renewal of the war would have been a fearful calamity.

Bernadotte, who had foolishly hoped to obtain the crown of France, was deeply chagrined at the result of his infamy. Notwithstanding the presence of the allied army, he could appear nowhere in the streets of Paris without encountering insult. Crowds daily greeted him with loud cries, "Down with the traitor—the perjurer!" They besieged his residence, until Bernadotte, unable to endure this universal detestation of his countrymen, left Paris and returned to Sweden.

"He was greatly surprised," says his friend and confidant, Bourrienne, "that the French people could yield so readily to receive back the Bourbons; and I, on my part, felt equally astonished, that, with his experience, Bernadotte should have been simple enough to imagine that, in changes of government, the inclinations of the people are consulted."

Caulaincourt returned to Fontainebleau early in the morning of the 16th of April. A small number of grief-stricken soldiers surrounded the palace, still clinging to the Emperor with unswerving fidelity. As soon as they saw Caulaincourt, they testified their appreciation of his services by prolonged shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The galleries and saloons of the palace were deserted. The brilliant court which once thronged those halls had passed away before the blast of adversity. Napoleon's heart had just been rent by a desertion more bitter than all the rest. Berthier, the companion of his campaigns, who had slept in his tent, and dined at his table, and who had been for many years the confidant of all his thoughts, departed silently, and by stealth, and in the night, without even saying adieu.

"Berthier," says Lamartine, "had nourished for fifteen years in his heart one of those passions, at once simple and chivalrous, which formed the guiding-star and the fatality of a whole life. He loved a beautiful Italian, who had formerly fascinated him at Milan, and whom neither war, nor ambition, nor glory, nor the friendship of the Emperor, could for a moment detach from his thoughts and his eyes. In his tent, on the eve of battle, the portrait of this beauty, deified by his worship, was suspended by the side of his arms, rivaling his duty and consoling the pains of absence by the imaginary presence of her he adored. The idea of forever quitting this beloved object, should the Emperor require from his gratitude his attendance in exile, had led astray the mind of Berthier! He trembled every instant since the abdication, lest his master should put his attachment to too cruel a test by telling him to choose between his duty and his love. This proof he evaded by deserting in the night his companion in arms and benefactor. Unfaithful to the exiled Napoleon, through fidelity to love, he fled, as if to bind himself in closer chains by offering his infidelity to the Bourbons."

This unexpected desertion of a long-tried friend, without even one kind word at parting, lacerated anew the already bleeding heart of the Emperor.

Caulaincourt found him walking alone, with measured steps, in the alleys of a little garden, which was almost overshadowed by the chapel of the castle. The young buds of early spring were just bursting into foliage upon the shrubbery of the parterre, and on the oaks of the dense forest of Fontainebleau, which formed the background of the picture. The Emperor was so absorbed in reverie that for a moment he did not perceive the approaching footsteps of the duke.

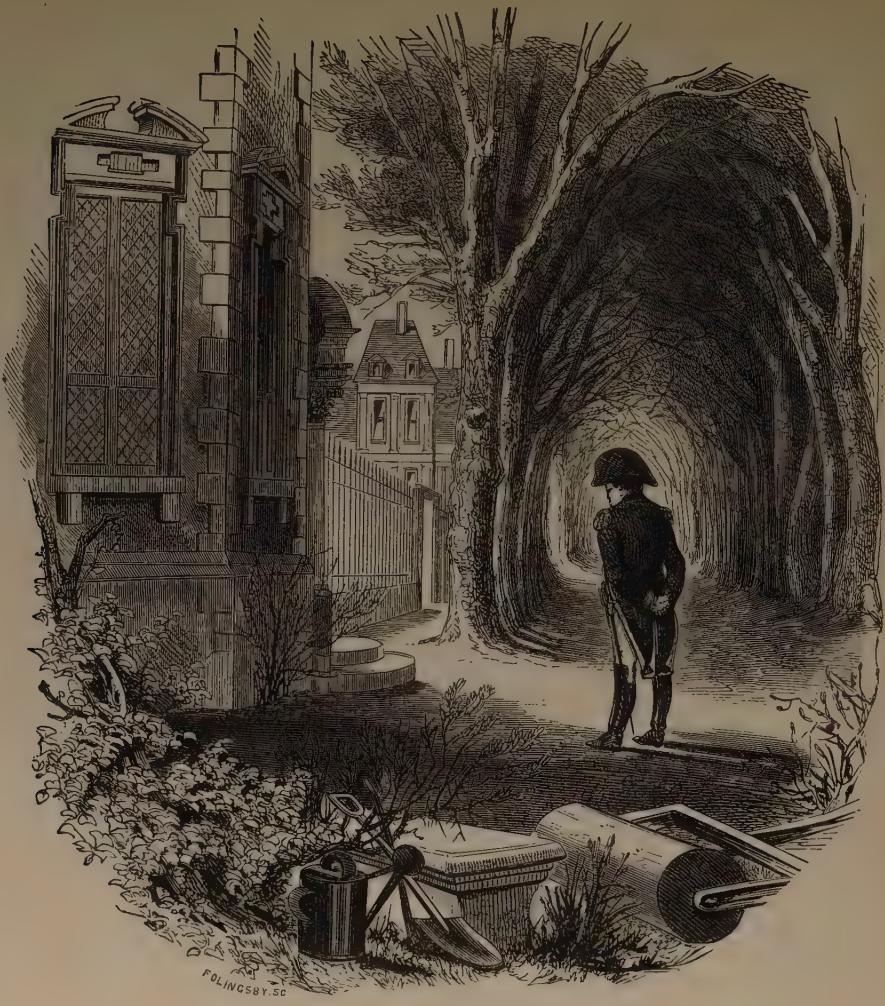
Caulaincourt spoke. Napoleon turned quickly around, and a gleam of gratitude and joy beamed from his countenance as he recognized his faithful friend. He immediately took Caulaincourt's arm, and said, as he continued his walk,

"Is all ready for my departure?"

"Yes, sire," the duke replied, with emotion he could not repress.

"'Tis well, Caulaincourt," Napoleon added; "you exercise for the last time the functions of grand equerry near my person."

Then, in mournful tones, he continued: "Can you believe it, Caulaincourt? Berthier has departed—departed without even wishing me farewell. Berthier was born a courtier. You will see him begging employment of the Bourbons. I am mortified to see men whom I had raised so high bringing



NAPOLEON IN THE GARDEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

themselves so low. What has become of the halo of glory that encircled them? What must the allied sovereigns think of men whom I made the ornaments of my reign? Caulaincourt, this France is mine. Every thing by which it is dishonored is to me a personal injury, I am so identified with it. But I must go in and sit down. I feel fatigued. Hasten—hasten my departure. It is too long delayed."

Just as the Emperor and the Duke were leaving the garden, a cuirassier of the Guard, who had been watching an opportunity of speaking to the Emperor, came running in great agitation toward them.

"Please your majesty," said he, in a trembling, supplicating voice, "I demand justice. An odious act of injustice has been done me. I am thirty-six years old. Twenty-two years I have been in the service. I have my decoration," said he, striking roughly his broad chest, "and yet I am not in the list of those who are to go with your majesty. If I am thus sent to the

right-about, blood shall flow for it. I will make a vacancy among the privileged. This affair shall not pass thus."

"You have, then, a strong desire to go with me?" said Napoleon, deeply touched with the man's fidelity. "Have you well considered this, that you must quit France, your family, your promotion? You are a quarter-master."

"It is not merely a desire, my Emperor," the man replied; "it is my right, my honor, which I claim. I relinquish my promotion. I have my cross; that will suffice. As to my family, you have been my family these two-and-twenty years."

"Very well," said the Emperor; "you shall go with me, my good friend. I will arrange it."

"Thanks—thanks to your majesty," the poor fellow replied, and he retired elated with pride and happiness.

All the affections of the Emperor were deeply moved by these tokens of devotion on the part of the common soldiers. Almost overcome with emotion, he convulsively pressed Caulaincourt's arm, and said,

"I can only take with me four hundred men, and yet the whole of my brave Guard wish to follow me. Among those faithful soldiers, the question is, which shall be the most ingenious in finding, in the antiquity of his services and the number of his armorial bearings, claims to share with me my exile. Brave, brave men, why can I not take you all with me?"

While these things were transpiring, the Empress, with her son, was at Blois, about one hundred miles southeast from Paris, and seventy miles from Fontainebleau. She was in the deepest distress, and her face was continually bathed in tears. She was but twenty-two years of age, quite inexperienced, had never been trained to any self-reliance, and was placed in circumstances of the greatest possible embarrassment. When informed of the Emperor's abdication, she could not believe it possible that the Allies could contemplate his dethronement. "My father," she said, "would never consent to it. He repeated to me over and over again, when he placed me on the French throne, that he would always maintain me in that station; and my father is rigidly true to his word."

The Emperor wrote to Maria Louisa daily, and often two or three times a day, keeping her informed of the progress of events. It was, however, with great difficulty that any courier could pass between Fontainebleau and Blois, as bands of Cossacks were prowling in all directions. Napoleon was afraid to request Maria Louisa to join him, since he had no means of affording her protection, and she would be imminently exposed on the way to insult and captivity.

On the 7th of April the Emperor wrote her a letter, by Colonel Galbois. With great difficulty the courier succeeded in reaching the Empress. She read the letter in a state of great excitement, and then said, "My proper place is near the Emperor, particularly now, when he is so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him. I should be contented any where, provided I can but be in his company."

The colonel represented to her that the peril of the journey was so extreme that it was not to be thought of. With great reluctance she yielded, and wrote a letter to the Emperor, which gratified him exceedingly.

immediately wrote to her to advance to Orleans, which was about half way between Blois and Fontainebleau. She reached Orleans without any personal molestation, though her escort was robbed by the way. She remained in Orleans several days, in the deepest distress and alarm. Her eyes were swollen with continual weeping, and she exhibited an aspect of woe which moved the sympathy of every heart.

Maria Louisa, though possessing but little native force of character, was an amiable woman, and by her gentle spirit won Napoleon's tender attachment. It would be impossible for any woman to have been placed in circumstances of greater perplexity. "What can I do?" she said in anguish to the Duke of Rovigo. "I write to the Emperor for advice, and he tells me to write to my father. But what can my father say, after the injuries he has allowed to be inflicted upon me? Shall I go to the Emperor with my son? But if an attempt is made upon the Emperor's life, and he should be compelled to fly, we should but embarrass him, and add to his danger. I know not what to do. I live but to weep."

Maria Louisa was now entirely helpless. A Russian escort was sent from the allied sovereigns, and conducted her without resistance to Rambouillet, an ancient hunting-seat of the kings of France, about thirty miles from Paris. Here she joined her father, and became, with her son, the captive of the Allies. Guarded by the soldiers who had overthrown her husband, she was conveyed to Vienna. How far her subsequent inglorious career was influenced by inclination or by force, it is impossible now to determine.

The 20th of April was fixed for the departure of the Emperor. During the few intervening days he appeared calm, tranquil, and decided. He still clung to the hope that Maria Louisa and his adored child would be permitted to rejoin him at Elba. "The air there is healthy," he observed, "and the disposition of the inhabitants excellent. I shall feel tolerably comfortable there, and I hope that Maria Louisa will do so too."

A few days before his departure, his old prefect of the palace, Beausset, in conversation, ventured to state, "It is now to be regretted that we had not concluded peace at Chatillon."

Napoleon, with remarkable composure, replied, "I never believed in the good faith of our enemies. Every day there were new demands, new conditions. They did not want peace; and then I had declared to France that I never would accede to any terms that I thought humiliating, even though the enemy were on the heights of Montmartre."

During this same interview, which lasted above two hours, he said, "What a thing is destiny! At the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, I did all I could to meet a glorious death in defending, foot by foot, the soil of the country. I exposed myself without reserve. It rained bullets around me. My clothes were pierced, and yet not one of them could reach me. A death which I should owe to an act of despair would be a baseness. Suicide neither accords with my principles nor with the rank which I have filled on the stage of the world. I am a man condemned to live."

General Montholon, who had been on a military reconnaissance, returned from the banks of the Loire. He spoke with enthusiasm of the feeling which

animated the soldiers and the people. "By rallying the troops of the south, a formidable force might be assembled," said he.

"It is too late," the Emperor replied. "I could have done it, but they did not wish it. Doubtless I might still hold out another campaign, and offer a successful resistance, but I should be kindling a civil war in France, and I will not do so. Besides, I have signed my abdication, and I will not recall what I have done. Let destiny be accomplished."

On the morning of the 19th, the preparations were nearly completed for the departure. As the hour approached in which Napoleon was to bid adieu to all which he had known and loved, though calm and resigned, there were many indications that he was struggling to smother the most excruciating sorrow. His heart yearned for sympathy in this hour of desertion; and yet many of his old companions in arms, whom he had loved and cherished, were now dancing at the balls of the Allies, and wearing the white cockade of the Bourbons. It is not strange that they wished to avoid a parting interview with the forsaken Emperor. Still, Napoleon hoped that some of them would come. He uttered not one word of reproach, but was overheard repeating sadly to himself the names Molé, Fontanes, Berthier, Ney. Every time the sound of a carriage broke upon the silence of the deserted halls of the palace, expectation and anxiety were visible in his looks. Still no one came.

In the course of the day he sent for Caulaincourt. His mien was dignified and composed, but expressive of one upon whom misfortune had heavily fallen. "Caulaincourt," said the Emperor, "to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, I shall step into my carriage."

There was a moment's pause, during which Caulaincourt seemed unable to make any reply. The Emperor fixed his eye upon his faithful ambassador, took his hand, and added, in slow and solemn tones,

"Caulaincourt, I am heart-broken. We ought never to part."

"Sire!" Caulaincourt exclaimed, in despair, "I will go with you. France has become hateful to me."

"No, Caulaincourt," the Emperor rejoined, "you must not quit France with me. You may still be useful to me here. Who is to look to the interests of my family and of my faithful servants? Who is to defend the cause of those brave and devoted Poles, of whom the nineteenth article of the treaty guarantees the rights acquired by honorable services?* Think well! It would be a shame for France, for me, for all of us, Caulaincourt, if the interests of the Poles were not irrevocably secured. In conformity with the rights which the nineteenth article gives me, I have caused a statement to be prepared. I have fixed the sums which I wish to be paid to my guard, my civil and military household, and to my attendants. Fidelity can not be recompensed with money, but at present it is all I have to give. Tell them it is a remembrance which I leave to each individually, as an attestation of their good services. Be on the watch, Caulaincourt, till these arrangements are fulfilled."

* The nineteenth article of the treaty was as follows: "The Polish troops of all arms shall have the liberty of returning to their own country, preserving their arms and baggage as a testimonial of their honorable services. The officers, sub-officers, and soldiers shall preserve the decorations which have been granted to them, and the pensions attached to these decorations."

After a moment's pause, he added, "In a few days I shall be established in my sovereignty of the isle of Elba. I am in haste to get there. I have dreamed of great things for France. Time failed me. I told you, Caulaincourt, at Dubeu, the French nation knows not how to support reverses. This people, the bravest and most intelligent in the world, has no pertinacity but in flying to the combat. Defeat demoralizes them. During sixteen years, the French nation have marched with me from victory to victory. A single year of disasters has made them forget every thing."

He sighed deeply, and continued, "The way I have been treated is infamous. They separate me violently from my wife and child. In what barbarous code do they find the article which deprives a sovereign of his rights as a father and a husband? By what savage law do they arrogate the power to separate those whom God has joined? History will avenge me. It will say, 'Napoleon, the soldier, the conqueror, was clement and generous in victory. Napoleon, when conquered, was treated with indignity by the monarchs of Europe.'" He paused a moment, and then added with bitterness, "It is a planned thing. Do you not see that, because they dare not blow out my brains with a pistol, they assassinate me by slow degrees? There are a thousand means of causing death."

As Napoleon uttered these words, large drops of perspiration oozed from his brow, and he paced the floor in intense agitation. In reading the record of his anguish, the mind instinctively recurs to the divorce of Josephine. We, perhaps, perceive in it the retributive hand of God, who, in his providential government, does not permit even sins of ignorance to pass away unpunished.

Caulaincourt endeavored to soothe him. "Sire," he said, "all my zeal, all my efforts shall be exerted to put an end to this impious separation. Your majesty may rely on me. I will see the Emperor of Austria on his arrival at Paris. The Empress will second me. She will wish to rejoin you. Have hope, sire, have hope."

"You are right, Caulaincourt, you are right," the Emperor more calmly rejoined. "My wife loves me. I believe it. She has never had cause to complain of me. It is impossible that I have become indifferent to her. Louisa is amiable in her disposition and simple in her tastes. She will prefer her husband's house to a duchy granted in charity. And in the isle of Elba I can yet be happy with my wife and son."

Caulaincourt, as he narrates these events, adds, "This hope, which for a moment soothed his grief, I shared not in. I tried the negotiation. I pressed it. I supplicated. I was not seconded or aided by any one. Who knows, if Napoleon had been united to his wife and son, that France would have had to deplore the misfortune of the hundred days, and, subsequently, the captivity and death of the hero?"

Napoleon soon regained his wonted composure. He spoke without asperity of the restoration of the Bourbons, and of the difficulties which would render the stability of the new government quite impossible. "Between the old Bourbons," said he, "and the present generation of Frenchmen, there is an incompatibility of feeling. The future is big with events. Caulaincourt, write often to me. Your letters will make some amends for your absence."

The remembrance of your conduct will reconcile me to the human race. You are the most faithful of my friends."

Then cordially grasping the hand of the duke, the Emperor added, "My friend, we must separate. To-morrow I shall have occasion for all my fortitude in bidding adieu to my soldiers. My brave Guard! faithful and devoted in my good and in my bad fortune! To-morrow I take my last farewell. This is the final struggle that remains for me to make." His voice became tremulous, his lip quivered, and he added, "Caulaincourt, my friend, we shall one day meet again." Entirely overcome with emotion, he hastily left the cabinet. Such was the final parting of Napoleon with the Duke of Vicenza.

Caulaincourt adds, "I was a league from Fontainebleau before I felt conscious as to how or why I was there. On quitting the Emperor's cabinet, scarcely knowing what I did, I threw myself into my carriage, which was waiting at the entrance to the grand staircase. All was now over. It seemed to me as if I had never before measured the full depth of the abyss. Certainly I had never before so highly appreciated the personal merits of Napoleon. He had never appeared to me more great than at the moment when he was about to depart in exile from France. I was independent in my fortune. I was tired of men and things. I wished for repose. But repose without him! it was the ruin of all the delightful illusions which gave a value to life. I did not comprehend how henceforth I should drag out my colorless existence. I dreamed of travels into remote lands, of mental occupations, which should fill the measureless void of my days to come. I questioned the future, and in the future was written, in letters of blood—WATERLOO."

The high sense of honor with which Napoleon was disposed to discharge his part of the obligations of this treaty, compulsory as it was, is manifest from the magnanimous language with which he released his officers from all further obligations to him, and exhorted them to be faithful to their country under the new government. He assembled in his room the officers still devoted to him who remained at Fontainebleau, and, affectionately looking around upon the group, said, in his farewell words,

"Gentlemen, when I remain no longer with you, and when you have another government, it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me. I request, and even command you to do this. Therefore, all who desire to go to Paris have my permission to do so; and those who remain here will do well to send in their adhesion to the government of the Bourbons."

The morning of the 20th dawned. Napoleon had appointed midday as the hour of his departure. He remained during the forenoon alone in his cabinet. As the hour approached, the troops of the Imperial Guard were drawn up in the court-yard of the palace, to pay their last token of respect to their exiled Emperor. An immense concourse from the surrounding country had collected to witness the great event. The commissioners of the allied powers, the generals of his body-guard, and a few of the officers of the imperial household, assembled, in mournful silence, in the saloon before his cabinet. General Bertrand, grand-marshal of the palace, faithful to Napo-

leon until the dying scene at St. Helena, announced the Emperor. Napoleon, with a serene countenance and a tranquil air, came forth. The emotions excited in every breast were too deep for utterance, and not a word disturbed the solemn silence of the scene. As the Emperor passed down the line of his friends, bowing to the right and the left, they seized his hand and bathed it with their tears.

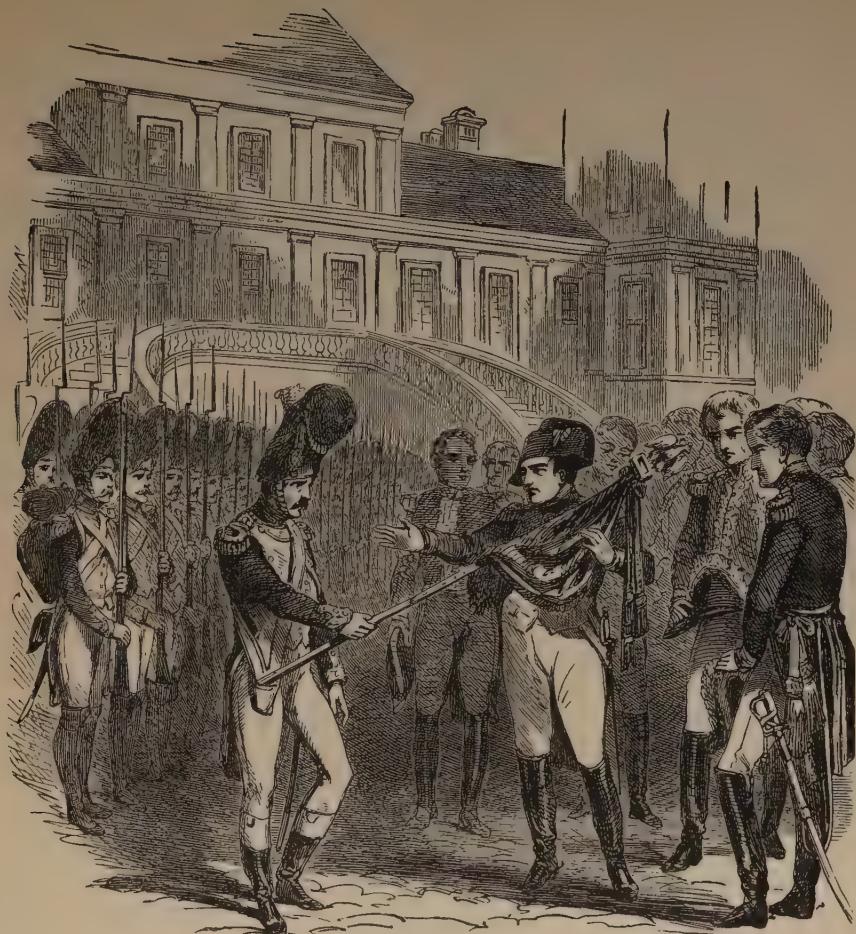
As he arrived at the landing of the grand staircase, he stood for a moment and looked around upon the Guard drawn up in the court, and upon the innumerable multitude which thronged its surroundings. Every eye was fixed on him. It was a funereal scene, over which was suspended the solemnity of religious awe. The soldiers were suffocated with sorrow. Acclamations in that hour would have been a mockery. The silence of the grave reigned undisturbed. Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors, and their heads were bowed in unaffected grief. They envied the lot of the little band who were allowed to depart as the companions of their beloved chieftain.

Napoleon cast a tender and a grateful look over the battalions and the squadrons who had ever proved so faithful to himself and to his cause. Before descending into the court-yard, he hesitated for a moment, as if his fortitude were forsaking him. But, immediately rallying his strength, he approached the soldiers. The drums commenced beating the accustomed salute. With a gesture Napoleon arrested the martial tones. A breathless stillness prevailed. With a voice clear and firm, every articulation of which was heard in the remotest ranks, he said,

“Generals, officers, and soldiers of my Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honor and of glory. In these last days, as in the days of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of courage. Europe has armed against us. Still, with men such as you, our cause never could have been lost. We could have maintained a civil war for years. But it would have rendered our country unhappy. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of France. I leave you. *But do you, my friends, be faithful to the new sovereign whom France has accepted.* The happiness of France was my only thought. It shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers. Grieve not for my lot. I shall be happy so long as I know that you are so. If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. Adieu, my children! I would that I could press you all to my heart. Let me at least embrace your general and your Eagle.”

Every eye was now bathed in tears, and here and there many a strong bosom was heaving with sobs. At a signal from Napoleon, General Petit, who then commanded the “Old Guard,” a man of martial bearing but of tender feelings, advanced, and stood between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon, with tears dimming his eyes, encircled the general in his arms, while the veteran commander, entirely unmanned, sobbed aloud. All hearts were melted, and a stifled moan was heard through all the ranks.

Again the Emperor recovered himself, and said, “Bring me the Eagle.”



ADIEU TO THE GUARD.

A grenadier advanced bearing one of the Eagles of the regiment. Napoleon imprinted a kiss upon its silver beak, then pressed the Eagle to his heart, and said, in tremulous accents, “ Dear Eagle ! may this last embrace vibrate forever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers ! Farewell, again, my old companions—farewell ! ”

The outburst of universal grief could no longer be restrained ; all were alike overcome. Napoleon threw himself into his carriage, bowed his sorrow-stricken head, covered his eyes with both hands, and the carriage rolled away, bearing the greatest and noblest son of France into exile.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EMPEROR AT ELBA.

Equanimity of the Emperor—Affection of Josephine—Her Death—Napoleon's Arrival at Elba—His Devotion to the Interests of the Island—Rural Enjoyments—Measures of the Bourbons in France—Comical Appearance of Louis XVIII.—Plans for the Abdication of the Emperor—The Income of the Emperor withheld—Conversation with Lord Ebrington—Distracted State of France—Conversation with M. Chabouillon—Napoleon decides to leave Elba—Testimony of the Duke of Rovigo.

NAPOLEON was to embark at Frejus, which is about seven hundred miles from Paris. Eight days were occupied in the journey to the coast. Throughout all the first part of the journey he was the object of universal respect and affection. Crowds gathered to see him pass along the road, and where relays of horses were to be taken, he was greeted with enthusiastic shouts of “*Vive l'Empereur!*” As he approached those departments farther remote from Paris, where he was less known, and where the Bourbon interest continued strong, it was anticipated that he would encounter many insults. In a few towns, as the cavalcade advanced, cries of “*Vive le Roi!*” were raised, and, but for the prudent precaution of the commissioners, it is not improbable that he would have been assassinated.*

Napoleon had now entirely recovered his equanimity, and appeared social and cheerful. As a matter of precaution, he rode on horseback, in advance of his escort, occasionally answering questions to the populace, and laughing good humoredly at observations often not very complimentary respecting himself. On the 27th he reached Frejus, and on the evening of the 28th embarked, under a salute of twenty-one guns, in the British frigate “*The Undaunted*.” A French vessel had been prepared for his reception, but he refused to sail under the Bourbon flag. Two of the commissioners, the Austrian and the English, accompanied him on board.

During these melancholy scenes, Napoleon could not forget his true and faithful Josephine. She was at Malmaison, overwhelmed with anguish. He wrote to her frequently. In all his letters to Josephine, he seemed to recognize her noble nature and her appreciative spirit. Four days before he left Fontainebleau for Elba, he sent to her the following letter :

“ Dear Josephine,—I wrote to you on the 8th of this month, but perhaps you have not received my letter. Hostilities still continued, and possibly it

* In reference to Sir Walter Scott's account of this journey to Frejus, Mr. Hazlitt says, “ He was once or twice exposed to insults and personal risk, which gave rise to the most exaggerated and ridiculous stories, that have at present only one discreditable echo. Napoleon is represented as having wept and trembled like a woman. It is easy to distinguish the style of the hero from that of his historian; nor is it difficult to understand how a pen, accustomed to describe and to create the highest interest in pure fiction, without any foundation at all, should be able to receive and gloss over whatever it pleases as true, with the aid of idle rumor, vulgar prejudice, and servile malice. The author here alluded to, with no less shame than regret, writes fiction with the broad, open palm of humanity, history with cloven hoofs.”

may have been intercepted. At present the communications must be re-established. I have formed my resolution. I have no doubt this billet will reach you. I will not repeat what I said to you. Then I lamented my situation. My head and spirit are freed from an enormous weight. My fall is great, but it may, as men say, prove useful. In my retreat I shall substitute the pen for the sword. The history of my reign will be curious. The world has as yet seen me only in profile. I shall show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! how many are the men of whom a false estimate is entertained! I have heaped benefits upon millions of ingrates, and they have all betrayed me—yes, all. I except from this number the good Eugene, so worthy of you and of me. Adieu, my dear Josephine. Be resigned, as I am, and never forget him who never forgot, and who never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine!

NAPOLÉON.

“P.S.—I expect to hear from you at Elba. I am not very well.”

Josephine, as she read these lines, wept bitterly. All the affections of her soul, elicited anew by the sorrow of her former companion, now gushed forth unrestrained. “I must not remain here,” she said. “My presence is necessary to the Emperor. The duty is, indeed, more Maria Louisa’s than mine. But the Emperor is alone—forsaken. Well, I at least will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy, now I am sure that he expects me.”

In her situation of peculiar delicacy and embarrassment, and not knowing what decision Maria Louisa might adopt, she wrote the following touching lines to Napoleon :

“Now only can I calculate the whole extent of the misfortune of having beheld my union with you dissolved by law. Now do I indeed lament being no more than your friend, who can but mourn over a misfortune great as it is unexpected. Ah, sire! why can I not fly to you! Why can I not give you the assurance that exile has no terrors save for vulgar minds; and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune imparts to it a new force. I have been upon the point of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrains me, and that you may divine. If I learn that I am the only one who will fulfill her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where, henceforth, there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you when you are isolated and unfortunate. Say but the word, and I depart. Adieu, sire! Whatever I would add would still be too little. It is no longer by *words* that my sentiments for you are to be proved, and for *actions* your consent is necessary.”

A few days after writing this letter, Josephine, crushed by care and sorrow, was taken sick. It was soon evident that her dying hour approached. She received the tidings with perfect composure, and partook of the last sacraments of religion. At the close of these solemn rites she said to Eugene and Hortense, who were weeping at her bedside,

“I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth, in this my dying hour, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow.”

She called for a portrait of the Emperor, gazed upon it long and tenderly, and, fervently pressing it to her heart, breathed the following prayer :

“ O God ! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas ! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings ? Just God ! thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve this my last petition, and may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer was for him and for my children.”



JOSEPHINE

On the 29th of May, hardly four weeks after Napoleon's arrival in Elba, she died. It was a vernal evening of extraordinary loveliness. The shrubs and the flowers of Malmaison were in full bloom, and the luxuriant groves were filled with the songs of birds. The sun, throned in gorgeous clouds, was just descending, while gentle zephyrs from the open windows breathed over the pale cheek of the dying empress. She held the miniature of Napoleon in her hand. Her last looks were riveted upon those features she had loved so faithfully, and faintly exclaiming, “ *Island of Elba—Napoleon !* ” her gentle spirit passed away into the sweet sleep of the Christian's death. For four days her body remained shrouded in state. More than twenty thousand people—monarchs, nobles, statesmen, and adoring peasants—thronged the chateau of Malmaison to take a last look of her beloved remains. Her body now lies entombed in the antique village church of Ruel, two miles

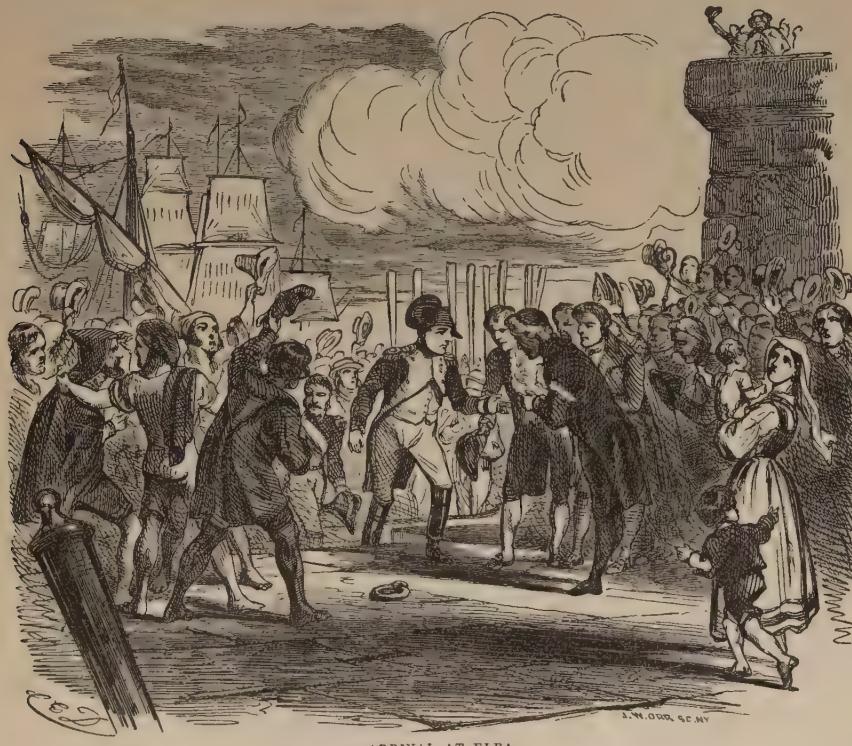
from Malmaison. A mausoleum of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes, bears the simple inscription :

EUGENE AND HORTENSE

TO

JOSEPHINE.

The island of Elba is situated about two hundred miles from the coast of France. Gentle breezes, a smooth sea, and cloudless skies rendered the voyage of five days peculiarly agreeable. The Emperor conversed with perfect frankness and cheerfulness, and, by his freedom from restraint, his good-nature, and his social converse, won the admiration and the friendship of all in the ship. Captain Usher, who commanded the "Undaunted," and other distinguished men on board, have left their testimony, that in extent of information, in genius, and in all social fascinations, the Emperor was the most extraordinary man they had ever met. He had been but a few hours on board before he had won the kindly feelings of all the ship's company. Even the common sailors, who had been instructed to believe that he was an incarnate fiend, were heard to say with astonishment, "*Bony is a good fellow, after all!*"



On the evening of the 3d of May, as the sun was sinking beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the dark mountains of Elba rose in the horizon. As the ship drew near the shore, the Emperor presented to the ship's crew a purse of two hundred Napoleons — about one thousand dollars. The

boatswain, in behalf of his shipmates, cap in hand, returned thanks, wishing "his honor long life, and *better luck next time.*"

The next morning Napoleon landed, under a royal salute from the English ship, and the discharge of a hundred guns from the battery of Porto Ferrajo, the humble capital of his diminutive domain. Napoleon, instead of proceeding immediately to the palace which had been prepared for his reception, with the simplicity of a private traveler tarried upon the shore while his property was disembarking, occasionally even rendering assistance with his own hands. The sun was intensely hot. Captain Usher, who stood by his side, felt it severely. Napoleon, noticing his discomfort, playfully expressed surprise that a British officer, belonging to a profession famed for its patient endurance of hardships, should be so affected.

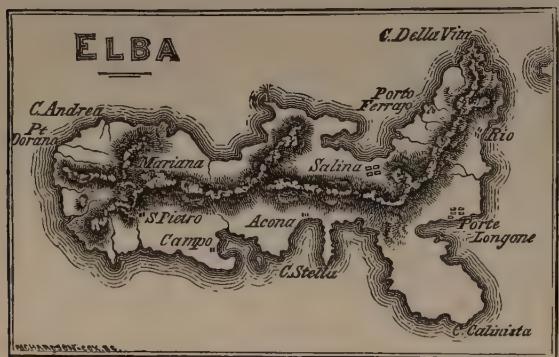
Napoleon remained for two hours without sitting down, superintending the disembarkation. Then mounting a horse, and inviting Captain Usher to accompany him, he observed that he would take a ride and view the country. They ascended an eminence which commanded a view of nearly the whole island, which was sixteen miles in length, and from two to twelve miles in breadth. The population was thirteen thousand. After gazing for a few

moments upon its whole extent, he remarked, with a smile, "My empire, it must be confessed, is rather small."

The inhabitants received him with great demonstrations of joy. The peasantry, on meeting him, knelt and prostrated themselves to the earth. Napoleon was much displeased with this debasement, which he

attributed to their want of education, and to the humiliation imposed upon them by the monks. But even here the restless energies of his mind, and his intense interest in public improvement, were immediately conspicuous. In the course of two or three days he had visited every spot in his little domain. He examined the mines, the salt marshes, the vineyards, the woods, the harbors, the fortifications, with a practical and a scientific eye. Extraordinary activity was instantly infused into the little realm. New roads were constructed, canals were dug, and aqueducts reared. A hospital was established, conveniences were introduced to facilitate the fisheries, and improved buildings were reared for carrying on the salt-works. At a short distance from Elba there was an uninhabited island called Rianosa, which had been abandoned, as it had become a lurking-place of the Barbary corsairs. Napoleon sent thirty of his guard, as a colony, to take possession of the island, and sketched out a plan of fortifications to beat off the pirates. "Europe," he remarked, with a smile, "will say that I have already made a conquest."

All his energies seemed devoted to the promotion of the wealth and the



MAP OF ELBA.

industry of his little realm. "It has been alleged," says W. H. Ireland, "but without foundation, that the Emperor retained his taste for military exercises. Not one review took place during his residence at Porto Ferrajo, where arms seemed to possess no attractions for him."

Early in June, Madame Letitia and Pauline, impelled by maternal and sisterly affection, came to share the exile of the beloved son and brother. About the same time, the Austrian commissioner took leave and returned to Vienna. The English commissioner was now left alone. His position was humiliating to himself and annoying to Napoleon. Though he was an intelligent man, and Napoleon at first took pleasure in his society, the degrading function he was called upon to perform gradually cooled the intimacy. Napoleon ceased to pay him attention, and he soon found that he was not a welcome guest. Still, he was bound to keep a watchful eye upon all that transpired at Elba, and to transmit his observations to the English cabinet. At length, the only way in which he could obtain an interview with the Emperor was by availing himself of the forms of court etiquette, which rendered it proper to call upon the Emperor to take his leave whenever he departed from the island, and also to announce his return.

The presence of the Emperor made the little island of Elba the most conspicuous spot in all Europe. A large number of travelers from all parts of the Continent resorted to Elba in crowds. French, Italian, and Polish officers thronged thither to pay their homage to one whose renown made him, though but the proprietor of a small estate, the most illustrious monarch in Europe. All of suitable social position were readily admitted to friendly intercourse with the banished monarch. He engaged in conversation with marvelous freedom and frankness, interesting all by the nobleness and the elevation of his views, speaking of the past as of history, and of himself as politically dead.

His spirits appeared ever tranquil. No expression of regret escaped his lips, and he seemed disposed to cast the mantle of charity over the conduct of those who had most deeply wronged him. He took an interest in the simple amusements of the peasants, and they addressed him with frankness and affection, as if he were their father. On one occasion, when he was present to witness some of their athletic feats of competition, they requested him to preside as umpire. Very good-naturedly he consented. He animated the competitors by his plaudits, and crowned the victor with his own hand.

He had a farm-house but a short distance from his humble palace in Porto Ferrajo. Every day he rode thither in an open barouche, accompanied by his mother, and occasionally amused himself by going into the poultry-yard and feeding the chickens. His mother was then nearly seventy years of age. She was a remarkably fine-looking woman, her countenance being expressive of both sweetness and dignity.

Napoleon slept but little. He often threw himself upon a couch without removing his clothes, and rose very early in the morning to read and write. He breakfasted between ten and eleven, and then took a short nap. He made himself a very agreeable companion to all who approached him, never alluding with the slightest gloom or regret to his past reverses. He was



NAPOLEON AT THE FARM-HOUSE.

very simple and unostentatious in his dress, and in all his tastes. The intellectual had such a predominance in his nature that the animal appetite had no room for growth.

The summer thus passed rapidly and pleasantly away. The allied despots, having reconquered Europe, were still assembled in congress at Vienna, quarreling among themselves respecting the division of the spoils. The Bourbons were fast resuming their ancient tyranny in France. All parties, except a few extreme Loyalists, were disgusted with their sway.

Alexander, who had obtained some new ideas respecting human rights from his interviews with Napoleon, had endeavored to persuade Louis XVIII. to have some little regard to public opinion.

"The doctrine of *divine right to the crown*," said the Czar, "is now seen through and repudiated by the people of France. You must obtain an election to the throne by the Senate, that you may be understood to reign by a new title, by a voluntary appeal to the people. It will be prudent to recognize as valid the government of the last twenty-five years. If you date your reign from the death of Louis XVII., thus asserting that since that time you have been the lawful sovereign of France, and that the empire has been a usurpation, France will be wounded and irritated."

To these common-sense remarks, from the lips of the despotic Czar, Louis haughtily replied, "By what title can the Senate, the instrument and accomplice of the violence and madness of a usurper, dispose of the crown of France? Does it belong to them? And if it did, think you that they would

give it to a Bourbon? No! The deaths of my brother and of my nephew have transmitted the throne to me. In virtue of this title I reign. Europe has placed me on the throne, not to re-establish in my person a man, a race, but a *principle*. I have no other, I want no other title to present to France and to the world. You yourself—by what title do you command those millions of men whom you have led here to restore me to my throne?"

Alexander was silenced. The advice of Bernadotte was a little different, and more highly appreciated. "Sire," said he, "make yourself dreaded, and they will love you. Wear a velvet glove upon a hand of iron." In this spirit the Bourbons, madly ignoring all the light and advancement of a quarter of a century of revolution, with folly unutterable endeavored to consign France again to the gloom and oppression of the Middle Ages. "The Bourbons," said Napoleon, "during their exile, had learned nothing and had forgotten nothing."

Louis XVIII. was about sixty years of age. He suffered much from the gout, and was so excessively corpulent that he could hardly walk. He conversed with ease, and possessed that quality which his friends called firmness, and his enemies stubbornness. He wore velvet boots, that the leather might not chafe his legs. Decorations of chivalry were suspended from broad blue ribbons, which passed over his capacious white waistcoat. His whole costume was fantastically antique. His hair, carefully powdered, was artistically turned up in front, and curled by the hair-dressers upon his temples. Behind it was tied by a black ribbon, from whence it escaped, flowing down upon his shoulders. He wore a three-cornered hat, decorated with a white cockade and a white plume. When the people of Paris and the soldiers saw this comical-looking object, under the patronage of the armies of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, conveyed through the streets of Paris to the Tuilleries, to take the place of Napoleon as their sovereign, they were at first exceedingly amused, but their amusement soon passed away into derision and contempt. They began to murmur more and more loudly for the noble exile of Elba. In very uncourtly phrase, they called Louis XVIII. Louis *the hog*. They called the Bourbons the swine. A caricature was circulated every where through the kingdom, representing a magnificent eagle winging his flight from the Tuilleries, while a herd of unwieldy porkers were wallowing in at the gates.

The Bourbons disbanded the Imperial Guard, who could never forget their adored chieftain, and surrounded themselves with a body-guard of Swiss mercenaries. The tri-colored flag gave place to the ancient standard of the Bourbons. The king haughtily nullified all the acts of the imperial government, ever speaking of the empire as *the usurpation*, and dating the first of his ordinances in the *nineteenth year* of his reign. The right of suffrage was so far abolished that there were but eight hundred thousand voters in the kingdom, instead of about five million, as under Napoleon. The king insulted the nation by declaring that he held the throne by divine right, and not by the will of the people.

The Bourbons also humiliated France beyond expression by the enormous concessions they made to the Allies. At one sweep they surrendered every inch of territory which France had acquired since the Revolution. Fifteen

million three hundred and sixty thousand souls were thus severed from the empire. Twelve thousand pieces of cannon, and ammunition and military stores in incalculable quantities, were yielded to the victors. Fortresses were dismantled, garrisons containing a hundred thousand men surrendered, and the army was cut down to eighty thousand troops. Thus the Allies disarmed France, and rendered it helpless, before they intrusted it to the keeping of the Bourbon usurpers. The discontent and murmurs of the people became so loud and universal, that it became necessary to establish the most rigid censorship of the press.

When Bernadotte was seduced to turn his traitorous arms against Napoleon, the Allies secretly contracted to annex to Sweden the kingdom of Norway. It became now necessary to pay the thirty pieces of silver. But as the Allies had not the property which they had pledged, they turned themselves into highwaymen to obtain it. The Norwegians, in the anguish of despair, rose as one man, declaring, "We will live or die for old Norway's freedom." A deputation was sent from Norway to the British government, to implore, in most pathetic tones, the mercy of England. "The engagements of the allied powers, however," says Alison, "toward Sweden were too stringent to permit of any attention being paid even to these touching appeals of a gallant people struggling for their independence." England, without the slightest pretext even of provocation, sent her fleet to assail Norway by sea, while Bernadotte, by land, poured into the helpless kingdom a powerful army of invasion. The Norwegians fought desperately against such fearful odds. The little kingdom was soon overpowered, and fell, covered with wounds. The Allies, wiping their dripping swords, handed over the bloody prey to Bernadotte. This act aroused intense indignation from the opposition in the British Parliament. It was declared to be the deepest stain which as yet sullied the British government. But the Tories were in the entire ascendency, and haughtily trampled all opposition beneath their feet. This event occurred during the months of September, October, and November of this year.

With the same reckless disregard of all popular rights, the Allies proceeded to punish all those states which had manifested any disposition to throw off the yoke of feudal despotism. The noble Saxons were compelled to drink the cup of humiliation to its dregs. A large part of the kingdom was passed over to the despotism of Prussia; Blucher, with his bloody dragoons, silenced the slightest aspirations for liberty. The Grand Duchy of Warsaw, one of the portions of dismembered Poland which Napoleon had nobly enfranchised, was bound hand and foot, and delivered again to Russia. This most relentless of earth's despotisms swung her knout, and pointed to Siberia, and her trembling victims were silent and still. The Milanese, who for a few years had enjoyed a free government, and a degree of prosperity never known before, were again overrun by the armies of Austria. Truly was it declared in the British Parliament that these acts of violence and spoliation surpassed any with which Napoleon had ever been charged. Sir Archibald Alison, the eloquent advocate of the British aristocracy, thus apologizes for these acts: "All these states which were disposed of, some against their will, by the Congress of Vienna, were *at war* with the allied

powers ; they were part of the French empire or of its allied dependencies, and if they were allotted to some of the conquering powers, they underwent no more than the stern rule of war, the sad lot of the vanquished from the beginning of the world."

As these governments had been sustained by the genius of one man, when he fell they all fell together. The Allies had discernment enough to see where the mighty energy was which sustained the popular institutions of Europe ; consequently, they combined against Napoleon Bonaparte alone. Let those who condemn Napoleon for not having organized these kingdoms as republics answer the question, "Why did not these people, upon the fall of Napoleon, establish republican institutions themselves ?"

The fate of Frederick Augustus, the unhappy King of Saxony, peculiarly excited the sympathies of all generous minds. He had been magnanimous in his fidelity to the popular cause, and with corresponding severity he was punished. After being detained for some time a state prisoner in the castle of Fredericksfield, while his judges decided his doom, one third of his dominions was wrested from him and given to Prussia. The king, thus weakened by the loss of two millions of subjects, and rendered powerless in the midst of surrounding despotisms, was permitted to sit down again upon his mutilated throne. Thus all over Europe there was with the people intense discontent. The popular cause was effectually abased, and despotism was rampant.

Napoleon, at Elba, read the European journals with the greatest avidity. He appeared to be quite indifferent to the insults which the Allies and their partisans were lavishing upon him.

"Am I much cut up to-day ?" said he to General Bertrand, as he on one occasion brought him the French journals.

"No, sire," the grand marshal replied. "There is no assault to-day upon your majesty."

"Ah ! well !" Napoleon replied. "It will be for to-morrow. It is an intermittent fever."*

As the summer advanced the Emperor began to be embarrassed for want of money. The sums he had brought with him were expended, and the Bourbons, with dishonor which excited the reproaches even of the Allies, neglected to pay the annuity settled upon the exiled Emperor by the treaty

* The following remarks of the Duke of Rovigo will commend themselves to every candid mind : "In spite of all attacks, the brilliant career of the Emperor remains to defend him. It is exclusively the offspring of his genius. His immortal works will long remain as objects of comparison, difficult of attainment for those who shall attempt to imitate him ; while Frenchmen will consider them the proudest records in their history. They will also serve as an answer to all those attacks which a spirit of revenge never ceases to direct against him. When time, which analyzes every thing, shall have disarmed resentment, Napoleon will be held up to the veneration of history as the man of the people, as the hero of liberal institutions. He will then receive his just meed of praise for his efforts to improve the condition of mankind. A correct idea will then be formed of the resistance he must have encountered. A proper distinction will then be drawn between a dictatorship rendered necessary and a government ruling by the laws ; between the crisis of a moment and the settled political existence which it was intended to impart to the nation. Lastly, it will be admitted that no one possessed in so great a degree as himself the means of rendering France happy, and that she would not have failed to be so had it not been for the wars into which his enemies had taken pains to involve him, in order to obstruct his views for her welfare."

of Fontainebleau. This violation of the compact was without a shadow of justification. Napoleon might have continued the war, and at least have cost the Allies a vast sacrifice of treasure and of blood. It was an act of perfidy to refuse the fulfillment of the treaty. The British government were ashamed of this conduct, and Lord Castlereagh earnestly but unavailingly remonstrated with the Bourbons.

Napoleon, with his accustomed promptness and energy, stopped his improvements, and introduced the most rigid economy into all his expenditures. The chill winds of winter came, and the Emperor retired to his cabinet and to his books, and to conversation with the illustrious men who, in increasing numbers, flocked to visit him. With remarkable unreserve he communicated his impressions, though he could not but have known that they would have been reported all over Europe.



Lord Ebrington records an interesting interview which he had with Napoleon on the evening of the 6th of December.

“Tell me frankly,” said Napoleon, “are the French satisfied?”

“So so,” Lord Ebrington replied.

“It can not be,” Napoleon rejoined. “They have been too much humbled. They have had a king forced upon them, and that, too, by England.”

He then referred to the pamphlets which had been published in France

respecting himself. "Among them," said he, "there are some which denominate me a traitor and a coward. But it is only truth that wounds. The French well know that I am neither the one nor the other. The wisest plan the Bourbons could have adopted would have been, as regards myself, to pursue the rule by which I was guided in respect to them—that is to say, never permitting any one to state any thing either good or bad regarding the family."

"What do you think of the Emperor of Russia?" inquired Lord Ebrington.

"He is an absolute Greek," Napoleon replied. "There is no placing any dependence upon him. He nevertheless is instructed, and possesses some liberal sentiments, which were acquired from the philosophical La Harpe, who was his tutor. But he is so flippant and deceptive it is impossible to ascertain if his assertions are the results of his real thoughts, or derived from a certain vanity in contrasting himself with his real position.

"The Emperor Francis," he continued, "had more honesty, but less capacity. I would much rather confide in him than in the other. And if he passed his word to any thing, I should feel persuaded that, on pledging himself, he had the intention of fulfilling his promise. But his faculties are very circumscribed—no energy, no character.

"As to the King of Prussia, he is a corporal, without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier. He is by far the most stupid of the three."

Conversation then turned to Napoleon's last campaign. "Our ruin," said he, with as much apparent composure as if speaking of an event which occurred during the Middle Ages, "is to be ascribed to Marmont. I had confided to him some of my best troops, and a post of the greatest importance. How could I expect to be betrayed by a man whom I had loaded with kindness from the time he was fifteen years of age? Had he stood firm, I could have driven the Allies out of Paris, and the people there, as well as throughout France, would have risen in spite of the Senate. But, even with Marmont's troops, the Allies numbered against us three to one. After his defection there was no longer any hope of success. I might still, however, have been in France, and have prolonged the war for some years; but against Europe united I could not have flattered myself with a fortunate result. I soon decided to rescue France from civil war; and I now look upon myself as dead, for to die or to live *here* is the same thing."

"Were you not surprised," inquired Lord Ebrington, "that Berthier should have been among the first to welcome the arrival of the Bourbons?"

Napoleon answered with a smile, "I have been informed that he committed some such foolishness, but he was not gifted with a strong mind. I had raised him higher than his deserts, because he was useful to me in writing. After all, he was an honest soul, who, in case I appeared, would be the first to express his regrets for what he had done with tears in his eyes." Again he said, "The only revenge I wish upon this poor Berthier would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis." With undeniable correctness Napoleon has said, "*I never revenged myself for a personal injury during the whole course of my life.*"

"But what would they do with me," said Napoleon, "supposing I should go to England? Should I be stoned to death?"

"I think," Lord Ebrington replied, "that you would be perfectly safe. The violent feelings against you have been daily subsiding since we are no longer at war."

"I believe, nevertheless," Napoleon rejoined, smiling, "that I should run some risk from your London mob."

He spoke of Lord Cornwallis in the highest terms. "Though not a man," said he, "of superior talents, he was, in integrity and goodness of heart, an honor to his country. He was what I call a specimen of the true race of English nobility. I wish I had had some of the same stamp in France. I always knew," he added, "whether the English cabinet were sincere in any proposals for peace by the persons they sent to treat. I believe, if Mr. Fox had lived, we should have concluded a peace. The manner in which he began his correspondence with Talleyrand gave an incontestable proof of his good faith. You doubtless call to your recollection the circumstance of the assassin. But those leagued with Mr. Fox in the administration were not so pacifically inclined."

"We considered your views of aggrandizement such," said Lord Ebrington, "that many of our statesmen, and Lord Grenville among them, were afraid of making peace with you."

"You were mistaken," Napoleon replied; "I was only desirous of making you just. I respect the English character; but I wanted a free maritime trade. Events, in creating wars, furnished me the means of enlarging my empire, and I did not neglect them. But I stood in need of some years' repose to accomplish every thing I intended for France. Tell Lord Grenville to come and visit me at Elba. I believe you thought in England that I was a very demon; but now you have seen France and me, you will probably allow that you have in some respects been deceived."

"I then attacked," says Lord Ebrington, "his detention of English travelers, which he justified on the score of retaliation, in our having made prizes at sea before a declaration of war. I replied that such a proceeding had been sanctioned by long use." "Yes," he said, "to you who gain, but not to others who suffer from it; and if you made new laws of nations, I was justified in doing the same. I am fully convinced that in your hearts you allow that I was right, because I displayed energy in that proceeding; and I have, equally with yourselves, somewhat of the pirate about me."

Lord Ebrington expressed his surprise at the admirable *sang froid* with which Napoleon bore his reverses. "All the world," said the Emperor, "has been more astonished in that respect than myself. I do not entertain the best opinion of men, and I have uniformly mistrusted fortune. My brothers were much more kings than I. They have had the enjoyments of royalty, while I have had little but its fatigues."

The eyes of the people of France were now every day more and more earnestly turned toward Elba. Loud murmurs were every where ascending around the Bourbon throne. Louis XVIII. and his friends were alarmed. The Royalists felt that it was necessary to put Napoleon out of the way, as his boundless personal popularity endangered the repose of Europe. Many plots were formed for his assassination, which were communicated to him by his friends. Napoleon was defenseless, and the poniard of the murderer was

ever suspended over him. The English cabinet was dissatisfied with his place of exile, as not being sufficiently remote from Europe. The British government was in negotiation with the East India Company for the cession to the crown of the island of St. Helena. It was reported that the Duke of Wellington, who, on his voyage to and from India, had seen this lonely rock, had suggested it as a strong prison for the exile, whom he unworthily allowed himself implacably to hate. The report was every where that the Allies were deliberating the project of removing the Emperor from Elba to St. Helena.

"After the retreat of the Emperor to Elba," says Lord Holland, "Lady Holland furnished him with one or two packets of English newspapers, which she was informed that he had been anxious to peruse. It is remarkable that in one of those papers was a paragraph hinting a project among the confederates of transporting him to St. Helena. True it was that such an idea, however inconsistent with honor or good faith, was started and discussed before Napoleon left Elba. I stated this fact in the House of Lords, in the debate on the treatment of General Bonaparte, and *I was not contradicted*. I had it, in truth, from an Englishman of veracity employed at the Congress at Vienna, who told me it after Napoleon's arrival at Paris, but before the battle of Waterloo. Any well-grounded suspicion of such a proceeding was surely sufficient to release the exiled Emperor from the obligations of his treaty and abdication at Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had so recently lost."

Nothing can more clearly show than this state of things the marvelous power of Napoleon. Here was a man, without arms, without money, quietly dwelling on a little island of the Mediterranean, reading his books, conversing in his cabinet, watching over the interests of a few hundred peasants, and yet the power of his name was such, and there was such a tide of sympathy circling around him from the masses of the people on the Continent, that the combined despots of Europe, in the midst of their bristling bayonets, were trembling for fear of him.

The treaty of Fontainebleau had already been shamefully violated, and Napoleon was consequently no longer bound by its obligations. A crisis was manifestly at hand. France was on the eve of another revolution. The nation was earnestly yearning for its deposed Emperor. Napoleon anxiously watched these portentous signs. He studied the journals. He received reports from his friends respecting the distracted state of France, the universal discontent with the Bourbons, the projects for his assassination, or to kidnap him and consign him to close imprisonment. They told him of the affection with which his memory was cherished by the people of France, and their earnest desire that he would return.

It was now near the close of the month of February. He had been upon the island of Elba ten months. His peril was extreme. The assassin's dagger might any day reach his heart, or a band of kidnappers convey him to imprisonment—a thousand-fold more to be dreaded than death. He resolved to return to France, present himself before the people, and let them place him upon the throne or send a bullet through his heart, as to them should seem the best.

Pauline visited the Continent, and the most distinguished of the friends of Napoleon gathered around her. On her return she acquainted the Emperor with the remorse of his old companions in arms for having joined the Bourbons, and of their urgent entreaty that he would return to France. They all agreed in the declaration that the people, with entire unanimity, would replace him upon the throne.

Early in February, Baron Chaboulon, one of the young members of Napoleon's Council of State, in disguise visited Elba. He obtained a private audience with the Emperor, and reports the following conversation as having occurred during the interview:

"I am informed that you have just arrived from France," said the Emperor. "Speak to me of Paris. Have you brought to me letters from my friends?"

"No, sire—"

Napoleon interrupted him, saying, "Ah! I see they, like the rest, have forgotten me."

"Sire, you will never be forgotten in France," Chaboulon added. "Your majesty will ever be cherished with emotions of devotion and attachment by all true Frenchmen."

"You are mistaken," said Napoleon. "The French have now another sovereign. Their duty and their happiness command them to think no more of me. They invent a great many fables and falsehoods respecting me in Paris. It is also said that I am to be transferred to Malta or to St. Helena. Let them think of it. I have provisions for six months, cannon, and brave men to defend me, and I shall make them pay dearly for the shameful attempt. But I can not think that Europe will dishonor itself by arming against a single man, who has neither the inclination nor the wish to injure others. The Emperor Alexander has too much regard for the opinion of posterity to lend himself to such a crime. They have guaranteed to me by a solemn treaty the sovereignty of the island of Elba. I am here in my own house. So long as I do not go out to seek a quarrel with my neighbors, no one has a right to come and disturb me. How are the Bourbons liked in France?"

"Sire," Chaboulon replied, "the Bourbons have not realized the expectations of the French. The number of malcontents increases daily."

"So much the worse, so much the worse," Napoleon sharply rejoined. "But why has not X— sent me any letters?"

"He was afraid," Chaboulon replied, "that they might be taken from me. He has, however, revealed several circumstances, known only to your majesty and himself, which I am to give as proof that I am worthy of your confidence."

"Let us hear them," the Emperor added.

"I began my detail," Chaboulon writes, "but he exclaimed, without allowing me to finish, 'That's enough. Why did you not tell me that at first? We have lost half an hour.' This storm disconcerted me. He perceived my confusion, and, resuming his discourse in tones of mildness, said, 'Come, make yourself easy, and repeat to me minutely all that has transpired between you and X—'.

"I proceeded in my narrative, but the Emperor, who, when affected, was incapable of listening to any recital without interrupting by his comments at every moment, stopped me by exclaiming,

"I truly thought, when I abdicated, that the Bourbons, instructed and disciplined by adversity, would not fall again into the errors that ruined them in 1789. I was in hopes the king would govern you as a good man should. It was the only means of making you forget that he had been forced upon you by foreigners; but, since the Bourbons have returned to France, they have done nothing but commit blunders. Their treaty of the 23d of April has profoundly disgusted me. With one stroke of the pen they have robbed France of Belgium, and of all the territory acquired since the Revolution. They have despoiled the nation of its docks, its arsenals, its fleets, its artillery, and the immense stores which I had collected in the fortresses and ports which they have now ceded. Talleyrand has conducted them to this infamy. He must have been bribed. Peace on such terms is easy. Had I, like them, consented to the ruin of France, they would not now be on my throne; but I would sooner cut off this right arm. I preferred renouncing my throne rather than to retain it by tarnishing my glory and the honor of France. A degraded throne is an intolerable burden.

"My enemies have published every where that I obstinately refused to make peace. They have represented me as a wretched madman, thirsting for blood and carnage. Such language answered their purpose. When you wish to hang your dog, you give out that he is mad. But Europe shall know the truth. I will acquaint it with every thing that was said or done at Chatillon. I will unmask, with a vigorous hand, the English, the Russians, and the Austrians. Europe shall judge between us. She will declare on which side lay the knavery and the thirst for shedding blood. I might have retired with my army beyond the Loire, and enjoyed a mountain warfare to my heart's content. I would not. I was weary of carnage.

"My name, and the brave men who remained faithful to me, made the Allies tremble even in my capital. They offered Italy as the price of my abdication. I refused. After once reigning over France, one ought not to reign elsewhere. I chose the isle of Elba. They were happy to accord it to me. The position suits me; for here I can watch France and the Bourbons. All that I have done has been for France. It was for her sake, not for my own, that I wished to make her the first nation on the globe. My glory is secure. If I had thought but of self, I would have returned to a private station. But it was my duty to retain the imperial title for my family and son. Next to France, my son is to me the dearest object in all the world."

During this glowing discourse the Emperor rapidly paced the room, and appeared violently agitated. He paused a moment, and then continued,

"The emigrants know too well that I am here. I discover new plots every day. They have sent to Corsica one of the assassins associated with Georges—a wretch whom even the English journals have pointed out to Europe as a bloodthirsty assassin. But let them beware! If he misses me, I shall not miss him. I will send my grenadiers after him, and he shall be shot as an example to others."

There was again a moment of silence, when the Emperor resumed, "Do my generals go to court? They must cut a sad figure there."

"Yes, sire," Chaboulon replied; "and they are enraged to see themselves superseded in favor by emigrants who never heard the sound of a cannon."

"The emigrants will never alter," Napoleon rejoined. "I committed a great error when I recalled that anti-national race into France. If it had not been for me, they would have died of starvation abroad. But then I had great motives. I wanted to reconcile Europe to us, and close the Revolution. But what do my soldiers say about me?"

"The soldiers, sire," said Chaboulon, "never pronounce your name but with respect, admiration, and grief."

"And so they still love me?" said Napoleon, smiling.

"Yes, sire," said Chaboulon; "and I may venture to say that they love you even more than ever. They consider our misfortunes as the effect of treachery, and constantly affirm that they never would have been conquered if they had not been sold to their enemies."

"They are right," said Napoleon. "I am glad to learn that my army preserves the consciousness of its superiority. I see that I have formed a correct opinion of the state of France. The Bourbons are unfit to reign. Their government may be acceptable to priests, nobles, and old-fashioned countesses, but it is utterly worthless to the present generation. The Revolution has taught the people to know their rank in the state; they will never consent to fall back into their former nothingness. The army can never become attached to the Bourbons. Our victories and misfortunes have established between the troops and myself an indestructible tie. The Bourbons are neither loved nor feared. The government is evidently hastening to its fall. The priests and the emigrants are its only partisans. Every man of patriotism or of soul is its enemy. But how will all this end? Is it thought there will be a new Revolution?"

"Sire," replied Chaboulon, "discontent and irritation prevail to such an extent, that the slightest effervescence would inevitably cause a general insurrection, and nobody would be surprised if it were to take place to-morrow."

"But what would you do were you to expel the Bourbons?" said the Emperor. "Would you establish the Republic?"

"The Republic, sire!" said Chaboulon; "nobody thinks of it. Perhaps they would create a regency."

"A regency!" exclaimed Napoleon, with vehemence and surprise. "Am I dead?"

"But your absence—" Chaboulon commenced to say.

"My absence," interrupted Napoleon, "makes no difference. In a couple of days I could be back again in France, if the nation were to recall me. Do you think it would be well if I were to return?"

"Sire," said Chaboulon, "I dare not personally attempt to answer such a question; but—"

"That is not what I am asking," impatiently answered Napoleon. "Answer Yes or No."

"Why, then, sire, Yes," said Chaboulon.

"Do you really think so?" the Emperor inquired, with tenderness.

"Ye sire, I am convinced," Chaboulon continued, "and so is Mons. X—, that the people and the army would receive you as their deliverer, and that your cause would be embraced with enthusiasm. He had foreseen that your majesty would make inquiries on this point, and the following is literally his answer. 'You will tell the Emperor that I would not dare decide so important a question; but he may consider it an incontrovertible fact, that the government has wholly lost the confidence of the people and the army; that discontent has increased to the highest pitch; and that it is impossible to conceive that the government can stand much longer against such universal dislike. You will add that the Emperor is the only object of the regret and the hope of the nation. He, in his wisdom, will decide what he ought to do.'"

Napoleon appeared deeply agitated. His far-reaching vision revealed to him the vastness of the impending consequences. For a long time he walked the floor, absorbed in intensity of thought, and then said,

"I will reflect upon it. Come here to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

At the appointed hour Chaboulon presented himself to the Emperor. After a long conversation, essentially the same which we have recorded, Napoleon said,

"I will set off. The enterprise is vast, it is difficult, it is dangerous. But it is not beyond my compassing. On great occasions, Fortune has never abandoned me. I shall set off, but not alone. I will not run the risk of allowing myself to be collared by the gendarmes. I will depart with my sword, my Polanders, my grenadiers. All France is on my side. I belong to France. For her I will sacrifice my repose, my blood, my life, with the greatest joy. I have not settled my day of departure. By deferring it, I should reap the advantage of allowing the Congress to terminate; but, on the other hand, I run the risk of being kept a close prisoner by the vessels of the Bourbons and the English, if, as every thing appears to indicate, there should be a rupture between the Allies. Depart, and tell X— you have seen me, and I have determined to expose myself to every danger for the sake of yielding to the prayers of France, and ridding the nation of the Bourbons. Say, also, I shall leave here with my guard on the 1st of April, perhaps sooner."

The Duke of Rovigo writes in his memoirs: "The main object of Talleyrand's attention at Vienna was the *abduction of the Emperor*, whom he represented as a weight upon France, and as feeding the hopes of all restless minds. In this respect he was right. The subject of the Emperor engrossed the attention of all parties. The more consideration was bestowed upon the details of the events which had occasioned his downfall, the greater was the interest felt for him. Talleyrand had present to his mind the example of the return from Egypt. He dreaded a second representation of that event. It had so often been asserted that the tranquillity of Europe depended upon the repose of France, that it was easy to perceive that the *abduction of the Emperor* was necessary to the general welfare. M. de Talleyrand, therefore, succeeded in securing the adoption of this course. The Emperor of Russia alone showed any difficulty in assenting to the proposal; but he at last tacitly consented to it."

“ M. de Talleyrand was wholly bent on accelerating this operation, which was said at the time to be intrusted to the English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, whose ostensible mission was to be the command of an expedition against the Barbary States, in the Mediterranean. I only learned this circumstance from what was publicly reported in Paris, where a variety of letters received from London communicated details respecting the Congress, toward which all eyes were then turned. The English newspapers also reported that the Emperor was to be removed to St. Helena; and the report was repeated in the German papers, which the Emperor regularly received at Elba. No doubt was entertained that this operation would soon be carried into effect.

“ In the emergency, the Emperor formed the plan of returning to France, as he had done on the former occasion. No alternative was left to him. He knew that it was intended to violate his asylum, in which he had no means of defending himself for any length of time, and where it was now even impossible for him to subsist without the allowance guaranteed, but not paid to him.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

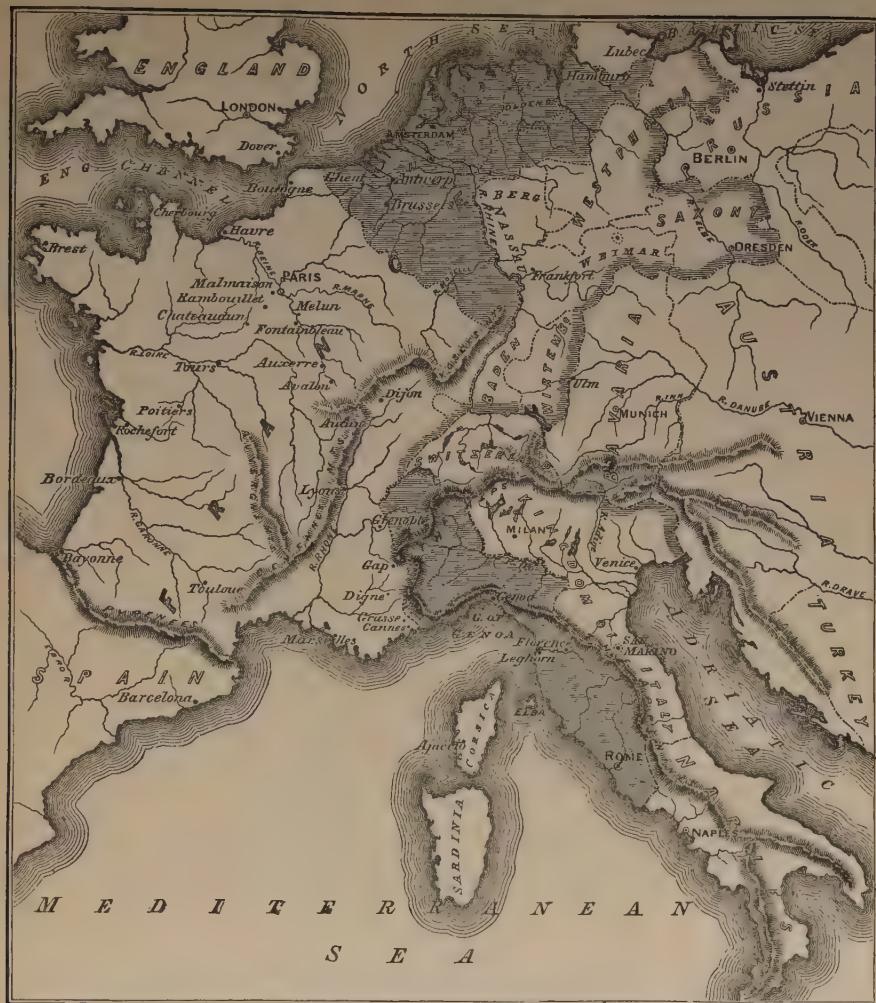
Preparations for Departure—The Embarkation—The Announcement—Dictating Proclamations—Passing the Enemy—First Meeting with the Troops—Entering Grenoble—Alarm of the Bourbons—Magnanimity of the Emperor.

ON the morning of the 26th of February, the Princess Pauline gave a banquet to the officers of the army, to the distinguished strangers, and to the principal inhabitants of the island of Elba. Napoleon, with all his accustomed frankness and buoyancy, conversed with his guests. He chatted very familiarly for a long time with some English travelers, whom curiosity had drawn to Elba. The plans of the Emperor were, however, all locked up in his own heart—revealed to no one. He entered into no conspiracy; but, with sublime self-confidence in the unaided might of his own genius, went forth to the conquest of a kingdom. At a late hour of the evening he retired from the brilliant saloons, taking with him General Bertrand and General Drouot. He then said to them privately,

“ We leave the island to-morrow. Let the vessels which are at anchor be seized to-night. Let the guard be embarked in the morning. No vessel whatever must be permitted to leave the port until we are at sea. Do not allow my intentions to be revealed to any one.”

The two generals passed the remainder of the night in the execution of these orders. At sunrise in the morning, the officers and soldiers, one thousand in all, were embarked on board Napoleon’s little brig, “ The Inconstant,” and in three merchant vessels. They were so much accustomed to unquestioning obedience, that, without inquiry or hesitation, they yielded to these orders, though not knowing on what expedition they were bound.*

* In the following guarded phrases, the English government assigned to Sir Neil Campbell his peculiar commission: “ You will pay every proper respect and attention to Napoleon, to whose secure asylum in Elba it is the wish of his royal highness, the Prince Regent, to afford every facil-



THE ROUTE FROM ELBA TO PARIS.

At midday, the launch of the brig came to the shore, and conveyed the Emperor on board under a salute of cannon. The little fleet of one brig and three transports then weighed anchor. The sails were spread, and a propi-

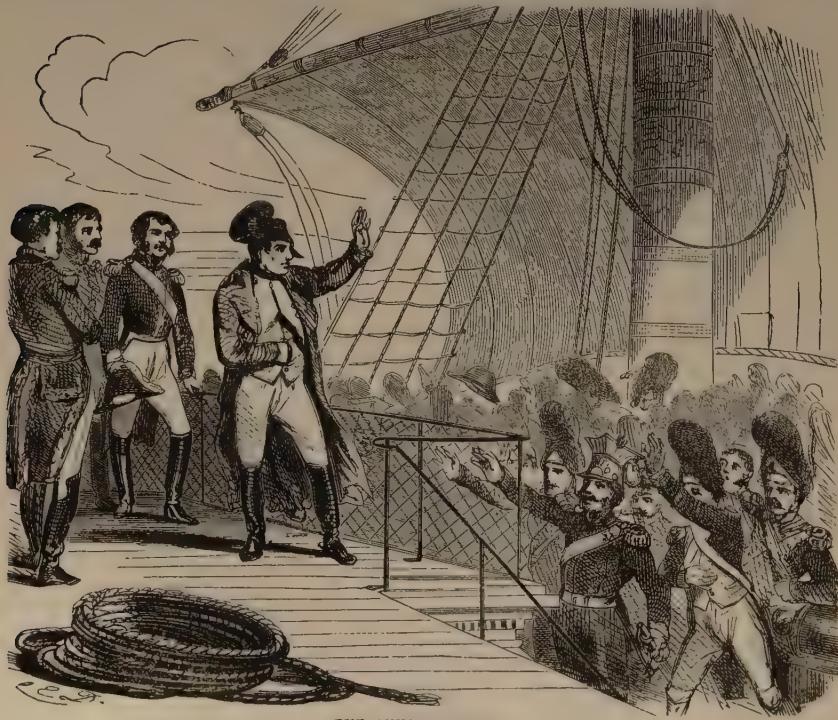
ity and protection ; and you will acquaint Napoleon, in suitable terms of attention, that you are directed to reside on the island till further orders, if he should consider that the presence of a British officer can be of any use in protecting the island and his person from insult and attack."

That the British commissioner fully understood his instructions, is evident from the following statement of Sir Archibald Alison : " Sir Neil was well aware that Napoleon meditated an outbreak, and some recent indications, particularly the arrival of three feluccas from Naples, made him suspect that it would ere long occur ; but, as he had no force at his disposal, and the single British cruiser, the Partridge, of eighteen guns, was wholly unequal to the encounter of the whole flotilla of Napoleon, he contented himself with warning government of the chance of his escape ; and had gone to Leghorn principally to concert measures with Lord Burghersh, the British envoy at Florence, on the means of averting the danger which appeared approaching, by detaching a line-of-battle ship and frigate, which lay at Genoa, to cruise off the island, when, in his absence, it actually occurred."

tious breeze swept them toward the coast of France. The sun shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The genial air of a beautiful spring day was peculiarly invigorating. The music of martial bands floated exultingly over the gentle swell of the sea. Napoleon's countenance beamed with confidence and joy. "The die is cast," he exclaimed, as he turned his eye from the vanishing mountains of Elba toward the unbroken horizon in the direction of the coasts of France. With this little band of faithful followers, barely enough, as Napoleon characteristically said, "to save him, on his first landing, from being collared by the gens d'armes," he was advancing to reclaim the throne of France, where the Bourbons were sustained by the bayonets of all the combined despotisms of Europe.

Such an enterprise, in its marvelousness, is unsurpassed by any other during his marvelous career. And yet there was nothing in it rash or inconsiderate. He was driven to it by inexorable circumstances. He could no longer remain in safety at Elba. The Allies recognized no sanctity in their oaths. They had already violated their solemn treaty, and were meditating a piratic expedition for the seizure of his person. He could not flee in disguise, to be hunted a fugitive over the face of the earth. There was no resource open before him but boldly to throw himself into the arms of the people of France, who still loved him with deathless constancy. His resolve was honorable and noble. Napoleon, when the vessels were out of sight of land, stood upon the deck of his little brig, gathered around him the whole ship's company, four hundred in number, and said to them,

"My friends! we are going to France—we are going to Paris."



THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

It was the first announcement. The soldiers, with shouts of joy, responded, “*Vive la France! Vive l’Empereur!*” Their exultation was boundless. Anxious to appear on their native soil in neat and martial trim, they immediately dispersed throughout the vessel, to burnish their weapons and to repair their uniforms. Napoleon passed along among these groups of his devoted followers, and addressed them in sincere and friendly words, as a father smiles upon his children. Night came. The Emperor entered the cabin, and called for several amanuenses to sit down at the table, each to write a copy of the words he was about to dictate. Then, pacing the floor, with frequent gesticulation, and earnest and rapid utterance, he uttered the following glowing proclamations:—

“TO THE ARMY.

“ Soldiers! we have not been conquered. Two men from our own ranks have betrayed our laurels, their country, their sovereign, their benefactor. Shall those men, who for twenty-five years have been traversing Europe to stir up our enemies against us—who have passed their lives in the ranks of foreign armies, cursing and assailing our beautiful France—shall they now pretend to enchain our Eagles—they, who have never been able to endure their fiery glance? Shall we suffer them to enjoy the fruits of our glorious toils, seize upon our honors and our estates, that they may but calumniate our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost—even the memory of our exalted exploits. With what frantic rage do they misrepresent our deeds! They seek to poison that which the world admires. And if there now remain any defenders of our glory, they are only to be found among those enemies whom we have conquered on the field of battle.

“ Soldiers! in my exile I have heard your voice, and I have come to you through every obstacle and every peril. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and elevated on your shields, is restored to you. Come and join him. Cast away those colors which the nation has proscribed, and which, for five-and-twenty years, have served as a rallying-point to the enemies of France. Mount the tri-colored cockade which you wore at our glorious victories. We must forget that we have been masters of other nations, but let us never suffer them to interfere in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be our master—who is able? Resume the Eagles you bore at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Wurtchen, at Montmirail. Think you that this handful of Frenchmen, now so arrogant, can endure their glance?

“ They may return whence they came. There, if they please, they may reign, as they now pretend that they have reigned during the last nineteen years. Your property, rank, glory, the property, rank, and glory of your children, have no greater enemy than those very princes imposed upon us by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of so many heroic actions, which have rendered the French people illustrious, fighting against them to shake off their yoke, is their condemnation.

“ The veterans of the army of the Sambre and of the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Egypt, and of the Grand Army, are humiliated. Their honorable wounds

are stigmatized. Their successes are crimes. These brave men will be rebels, if, as these enemies of the people pretend, legitimate sovereigns were among the foreign armies. The honors, rewards, partialities which these princes confer, are for those who have served against us and against our country.

“ Soldiers! rally beneath the standard of your chief. His existence is inseparable from yours. His rights are those of the people and of yourselves. His interest, honor, and glory centre but in you. Victory will advance with rapid strides. The eagle, with our national colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple, until it alights upon the towers of *Nôtre Dame*. You may then exhibit your wounds with honor; you may boast of your exploits; you will be the liberators of your country.

“ In your old age, surrounded and respected by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with veneration to the recital of your noble deeds. You may proudly say, ‘ I also was of that Grand Army, which twice entered the walls of Vienna, and those of Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow; which cleansed Paris from the pollution with which it was contaminated by treason and the presence of an enemy.’ Honor to those brave soldiers, the glory of their native France! Eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, of whatever rank, who for five-and-twenty years have fought in foreign armies to rend the bosom of their country !

NAPOLEON.”

“ TO THE PEOPLE.

“ Frenchmen! The defection of the Duke of Castiglione surrendered Lyons, without defense, to our enemies. The army which I had intrusted to his command was capable, from the bravery and patriotism of which it was composed, of beating the Austrians, and of taking in the rear the left flank of the enemy’s army which threatened Paris.

“ The victories of Champaubert, of Montmirail, of Chateau-Thierry, of Vauchamp, of Mormans, of Montereau, of Crayone, of Rheims, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier; the insurrection of the brave peasantry of Lorraine, of Champagne, Alsace, Franche Comte, and Burgundy, and the position I had taken in the rear of the enemy’s army, cutting it off from its magazines, parks of reserve, convoys, and wagons, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were on the point of being more powerful than ever. The flower of the enemy’s army was lost without resource; it would have been entombed in those vast districts it had so pitilessly ravaged, had not the treachery of the Duke of Ragusa surrendered the capital and disorganized the army. The unexpected conduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their sovereign, and their benefactor, changed the fate of war. The situation of the enemy was such, that, after the affair which took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, being separated from all his parks of reserve.

“ Under these new and extraordinary circumstances, my heart was lacerated, but my soul remained unshaken. I consulted only the interests of our country, and exiled myself upon a rock in the middle of the sea. My life was still useful to you, and is destined to continue so. I would not permit the vast concourse of citizens desirous of sharing my fate to accompany me to

Elba. I thought that their presence at home would be useful to France, and I only took with me a handful of brave men necessary for my guard.

“ Elevated by your choice to the throne, every thing which has been done without your consent is illegal. Within the last twenty-five years France has acquired new interests, new institutions, and a new glory, which can only be guaranteed by a national government, and by a dynasty created by these new circumstances. A prince who would reign over you, seated upon my throne by the power of the same armies which have ravaged our country, would seek in vain to support himself by the principles of feudal power. He could but promote the interests of a few individuals, enemies of the people, who, for the last five-and-twenty years, condemned them in all our national assemblies. Your tranquillity at home and your estimation abroad would be lost forever.

“ Frenchmen ! I heard in my exile your complaints and your wishes. You claim a government of your choice, which alone is legitimate. You accused me of slumbering too long. You reproached me with sacrificing to my repose the great interests of the nation. I have crossed the sea, amid dangers of every description. I come among you to resume my rights, which are identical with yours. All that has been done, written, or said by individuals, since the taking of Paris, I consign to oblivion. It shall have no influence whatever on the remembrance I preserve of the important services they have rendered ; for there are events of such a nature as to be too powerful for the organization of man.

“ Frenchmen ! there is no nation, however small, which has not the right of relieving itself from the dishonor of obeying a prince forcibly imposed upon it. When Charles VII. re-entered Paris, and overturned the ephemeral throne of Henry VI., he acknowledged that he held his crown from the

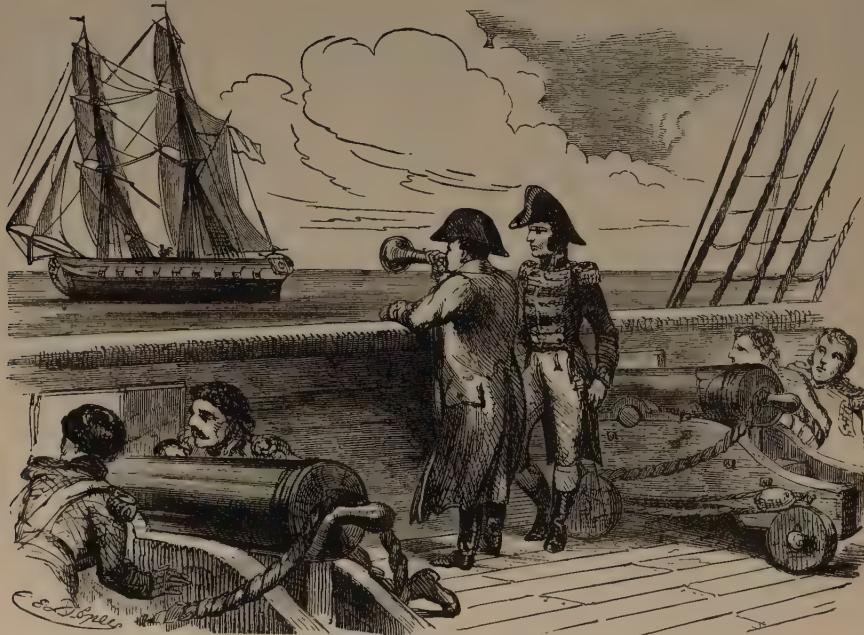


COPYING THE PROCLAMATION.

valor of his brave people, and not from a prince-regent of England. It is likewise to you alone, and to my gallant army, that I am indebted for every thing.

NAPOLEON."

Immediately, all who knew how to write among the sailors and the grenadiers of the Guard were called, and a hundred pens were busy transcribing these proclamations, that thousands of copies might be distributed at the moment of disembarkation. A feeble breeze tortured their impatience the next day, as they almost imperceptibly moved along over the mirrored surface of the sea. Toward evening a French brig of war, the Zephyr, hove in sight, and bore down upon the flotilla. Napoleon ordered all the grenadiers to conceal themselves below, that no suspicion might be excited. At six o'clock the brigs were within hailing distance. The commanders of the two vessels stood upon the decks with their speaking trumpets in their hands. After the exchange of a few words, the captain of the Zephyr inquired after the Emperor. Napoleon seized the trumpet from the hands of the commander of the Inconstant, and shouted over the waves, "He is marvelously well."



PASSING THE ENEMY.

The earliest dawn of the next morning showed a seventy-four gun ship steering toward the flotilla. This, for an hour, caused much uneasiness, since it would be impossible to resist such an enemy. The ship, however, passed on its way, paying no heed to the little merchant vessels scattered over the deep, and not dreaming of the prize within its grasp. As the cloud-like sail faded away in the distant horizon, Napoleon assembled his generals around him, and said,

"Now, gentlemen, it is your turn to speak to your companions in glory

Come, Bertrand, take the pen, and write your own appeal to your brothers in arms."

The grand marshal excused himself as not being able to find expressions suited to the grandeur of the occasion.

"Very well, then," said Napoleon; "write, and I will speak for you all." He then, without a moment of hesitation, dictated the following address of the Guard to the Army:

"Soldiers! the drums are beating to arms. We are on the march. Come and join us. Join your Emperor and our Eagles. If these men, just now so arrogant, who have always fled at the aspect of our weapons, dare to meet us, where can we find a nobler occasion to shed our blood, and to sing the hymn of victory?

"Soldiers of the seventh, eighth, and nineteenth military divisions, garrisons of Antibes, Toulon, and Marseilles, disbanded officers and veterans of our armies, you are summoned to the honor of setting the first example. March with us to win back the throne, the palladium of our rights. Let posterity proclaim that foreigners, seconded by traitors, having imposed a disgraceful yoke upon France, the brave arose, and the enemies of the people and of the army disappeared and sunk into oblivion!"

This address was also rapidly transcribed, that each soldier might have several copies to distribute to the French regiments. Toward evening, the blue hills of France emerged from the horizon, in the bright glow of the setting sun. The joy on board the little fleet was inexpressible. Hats and caps waved in the air, and shouts of exultation floated over the water.

"Let us display the tri-colored cockade," said the Emperor, "that the country may recognize us."

Immediately the cockade of Elba was tossed into the sea, and every soldier replaced upon his cap the tri-colored cockade, which he had preserved as a sacred relic. The excitement and joy were too intense to allow of any sleep. In the dim twilight of the next morning the fleet was gently wafted into the Gulf of Juan, where Napoleon had previously landed on his return from Egypt. It was the 1st of March. At five o'clock, the Emperor disembarked upon the lonely beach near Cannes, and immediately established the bivouac for his Liliputian army of invasion in an olive grove at a short distance from the shore. Pointing to the olive leaf, the symbol of peace, he said, "This is a lucky omen. It will be realized."

A few peasants, astonished by this sudden apparition, crept from their huts, and cautiously approached the encampment. One of these peasants had formerly served under Napoleon. Immediately recognizing his old general, he insisted upon being enrolled in his battalion. "Well, Bertrand," said the Emperor, turning to the grand marshal and smiling, "you see that we have a re-enforcement already."

In the course of a few hours this escort of six hundred men, with two or three small pieces of cannon, were safely landed, and were refreshing themselves under the olive grove, preparatory to their strange campaign. They were about to march seven hundred miles, through a kingdom containing thirty millions of inhabitants, to capture the strongest capital in Europe. An army of nearly two hundred thousand men, under Bourbon leaders, were sta-

tioned in impregnable fortresses by the way ; and the combined despots of Europe had two millions of bayonets still glistening in the hands of their soldiers, all of which were pledged to sustain the iniquitous sway of the Bourbon usurpers. Romance, in her wildest dreams, never conceived of such an enterprise before. Yet the adventure had been carefully considered, and profound wisdom guided every step. The millions of France loved Napoleon almost to adoration. He knew it ; and he knew that he deserved it. Napoleon was well aware that all the great elements of success were in his favor, and he had no misgivings.

He passed around among his "*children*," chatting and laughing familiarly with them. "I see from this spot," said he, "the fright I shall occasion the Bourbons, and the embarrassment of all those who have turned their backs against me." Then, as usual, forgetting all his own perils in solicitude for his friends, he added, "What will become of the patriots before my arrival at Paris ? I tremble lest the Bourbon partisans should massacre them. Woe to those who injure them ! They shall have no mercy."

It was not till eleven o'clock at night that this little band was enabled to commence its march. The moon shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The Poles of the Guard, unable to transport horses from Elba, had brought their saddles, and, taking them upon their backs, gayly marched along, bending beneath the weight of their cumbrous luggage. The Emperor purchased every horse he met, and thus, one by one, mounted his cavalry.

Avoiding the large towns, where the Bourbon authorities might be strong, he determined to follow the flank of the mountains. Advancing rapidly all night and most of the next day, they arrived in the evening at Grasse, about fifty miles from the coast. Here they encamped for the night. The news of the Emperor's landing spread rapidly, and excited every where joy and surprise. The peasants crowded to meet him, and implored permission to follow in his train. "I could easily," said Napoleon afterward, "have taken two millions of these peasants with me to Paris." But he had no wish to triumph by physical force. The love of France was his all-conquering weapon. The next two days, the 3d and 4th, they advanced sixty miles to Digne. The next day they pressed on thirty miles further to Gap. The enthusiasm was now so general and so intense that Napoleon no longer needed even protection against the Bourbon police. The authorities of the legitimist usurpers were completely overwhelmed by the triumphant people.

Napoleon, in his eagerness, outstripping his Guard, arrived at the city of Gap with but six horsemen and forty grenadiers. There was such a universal burst of love and joy from the inhabitants of this city, as men, women, and children, with shouts and tears, gathered around their own Emperor, that the Bourbon authorities were compelled to fly.

"Citizens," said Napoleon, "I have been deeply penetrated by all the sentiments you have evinced for me. You are right in calling me your father, for I live only for the honor and the happiness of France. My return dissipates your disquietude. It guarantees the preservation of all property, of equality between all classes. These rights, which you have enjoyed for twenty-five years, and for which your forefathers have sighed so ardently, now form part of your existence."

Here the proclamations he had dictated at sea were printed. They spread with the rapidity of lightning. The whole population of the country was roused and inflamed, and multitudes which could not be counted were anxious to be enrolled as the Emperor's advance guard. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor resumed his march, accompanied by a vast concourse, filling the air with their acclamations. No language can describe the scene of enthusiasm. The inhabitants on the route, trembling for the safety of Napoleon, and fearing that the Bourbons might send troops to crush his feeble escort, prepared to sound the tocsin, and to raise a levy *en masse* to protect the sovereign of their choice. There were strong garrisons, and formidable arrays of troops under Bourbon commanders, which he must soon encounter. Napoleon, however, declined the service they tendered.

"Your sentiments," said he, "convince me that I have not been deceived. They are to me a certain guarantee of the inclinations of my soldiers. Those whom I meet will range themselves by my side. The more numerous they may be, the more will my success be assured. Remain tranquil, therefore, in your homes."

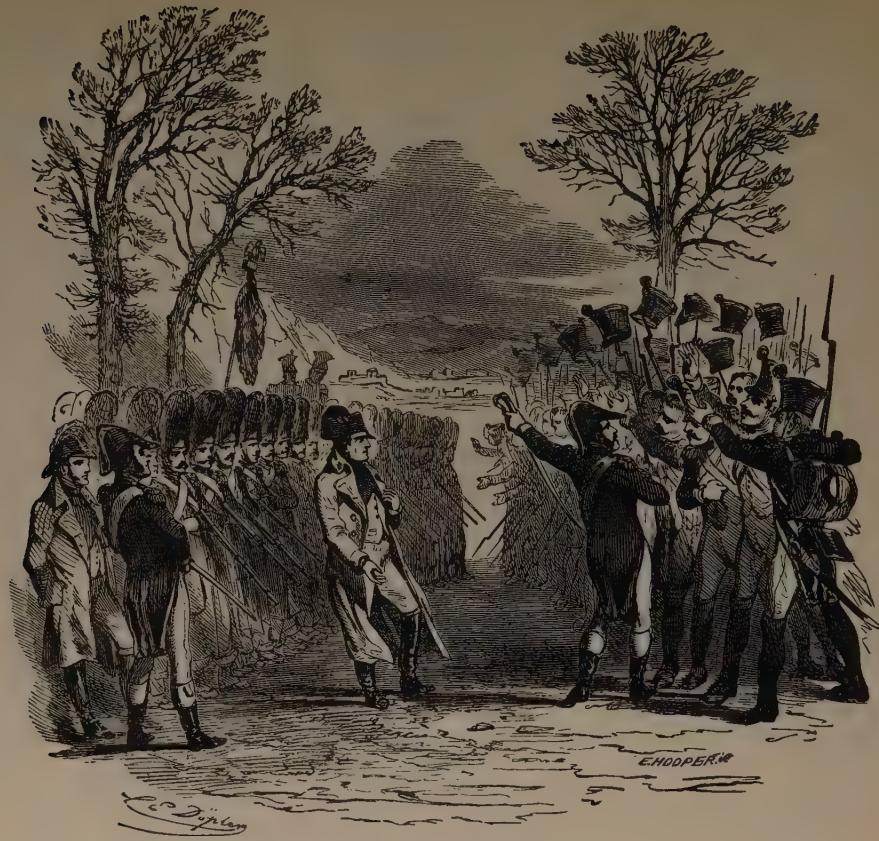
They were now approaching Grenoble. The commandant of the garrison there, General Marchand, marched with a force of six thousand men to oppose the Emperor. He posted his troops in a defile flanked by the mountains and a lake. It was in the morning of the 7th of March. The crisis which was to decide all had now arrived. Napoleon was equal to the emergency. Requesting his column to halt, he rode, at a gentle pace, and almost alone, toward the hostile army. The peasants, who had assembled in vast numbers to witness this marvelous scene, greeted him with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Napoleon, without any hesitancy, rode calmly along upon a gentle trot, until he arrived within a hundred paces of the glittering bayonets which formed an impassable wall before him. He then dismounted, handed the reins to one of the Poles who accompanied him, crossed his arms upon his breast, and advanced, unprotected and entirely alone, until he arrived within ten paces of the troops. There he stood, the mark for every gun. He was dressed in the simple costume which every Frenchman recognized, with the cocked hat, the gray overcoat, and the high military boots. The commanding officer ordered the soldiers to fire. They seemed to obey. Every musket was brought to the shoulder and aimed at his breast. Had there been one single man among those battalions willing to shoot the Emperor, he would have received from the Bourbons boundless rewards. The report of a single musket would then have settled the destinies of France.

Napoleon, without the change of a muscle of his features, or the tremor of a nerve, continued to advance upon the muskets leveled at his heart. Then stopping, and uncovering his breast, he said, in those resounding tones, which, having been once heard, never could be forgotten,

"Soldiers, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am."

For a moment there was silence as of the grave. Then the point of one musket fell, and another, and another. Tears began to gush into the eyes of these hardy veterans. One voice, tremulous with emotion, shouted "*Vive*



NAPOLEON AT GRENOBLE.

“Empereur!” It was the signal for a universal burst, re-echoed by soldiers and by peasantry in a continuous cataract of sound. The troops from Grenoble, the grenadiers of the Guard, and the peasants, all rushed in a tumult of joy upon the Emperor, who opened his arms to receive them. In the confusion, the Bourbon commander put spurs to his horse and disappeared. When the transport was somewhat moderated, the Emperor, taking gently by the whiskers a veteran whose appearance attracted his attention, said to him, playfully,

“How could you have the heart to aim your musket at the Little Corporal?”

The old man’s eyes immediately filled with tears. Ringing his ramrod in the barrel of his musket to show it was unloaded, he said, “Judge whether I could have done thee much harm. All the rest are the same.”

Napoleon then gathered the whole assembly of soldiers and peasants in a circle around him, and thus addressed them :

“I have come with but a handful of brave men, because I rely upon the people and upon you. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate. It has not been raised by the voice of the nation. It is contrary to the national will, because it is in direct opposition to the interests of the country, and

only exists for the benefit of a small number of noble families. Ask of your fathers, interrogate these brave peasants, and you will learn from their lips the actual state of things. They are threatened with the renewal of the tithe system, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all those abuses from which your victories had delivered them."

Napoleon now resumed his march, accompanied by a vast crowd of the inhabitants, increasing every moment, and thronging the roads. The battalions from Grenoble acted as the advance guard to the grenadiers from Elba. As he approached the city, he was met by a messenger, who said,

"Sire, you will have no occasion for arms. Your riding-whip will be sufficient to scatter all resistance. The hearts of the soldiers are every where your own."

As Napoleon approached the city, one of the most important fortified places of France, the enthusiasm of the people exceeded all bounds. The tri-colored cockade was upon all hats. The tri-colored banner waved from the windows, and floated from the battlements and upon the spires of the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the streets. The soldiers shared the enthusiasm, fraternized with the people, and promised them that they would not fire upon their brothers in arms. It was impossible for the Bourbon officers and magistrates to stem this torrent. In despair they fled, having locked the gates and concealed the keys.

At midnight, from the ramparts of Grenoble, were seen the torches of the multitude surrounding the Emperor, and advancing toward the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rose from the approaching throng, and were echoed back from the walls of the fortress. The inhabitants, in their ardor, wrenched the gates from the hinges, and Napoleon entered the streets in the midst of illuminations and exultations such as earth has rarely witnessed. A countless crowd, almost delirious with joy, bore him to his quarters in an inn. Throughout the night continuous acclamations resounded beneath his windows. The people and the soldiers, almost delirious with joy, fraternized together till morning in banquets and embraces. "All is now settled," said Napoleon, "and we are at Paris." Shortly after Napoleon's arrival at the inn, an increased tumult called him upon the balcony. The inhabitants of Grenoble had come to offer him the *gates* of the city, since they could not present him with the *keys*.

His little band was quite exhausted by the rapid march of five days, along dreadful roads, and through defiles of the mountains, often encumbered with snow. He allowed them twenty-four hours for rest in Grenoble.

On the 9th of March, Napoleon resumed his journey toward Lyons. "He marched out of Grenoble," says Lamartine, "as he had entered it, surrounded by his sacred battalion of the isle of Elba, and pressed on every side by the waves of a multitude which cleared a road for him." He passed the night at a small town half way between Grenoble and Lyons. Bonfires blazed all the night long, and the whole population united as one man in the most ardent demonstrations of affection and joy.

The intelligence of Napoleon's landing, and of the enthusiasm with which he was every where greeted, had now reached Paris. The Bourbons and their friends were in great consternation. The tidings, however, were care-

fully suppressed, for fear that an insurrection might be excited in the metropolis.* Vigorous measures were adopted secretly to arrest all the prominent men in the city who were suspected of fidelity to the Emperor. They appointed Bourrienne, who subsequently wrote an atrocious memoir of Napoleon, minister of police. "He was," says Lamartine, "an old, confidential secretary of Bonaparte, intimately acquainted with his character and secrets, who had been dismissed by the Emperor for malversation, and who was incensed against him with a hatred which guaranteed to the Royalists a desperate fidelity."

The city of Lyons contains two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is distant 250 miles from Paris. Louis XVIII., on the 5th, had heard of Napoleon's landing, and his advance to Grenoble. The Count d'Artois (Charles X.) had been dispatched to Lyons to concentrate there all the available forces of the kingdom, and to crush the Emperor. He entered the city but a few hours before Napoleon appeared at its gates. Two regiments of the line—one of infantry and one of cavalry—were in the place. Other regiments were advancing by rapid marches. The local national guard, well armed and well disciplined, amounted to twenty thousand men. But the Count d'Artois was received coldly by the troops, and still more coldly by the inhabitants. Wine was freely distributed among the soldiers in the name of Louis XVIII. They drank the wine, shouting "*Long live the Little Corporal!*" The count was in despair. He reviewed the troops, harangued them, walked around among them. To one veteran, covered with scars, he said, "Surely a brave old soldier like you will shout '*Vive le Roi!*'" "Nay," replied the honest warrior, "no one here will fight against his father. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The count was accompanied by a guard of gentlemen, who were his personal friends, and who were pledged for his protection. When they saw the universal enthusiasm in favor of Napoleon, believing the Bourbon cause irretrievably lost, they also perfidiously abandoned the prince and turned to the Emperor. The count was compelled to flee from the city, accompanied by only one of his guard. And here again appeared that grandeur of character which was instinctive with Napoleon. *He sent the Cross of the Legion of Honor as a reward to this man for his fidelity to the Bourbon prince.* It was accompanied with the characteristic words, "I never leave a noble action without reward." And when his treacherous comrades presented them-

* The Bourbons inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 6th of March the following proclamation, which France must have read with a smile :

"Bonaparte has escaped from the island of Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the allied sovereigns had given him a sovereignty, in return for the desolations which he had brought into their dominions. That man, who, when he abdicated his power, retained all his ambition and his fury; that man, covered with the blood of generations, comes at the end of a year, spent seemingly in apathy, to strive to dispute, in the name of his usurpations and his massacres, the legitimate and mild authority of the King of France. At the head of a few hundred Italians and Piedmontese, he has dared again to set his feet on that land which had banished him forever; he wishes to reopen the wounds, still but half closed, which he had made, and which the hand of the king is healing every day. A few treasonable attempts, some movements in Italy, excited by his insane brother-in-law, inflamed the pride of the cowardly warrior of Fontainebleau. He exposes himself, as he imagines, to the death of a hero; he will only die that of a traitor. France has rejected him; he returns; France will devour him."

selves to the Emperor, tendering to him their services, he dismissed them with contempt, saying,

“Your conduct toward the Count d’Artois sufficiently proves how you would act by me were fortune to forsake me. I thank you for your offer. You will return immediately to your homes.”

The Bourbons had been forced by foreign bayonets upon the army and the nation, and could claim from *them* no debt of loyalty. But the *personal followers* of the prince were traitors to abandon him in misfortune.

Marshal Lefebvre had remained faithfully with Napoleon at Fontainebleau until after his abdication. He then went to Paris, where he was presented to Alexander.

“You were not, then, under the walls of Paris,” said the Czar, “when we arrived?”

“No, sire,” Lefebvre replied, “we had the *misfortune* to be unable to reach here in time.”

“The *misfortune!*” rejoined the Emperor, smiling; “you are, then, sorry to see me here?”

“Sire,” replied the honest and noble-hearted marshal, “I behold with admiration a warrior who, in youth, has learned to use victory with moderation, but it is with the deepest grief that I see a conqueror within my country.”

“I respect your sentiments, Monsieur Marshal,” the Emperor replied, “and they only add to my esteem for you.”

Upon the return of Napoleon, Lefebvre hastened to his side, and consecrated himself anew to the cause which the Emperor so gloriously advocated.



MARSHAL LEFEBVRE

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH TO PARIS.

Honorable Conduct of Macdonald—Reception at Lyons—Interview with Baron Fleury—Marshal Ney—Approaching Auxerre—Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor—Anxiety of the Emperor that no Blood should be shed—Arrival at Fontainebleau—Extraordinary Scene at Melun—Entering the Tuilleries—Enthusiasm of France—The Duchess of Angoulême—Death of Murat.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th, Napoleon, with his extraordinary cortège of soldiers, peasants, women, and children surrounding him with acclaim, waving branches in the air, and singing songs of joy and victory, approached the single bridge which crossed the Rhone. General Macdonald, who, after the abdication of Napoleon, had honorably taken the oath of fidelity to the Bourbons, was in the discharge of his duty in command of two battalions to defend the entrance of the bridge. But the moment Napoleon appeared, his troops to a man abandoned him. They tore down the barricades, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" tumultuously rushed into the midst of the imperial escort, and blended with them in acclamations and embraces. Macdonald, perhaps afraid that his own virtue would be unable to resist the contagion, for he loved and almost adored the Emperor, plunged his spurs into his horse, and disappeared.

The entire population of the city, like an inundation, rolled along the quays, the squares, and the streets, welcoming their noble Emperor with thunder peals of acclamation. There was no city in France which had derived greater benefit from his enlightened and profound policy than the city of Lyons. There was no other place in the empire where his memory was cherished with deeper affection. As night darkened, the whole city blazed with illuminations. Napoleon was conducted in triumph to the splendid palace of the Archbishop of Lyons, and the citizens themselves, with the affection of children protecting a father, mounted guard over his person. He slept that night in the same chamber from which the Count d'Artois, in despair, had fled.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when the Emperor entered the palace. He immediately sent for the Baron Fleury, one of the former secretaries of his cabinet, and the following conversation ensued :

"Well," said Napoleon, with a smile, "you did not expect to see me again so soon?"

"No, sire," Fleury answered. "Your majesty alone is capable of causing such surprise."

"What do they say of all this at Paris?" inquired Napoleon. "And public opinion, how is that?"

"They are rejoiced at your majesty's return," Fleury replied. "The struggle between the Bourbons and the nation has revealed our rights, and engendered liberal ideas."

"I know," said the Emperor, "that the discussions the Bourbons have provoked have diminished the respect for power and enfeebled it. There is

pleasure and glory in rendering a great people free and happy. I never stinted France in glory. I will not curtail her liberty. I wish to retain no farther power than is requisite to enable me to govern. Power is not incompatible with liberty. On the contrary, liberty is never more entire than when power becomes well established. When weak, it is captious; when strong, it sleeps in tranquillity, and abandons the reins loose on the neck of liberty. I know what is requisite for the French. But there must be no licentiousness, no anarchy. Is it thought that we shall come to a battle?"

"It is not," Fleury replied. "The government has not the confidence of the soldiers. It is detested even by the officers. All the troops they may send to oppose your majesty will be so many re-enforcements to your cause."

"I think so too," said the Emperor; "and how will it be with the marshals?"

"Sire," Fleury answered, "they can not but be apprehensive that your majesty will remember the desertion at Fontainebleau. Perhaps it would be well to remove their fears, and personally make known your majesty's intention of consigning every thing to oblivion."

"No," the Emperor replied, "I will not write to them. They would consider me as under obligations. I will not be obliged to any one. The troops are well disposed; the officers are in my favor; and if the marshals wished to restrain them, they would be hurried along in the vortex. Of my Guard I am sure. Do what they will, that corps can never be corrupted. What is Ney doing? On what terms is he with the king?"

"I think he has no command, sire," said Fleury. "I believe that he has had reason to complain of the court on account of his wife."

"His wife is an affected creature," said Napoleon. "No doubt she has attempted to play the part of a great lady, and the old dowagers have ridiculed her. False tales have been spread respecting my abdication. It has been said that Ney boasted of having ill-treated me, and laid his pistols on my table. I read at Elba that Augereau, when I met him, loaded me with reproaches. It is false. No one of my generals would have dared, in my presence, to forget what was due to me. Had I known of the proclamation of Augereau, I would have forbidden him my presence. Cowards only insult misfortune. His proclamation, which I was reported to have had in my pocket, was unknown to me till after our interview. But let us forget these things. What has been done at the Tuileries?"

"They have altered nothing, sire. Even the Eagles have not been removed," said Fleury.

Napoleon smiled, and replied, "They must have thought my arrangement of them admirable. And the king—what sort of a countenance has he? Is his coin handsome?"

"Of this your majesty may judge. Here is a twenty-five franc piece," Fleury replied, presenting the piece of money to the Emperor.

"What! they have not recoined Louis?" said Napoleon. "I am surprised." (Turning the piece over.) "He does not look as if he would starve himself. But, observe, they have taken away 'God protect France,' to re-

store their '*Lord preserve the King!*' This is as they always were. Every thing for themselves, nothing for France. Poor France! into what hands hast thou thrust thyself? Have we any individuals in this vicinity who were nearly attached to my person? Make inquiry, and conduct them to me. I wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of the times, and with the present state of affairs. What does Hortense do?"

"Sire," said Fleury, "her house is still the resort of all who know how to appreciate wit and elegance. The queen, though without a throne, is not less the object of the respect and homage of all Paris."

"She did a very foolish thing," rejoined the Emperor, "in accepting from the Bourbons the title of duchess. She should have called herself Madame Bonaparte. That name is full as good as any other. If poor Josephine had been alive, she would have advised her better. Was my deceased wife much regretted?"

"Yes, sire," Fleury replied; "your majesty knows how much she was honored and admired by the whole French nation."

"She deserved it," said Napoleon. "She was an excellent woman. She had a great deal of good sense. I also regretted her most sincerely. The day when I heard of her death was one of the most unhappy of my life. Was there public mourning for her?"

"No, sire," said Fleury. "Indeed, I think that she would have been refused the honors due to her rank, had not the Emperor Alexander insisted that they should be accorded her. Alexander generously showed himself the protector of the Empress, the Queen, Prince Eugene, the Duke of Vicenza, and numerous other persons of distinction, who, but for him, would have been persecuted."

"You love him, it seems," said the Emperor. "What is it supposed the Allies will think of my return?"

"It is thought," Fleury answered, "that Austria will connect herself with your majesty, and that Russia will behold the disgrace of the Bourbons without regret."

"Why so?" inquired the Emperor.

"It is said, sire," Fleury replied, "that Alexander was not pleased with the Bourbon princes while at Paris. It was thought that the predilection of Louis for England, and his attributing the regaining of his crown to the Prince Regent, offended him."

"It is well to know that," said the Emperor. "Has he seen my son?"

"Yes, sire," said Fleury. "I have been assured that he embraced him with a tenderness truly paternal, and exclaimed, 'He is a charming fellow! How have I been deceived!'"

"What did he mean by that?" inquired Napoleon, eagerly.

"They say," Fleury replied, "that he had been informed that the young prince was rickety and imbecile."

"Wretches!" exclaimed the Emperor; "he is an admirable child. He gives every indication of becoming a distinguished character. He will be an honor to his age."

Napoleon remained in Lyons four days. During all this time, the exultation and transport in the city no language can describe. With noble

frankness, he spoke to his auditors of the perplexities and the errors of the past.

“I am not,” said he, “altogether blameless for the misfortunes of France. I was forced on, by imperious circumstances, in the direction of universal empire. That idea I have renounced forever. France requires repose. It is not ambition which has brought me back—it is love of country. I could have preferred the tranquillity of Elba to the cares of a throne had I not known that France was unhappy, and stood in need of me. I am returned to protect and defend those interests to which our Revolution has given birth; to concur with the representatives of the nation in a family compact, which shall forever preserve the liberty and the rights of Frenchmen. It is my ambition and glory to effect the happiness of the great people from whom I hold every thing.”

The hours passed in Lyons were not devoted to rest. All the tireless energies of Napoleon’s mind were employed in reconstructing, upon its popular basis, the imperial throne. Decree followed decree with a rapidity which astounded his enemies, and which fanned the flame of popular enthusiasm. Even the most envenomed of Napoleon’s historians are compelled to admit the admirable adaptation of these decrees to the popular cause. The magistrates of the empire were restored to their posts. The tri-colored flag and cockade were reinstated. The vainglorious cock of the Bourbons gave place on the flagstaff to the imperial eagle. All feudal claims and titles were suppressed, and the purchasers of the national domains confirmed in their possessions. The two Chambers established by the Bourbons were dissolved, and the people were requested to meet throughout the empire, to choose representatives for an extraordinary assembly, to deliberate on present emergencies. These decrees gave almost universal satisfaction. They recognized the rights of the masses, as opposed to the claims of the privileged orders. And consequently now, as throughout his whole career, the masses surrounded Napoleon with their love and adoration.

The preamble to the decree dissolving the Bourbon Chambers was in the following words :

“Considering that the Chamber of Peers is partly composed of persons who have borne arms against France, and are interested in the re-establishment of feudal rights, in the destruction of the equality of different classes, in the nullification of the sale of the national domains, and, finally, in depriving the people of the rights they have acquired, by fighting for five-and-twenty years against the enemies of their national glory;

“Considering that the powers of the deputies of the Legislative Body have expired, and that the Chamber of Commons has no longer a national character; that a portion of the Chamber has rendered itself unworthy of confidence by assenting to the re-establishment of feudal nobility, abolished by the popular constitution; in having subjected France to pay debts contracted with foreign powers for negotiating coalitions and subsidizing armies against the French people; in giving to the Bourbon family the title of *legitimate king*, thereby declaring the French people and its armies *rebels*; and proclaiming, also, those emigrants, who for five-and-twenty years have wounded the vitals of their country, as alone good Frenchmen, thus violating all

the rights of the people, by sanctioning the principle that *the nation is made for the throne, not the throne for the nation*;

“We have decreed, and do decree as follows.”

The consummate genius and tact of Napoleon were peculiarly conspicuous in these decrees, which created confidence, dispelled apprehensions, confirmed attachments, and inspired the people and the army with boundless enthusiasm. Napoleon still appeared, as ever, the dauntless champion of equality and popular rights.

Baron Fleury, who was an eye-witness of these scenes, says, “Though I have more than once witnessed popular displays of enthusiasm and infatuation, yet never did I behold any thing comparable to the transports of joy and tenderness that burst from the Lyonese. Not only the quays and squares near the palace of the Emperor, but the most distant streets, rung with perpetual acclamations. Workmen and their masters, the common people and citizens, rambled about the city arm-in-arm, singing, dancing, and abandoning themselves to the impulse of the most ardent gayety. Strangers stopped one another, shook hands, embraced, and offered congratulations on the return of the Emperor. The National Guard,” a body similar to our local militia, “affected by the confidence Napoleon had displayed by intrusting to it the care of his person, participated in the general intoxication. The day of his departure was that of sorrow to the city, as that of his arrival had proved the signal of unfeigned festivity.”

While these scenes were transpiring, the Bourbons had promulgated an ordinance against “the miserable adventurer and his band,” in which Napoleon was denounced as an outlaw, and a price set upon his head, and all his abettors were declared rebels. When Napoleon was triumphantly entering Grenoble, the *Moniteur* announced that the royal cause was every where triumphant, that the invader was already stripped of nearly all his followers, and was wandering a fugitive among the mountains, where, in the course of a few days, he would certainly be made prisoner. The Bourbons immediately made application to Marshal Ney, who was residing in quiet at his country seat, several miles from Paris, to join his corps and hasten to arrest the advance of Napoleon. Faithful to his trust, he proceeded without delay to Besançon. Upon taking the command, the officers told him that it would be impossible to induce the soldiers to fight against the Emperor. He reviewed the troops. To his utter bewilderment, they greeted him with shouts of “*Vive l'Empereur!*” that animating cry which he had so often heard ringing over the field of battle, as he guided the Eagles of France to victory. Every hour intelligence was reaching him of the supernaturally triumphant progress of the Emperor. Every city and every village through which he passed espoused his cause. The nation was shouting a welcome. The army was every where his. The cause of the Bourbons was irrevocably lost. The suspense of the marshal amounted to anguish. He afterward said that death itself would have been a relief, to have rescued him from his perplexity. He thought of Krasnoe, where Napoleon, with but ten thousand men, rushed upon the batteries of eighty thousand troops, to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, that he might rescue his loved companion in arms. In the torture of his suspense, he reassembled his generals in council. “What

can I do?" he exclaimed; "it is impossible for me to stop the waters of the ocean with the palm of my hand."

The officers, without hesitation, assured him that the attempt to oppose Napoleon was hopeless. The temptation was too strong for ordinary human virtue to resist. History records, with weeping eyes, that Ney fell into dishonor. He proved faithless to the trust which he had allowed himself to assume, and thus affixed to his name a stigma which must forever remain uneffaced. Every generous heart will contemplate his fall with grief and compassion. Yielding to the universal impulse, he issued the following proclamation to his troops:

" Soldiers! the cause of the Bourbons is forever lost. The legitimate dynasty, which the French nation has adopted, is about to reascend the throne. It is to the Emperor Napoleon, our sovereign, that the sole right of reigning over our beautiful country belongs. Liberty is at last triumphant, and Napoleon, our august Emperor, is about to consolidate it forever. Soldiers! I have often led you to victory. I am now about to lead you to that immortal phalanx which the Emperor Napoleon is conducting to Paris, where it will be in a few days, and then our hope and happiness will be forever realized. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The excitement of the troops during the reading of this proclamation was irrepressible. All discipline was for a moment at an end, while prolonged shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst from the tumultuary ranks.

On the 13th of March, the very day on which this proclamation was issued, Napoleon left Lyons, to continue his progress toward Paris. A countless multitude were assembled to witness his departure. Stepping upon a balcony, he thus addressed them:

" Lyonese! At the moment of quitting your city to repair to my capital, I feel impelled to make known to you the sentiments with which your conduct has inspired me. You always ranked foremost in my affections. You have uniformly displayed the same attachment, whether I have been on the throne or in exile. The lofty character which distinguishes you merits my cordial esteem. At a period of greater tranquillity, I shall return to consider the welfare of your manufactures and of your city. Lyonese! I love you."

These unaffected words, the sincere utterance of a glowing heart, touched the fountains of feeling. Thousands of eyes were flooded, and voices tremulous with emotion shouted adieu. Napoleon pressed on that night about twenty-five miles to Villefranche, where he slept. The next day, outstripping his army, he advanced some sixty miles further, passing Macon, to Chalons. He was here traversing one of the most densely-peopled regions of France. The road sides were thronged. Triumphal arches spanned the village streets. One continuous roar of acclaim accompanied him all the way. Napoleon entered Chalons in the midst of a cold and drenching storm. Still, nearly the whole population issued from the gates to meet and welcome their beloved Emperor. He was surprised to see several artillery pieces and ammunition wagons approaching. "They were sent by the Bourbons," said the populace, "to oppose you; but we have taken them, and offer them to you as a present."

In receiving the congratulations of the authorities, he said, in the course of the conversation,

" My court, it is true, was superb. I was an advocate for magnificence, but not as regarded myself. A plain soldier's coat was good enough for me. I was fond of magnificence because it gave encouragement to our manufactures. Without magnificence there can be no industry. I have abolished, at Lyons, all the *parchment nobility*. Nobility is a chimera. Men are too enlightened to believe that some among them are born noble and others not. The only distinction is that of talents and services rendered to the state. Our laws know of no other."

On the 15th he went thirty miles further, to Autun, and on the 16th drove sixty miles, to Avalon, encountering congratulations and gratitude every step of his way. The opposition to him was so exceedingly small that it was nowhere visible. On the 17th he continued his journey, in a simple open barouche, twenty-five miles further, to Auxerre. The people were so universally enthusiastic in his favor, that no precautions for his personal safety seemed to be necessary. He rode along, in advance of his troops, accompanied by a few friends, and with hardly the semblance of guards or attendants.



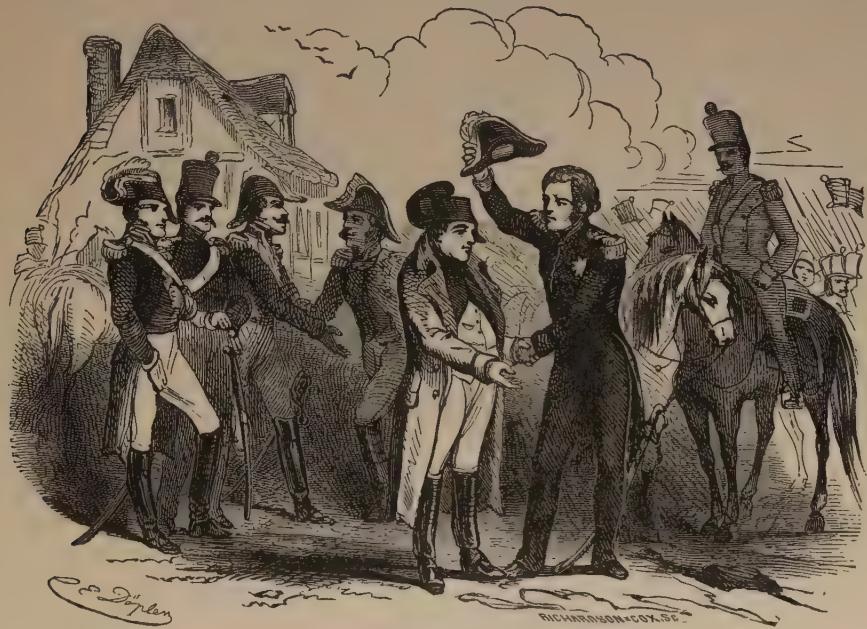
APPROACHING AUXERRE.

A few hours after his arrival at Auxerre he met Marshal Ney. Napoleon, who cherished the nicest sense of honor, had sent to the marshal, before he knew that he had abandoned the Bourbons, the decrees which he had issued at Lyons. " Napoleon sent him," says Lamartine, " no other communication; for, believing in his honor, he did not insult his fidelity by proposing to him to betray his duty toward his new masters, the Bourbons."

The marshal, as he presented himself before the Emperor, was much con-

fused. He remembered his apparently unfeeling desertion of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. His present position was bewildering and embarrassing in the extreme. He had been untrue to the Bourbons, to whom he had sworn allegiance. And yet he felt that he had been true to his country. It was a period of revolution and of astounding changes. The marshal was a brave soldier, but not a man of clear and discriminating views in nice questions of morals. Still, an instinct reproached him, and he was exceedingly troubled and unhappy. He began to offer some justification for his unceremonious departure at Fontainebleau, but Napoleon, generously forgetful of all, grasped his hand, and said,

“Embrace me, my dear Ney. I am glad to see you. I want no explanations. My arms are ever open to receive you, for to me you are still the bravest of the brave.”



MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND NEY.

“Sire,” said Ney, “the newspapers have told many untruths. My conduct has always been that of a good soldier and a true Frenchman. Your majesty may always depend upon me when my country is concerned. It is for my country I have shed my blood. I love you, sire, but I love my country above all.”

“I never doubted your attachment to me,” Napoleon replied, “or to your country. It is also love of country which brings me to France. I learned that our country was unhappy, and I came to deliver it from the emigrants and from the Bourbons. I shall be in Paris, without doubt, by the 20th or 25th. Do you think that the Royalists will attempt to defend themselves?”

“I do not think, sire, that they will,” Ney replied.

“I have received dispatches,” continued Napoleon, “this morning from

Paris. The patriots expect me with impatience, and are on the point of rising. I am afraid of some quarrel taking place between them and the Royalists. I would not, for the world, that my return should be stained by a single drop of blood. Write to your friends, and say that I shall arrive without firing a single musket. Let all unite to prevent the effusion of blood. Our triumph should be as pure as the cause we advocate."

The Royalists entered into many plots to assassinate the Emperor on the way. The vigilance of Napoleon's friends, however, protected him. He seemed himself to have no thought of danger, but plunged, without reserve, into the midst of the crowds who continually surrounded him. In reference to these plots against his life, he said to Baron Fleury,

"I can not conceive how men, liable to falling into my hands, can be incessantly urging my assassination, and setting a price upon my head. Had I been desirous of getting rid of them by similar means, they would long ago have mingled with the dust. Like them, I could have found such assassins as Georges, Brulart, and Maubreuil. Twenty times, if I had so wished, persons would have brought the Bourbon princes bound hand and foot, dead or alive; but I have uniformly despised their atrocious plots. My blood, however, boils when I think that they have dared to proscribe as outlaws, without a trial, thousands of Frenchmen who are marching with us. Is this known to the army?"

"Yes, sire," Baron Fleury replied; "some persons have had the imprudence to inform the soldiers that we were all proclaimed outlaws, and that some of the king's body-guard and other Royalists have set out to assassinate you. The troops have therefore sworn to give no quarter."

"This is very bad, very bad," exclaimed Napoleon; "I can not permit it. It is my ardent wish that not one drop of French blood may be shed, and that not a single gun be fired. The soldiers must be restrained."

He immediately dictated the following dispatch to General Girard, who had command of the advance guard:

"I am informed that your troops, being made acquainted with the decrees of Paris, have resolved, by way of reprisals, to murder all the Royalists they meet. You will encounter none but Frenchmen. I forbid you to fire a single musket. Calm your soldiers. Contradict the reports by which they are exasperated. *Tell them that I will not enter Paris at their head if their weapons be stained with French blood.*"

To General Cambonne he wrote: "To you I intrust my noblest campaign. All Frenchmen expect me with impatience. You will every where find friends. Do not fire a single musket. I will not have my crown cost the French one drop of blood."

On the 19th he continued his route toward Fontainebleau, which was distant about seventy-five miles from Auxerre. Napoleon traveled in an open barouche, accompanied only by the carriage of General Drouot, which preceded him, and that of Baron Fleury, which followed. A few Polish lancers galloped by the sides of the carriages. His army followed several hours' march behind. He met, advancing in strong array, the dragoons of the king's regiment. They had abandoned their Bourbon officers, and mounting the tri-colored cockade, and unfurling the tri-colored banner, with exult-

ant music and shouts of “*Vive l’Empereur!*” were hastening to meet their legitimately-elected sovereign. Napoleon alighted, and addressed them in a strain of sincere and parental affection, which redoubled their enthusiasm. Driving rapidly through the night, he arrived at four o’clock in the morning at Fontainebleau. He was cautioned against exposing himself so recklessly, since it was reported that two thousand of the king’s troops were stationed in the forest. He strangely replied, pointing with his finger to the heavens, “Our fate is written on high.”

He immediately, in silence and thoughtfulness, wandered through the garden, then enveloped in the shades of night, which had been the scene of his almost more than mortal agony in the hours of his desertion and his forced abdication. He then visited the library, where he had passed so many hours with Josephine, and had conceived so many plans for the promotion of the grandeur of France. He then retired to the same little chamber, in an angle of the castle, which not a year before had witnessed the anguish of his overthrow, and, casting himself upon a couch, indulged in a few hours of re-



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

pose. While the Emperor was entering the forest of Fontainebleau, Louis XVIII., dismayed by the enthusiasm with which all France was greeting Napoleon, entered his carriage and fled, to seek again the aid of those band ed despots, who, with bayonets dripping with blood, had placed him on his throne. Again he implored the tyrants of Europe to send their armies to inundate France with the horrors of fire and the sword. This was congenial

work for Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the bandit powers of Europe. They had learned to trample popular rights beneath an iron hoof, as they had swept the whirlwind of war over Hungary and Poland. But the cheek tingles with indignation and shame in contemplating constitutional and liberty-loving England dragged by her aristocracy into an outrage so infamous.

About the middle of the day Napoleon entered again his carriage, and set out for Paris. And now ensued perhaps the most marvelous scene of this whole unparalleled enterprise. At Melun, about half way between Fontainebleau and Paris, the Bourbons had decided to make their last attempt to arrest the progress of this one unarmed man. The number of National Guards, volunteers, and other troops, assembled at this place, amounted to nearly one hundred thousand. The royal army was drawn up in three lines, the intervals and flanks being armed with batteries, while the centre, in great force, blocked up the passage to Paris. The Duke de Berri had command of this force. In approaching Melun from Fontainebleau, one emerges from a forest upon the brow of a long declivity, where the spectator has a clear view of the country before him, while those below can easily discern any one who appears upon the eminence.

Napoleon, entering his carriage like a private citizen, and with no army to accompany him, set out to meet this formidable array. Profound silence reigned throughout the Bourbon army, interrupted only by the music of the martial bands, as they endeavored, by playing the airs of the ancient monarchy, to rouse enthusiasm. At length, about noon, a light trampling of horses was heard, and a single open carriage, followed by a few horsemen, emerged from the trees, and rapidly descended the hill. Soon the soldiers discerned the small cocked hat and gray surtout of their beloved Emperor. A simultaneous sound passed over the mighty host, like the sighing of the



NAPOLEON AT MELUN.

wind ; then all again was breathless silence. The carriage rapidly approached. Napoleon was now seen standing in the carriage, uncovered, with his arms extended as if to embrace his children. The pent-up flood of love and enthusiasm immediately burst all bounds. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded, like thunder peals, from rank to rank. At that moment the Emperor's Guard appeared upon the brow of the hill. They waved their Eagles, and the band struck up the Imperial March.

All discipline was now at an end. The soldiers broke their ranks, and rushed tumultuously toward their Emperor. Napoleon eagerly leaped from his carriage, and received them to his arms. The soldiers embraced as brothers, in the midst of universal shouts and tears. The Bourbon officers, in dismay, with a few hundred cavaliers of the king's household, put spurs to their horses and fled. The Emperor now continued his progress toward Paris, accompanied by a host of soldiers and citizens which could not be numbered.

Pressing rapidly on, in advance of the bands who followed him, about nine o'clock in the evening he entered Paris. A few cavaliers surrounded his carriage, bearing torches. The streets were thronged with excited multitudes, greeting him with acclamations. Crossing the bridge of Concorde, and dashing at full gallop along the quay of the Tuilleries, he entered the court-yard of the palace by the arched gallery of the Louvre. Here he found himself surrounded by a vast concourse of devoted friends, almost frantic with joy. "The moment that the carriage stopped," says Alison, "he was seized by those next the door, borne aloft in their arms, amid deaf-



ENTERING THE TUILLERIES.

ening cheers, through a dense and brilliant crowd of epaulets, hurried literally above the heads of the throng up the great staircase into the saloon of reception, where a splendid array of the ladies of the imperial court, adorned with a profusion of violet bouquets half concealed in the richest laces, received him with transports, and imprinted fervent kisses on his cheeks, his hands, and even his dress. Never was such a scene witnessed in history."

Thus had Napoleon marched, in twenty days, seven hundred miles through the heart of France, and had again entered in triumph the imperial apartments of the Tuileries. Boundless enthusiasm, from citizens and soldiers, in cities and villages, had greeted him during every step of the way. He had found no occasion to fire a single musket or to draw a sword. Alone and unarmed, he had invaded a kingdom of thirty millions of inhabitants. A bloodless conqueror, he had vanquished all the armies sent to oppose him, and had, simply by the magic power of that love with which France cherished his memory, driven the Bourbon usurpers from the throne. Was there ever such an invasion, such a conquest as this before? Will there ever be again? A more emphatic vote in favor of a sovereign could by no possibility be given. A more legitimate title to the throne than this unanimous voice of a nation no monarch ever enjoyed. And yet the Allies immediately poured an army of a million of foreigners into France, to drive from the throne this sovereign enshrined in a nation's love, and to force again the detested Bourbons upon an enslaved people. And in the perpetration of this high-handed deed of infamy, they had the unpardonable effrontery to assert that they were contending for the *liberties of the people* against the *tyranny of a usurper*. There was a degree of ignobleness in this dishonorable assumption which no language can condemn in sufficiently indignant terms. They, however, accomplished their purpose; and there are thousands of voices which still echo their infamous cry, that Napoleon was a "*usurper*."

This triumphal journey of Napoleon from Cannes to Paris exhibits by far the most remarkable instance the world has ever witnessed of the power exercised over human hearts by one mighty mind. Napoleon was armed with the panoply of popular rights. He had returned to France to break down the reconstructed fortresses of despotism, and to rescue the people from their oppressors. The heart of France beat sympathetically with his own. In view of such achievements, almost too marvelous for the dreams of fancy, we can hardly wonder that Lamartine should say that, as a man, "Napoleon was the greatest of the creations of God."

The Emperor, notwithstanding the Bourbons had set a price upon his head, issued special orders that *they should not be molested; that they should be permitted to retire without injury or insult*. He could with perfect ease have taken them prisoners, and then, in possession of their persons, he could have compelled the Allies to reasonable terms. But his extraordinary magnanimity prohibited him from pursuing such a course. Louis XVIII., accompanied by a funereal procession of carriages, containing members of his family, his ministers, and the returned emigrants, trembling and in dismay, retired to Lille, on the northern frontier of France. The inhabitants of the departments through which he passed gazed silently and compassionately upon the infirm old man, and uttered no word of reproach. But as soon as

the cortège had passed, the tri-colored banner was run up on steeple and turret, and the air resounded with shouts of “*Vive l'Empereur!*” There were powerful divisions of the army distributed through the fortresses of the north. But the moment they heard of the landing of Napoleon, they mounted the tri-colored cockade, and impatiently demanded to be led to his succor. The Bourbons were well aware that they had nothing to hope from the masses of the people. Their only strength lay in the caressed nobility and in the bayonets of their soldiers. For a year they had been attempting, by disbanding old troops and organizing new battalions, and by placing in command their picked friends, to constitute a band which would be pledged for their support. But love for Napoleon was a principle too strongly implanted in the hearts of all the common people of France to be in any way effaced. Notwithstanding the prayers and the tears of the Bourbon officers, the soldiers unhesitatingly, tumultuously, enthusiastically turned to the undisputed monarch of popular suffrage. The king sought an asylum in the Netherlands. The government of Holland coldly assigned him a retreat at Ghent, a silent and deserted town of aristocratic memories and of decayed grandeur.

The Duchess of Angoulême, the unfortunate daughter of Maria Antoinette, was at Bordeaux. Her long imprisonment in the Temple, and her dreadful sufferings, had moved the sympathies of every generous heart. She was in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by an army of ten thousand men. Hearing of the landing of Napoleon, she immediately ordered the officers to lead the army to crush the audacious adventurer. They returned to her with the announcement that the soldiers declared that they would not march against the Emperor. With the heroism of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, she descended to the barracks, formed the soldiers in a hollow square around her, and, with tears and sobs, harangued them. The souls of the soldiers were moved. They were mute with respect and compassion. They would not insult a noble and an unfortunate woman. But they loved the independence of France, and the right of choosing their own monarch, and of adopting their own national policy. Silence was their only response to the affecting appeal. She then endeavored to raise some volunteers. “Those of you,” said she, “who are willing to be faithful to your honor and your king, come out from your ranks and say so.” Not a man moved. A few officers, however, raised their swords, as if offering them in her defense. The duchess counted them, and said, sadly and in despair, “You are very few.” She then exclaimed, indignantly, “O God! after twenty years of calamity, how hard it is to be again expatriated! I have never ceased to offer up prayers for the welfare of my country, for I am a Frenchwoman. But ye are no longer Frenchmen. Go: retire from my sight.” One single voice replied, “We answer nothing. We know how to respect misfortune.”

The duchess immediately gave orders for her departure. Accompanied by the roll of drums, she repassed the frowning batteries of the fort, and, with a heart torn by the keenest emotions, embarked on board an English sloop of war, and was conveyed to London. From thence she was sent in another ship to join her friends at Ghent. Immediately upon her departure

the tri-colored banner was run up upon battlement, spire, and turret, and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded through the emancipated streets. When Napoleon heard of the heroic conduct of this princess, whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave, was an unceasing conflict with misfortune and woe, he exclaimed, "*She is the only man of her race.*"

Her husband, the Duke d'Angoulême, son of Charles X., on the 10th of March had left Bordeaux with thirteen thousand troops, hoping to reconquer Lyons and Grenoble. But the people rang the tocsin, and rallied as volunteers from hill and valley, from peasant's hut and workman's shop. The soldiers under the duke went over to their brethren, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The Duke d'Angoulême was taken captive.

The Bourbons, on the 6th of March, had published an ordinance, which was reiterated by the Congress of the Allies at Vienna on the 13th, declaring Napoleon and his friends outlaws whom any one might shoot. Napoleon, declining to dishonor himself by engaging in this infamous war of assassination, wrote the following letter to General Grouchy, who held the duke a prisoner :

"The ordinance of the king of the 6th of March, and the convention signed at Vienna, would warrant me to treat the Duke d'Angoulême as this ordinance and this declaration would willingly treat me and my family; but, persevering in the resolution which had induced me to order that the members of the Bourbon family might freely depart from France, my wish is, that the Duke d'Angoulême be conducted to Cette, where he shall be embarked, and that you watch over his safety, and protect him from ill treatment. You will only be careful to keep the funds which have been taken from the public treasury, and to demand of the Duke d'Angoulême his promise to restore the crown diamonds, which are the property of the nation."

Queen Hortense and her two children, one of them the present Emperor of France, were at the Tuileries to welcome Napoleon. Hortense and her noble brother Eugene were cherished with tender affection by their illustrious father. Napoleon devoted a few moments to the full flow of joy and affection. He then, with his accustomed energy—an energy which ever amazed those around him—devoted the rest of the night to expediting orders, rearranging the government, and composing his cabinet. "When engaged in mental occupation," says Caulaincourt, "he neither felt fatigue nor the want of sleep. He used to say that twenty-two hours out of twenty-four ought to be usefully employed."

At nine o'clock the next morning, the garden of the court-yard, the stair-cases, the saloons, were thronged by multitudes, in the delirium of excitement and joy. The Emperor was frequently called for, and occasionally made his appearance at the window, when he was received with frantic acclamations and clapping of hands. The grenadiers of Elba, who in twenty days had marched seven hundred miles, arrived during the night, and bivouacked in the court of the Tuileries, where but a few months before hostile battalions had shouted their insulting triumphs, and had encircled with their bayonets the usurping Bourbons. Every moment regiments from a distance were marching into Paris with unfurled banners and exultant music, till the whole neighborhood of the palace was covered with troops. As these de-

voted bands successively arrived, they were received by citizens and soldiers with shouts of welcome, which reverberated long and loud through the streets of the metropolis.

At twelve o'clock, the Emperor, attended by an immense retinue of staff-officers, descended the great stairs of the Tuilleries to review the troops. As he rode along the lines, a burst of enthusiasm greeted him which it is impossible to describe. He answered with smiles, with an affectionate nod of the head, and occasionally with those ready words ever at his command, and which never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of those to whom they were addressed.

The Old Guard of Napoleon, now bivouacking in the metropolis, occasionally threw out bitter taunts against the National Guard of Paris for surrendering so promptly to the Allies. Napoleon enjoined upon his grenadiers to keep silence upon that point. To obliterate all traces of unkindness, and to cement their friendship, he requested the Imperial Guard to invite the national troops to a dinner. This festive occasion assembled fifteen thousand soldiers in the *Field of Mars*. At the close of the joyous repast, the whole multitude of soldiers, accompanied by a vast concourse of the citizens of Paris, proceeded to the Tuilleries, bearing the bust of Napoleon, crowned with laurel. After saluting the Emperor with reiterated acclamations, they repaired to the Place Vendôme, intending to replace the statue upon that proud monument from which the Allies had torn it down. Napoleon interrupted the work, saying nobly, "It is not at the close of a banquet that my image is again to ascend the column; that is a question for the *nation* to decide."

The nation has decided the question. The statue of the Emperor, at the bidding of united France, again crowns that majestic shaft. Every evening, martial bands, at the foot of the monument, in those strains which were wont to thrill the soul of Napoleon, salute the image of the most beloved monarch earth has ever known. And now, after the lapse of forty years, upon his birth-day, loving hearts still encircle his statue with their annual tribute of garlands of flowers.

There are, however, some who can speak contemptuously of Napoleon Bonaparte. They are to be pitied rather than blamed. Some persons can not discern difference of colors; others can not perceive discord or harmony; and there are those who are incapable of appreciating *grandeur of character*. They are not to be judged harshly. It is their *misfortune*.

It will be remembered that Murat, in order to save his crown, had joined the Allies, and turned his arms against Napoleon. He had not supposed it possible that the Allies, whom Napoleon had so often treated magnanimously in the hour of victory, would proceed to such lengths as to depose the Emperor. The impulsive King of Naples found his alliance with the feudal despots utterly uncongenial. His energies were paralyzed as he drew his sword against his old companions in arms. As blow after blow, from the multitudinous and unrelenting enemy, fell upon the doomed Emperor, remorse began to agitate the bosom of Murat. When Napoleon was struggling, in the terrific campaign of Paris, against a million of invaders, the King of Naples was hesitating between his apparent interest and a desire to

return to heroic duty. On the evening of the 13th of April, two days after Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, Murat was walking thoughtfully and sadly in the garden of his country seat. He was freely unbosoming his perplexities and his anguish to General Coletta. A courier arrived and placed a note in his hands. He read it in silence, turned pale, and seemed struck as by a thunderbolt. Then pacing rapidly backward and forward for a moment, he again stopped, gazed intensely upon the ground, turned, seemed utterly bewildered. General Coletta and several officers of his suite, astonished at the strange appearance of the king, gathered around him. With an expression of indescribable wildness and anguish, he fixed his eyes upon them, and said,

“Gentlemen, Paris has capitulated. The Emperor is dethroned and a captive.”

The fearless warrior could say no more. Burying his face in his hands, he burst into a flood of tears. All the memory of the past came rushing upon him, and he sobbed like a child. His irrepressible emotion overcame the whole group, and every eye was dimmed.

The Allies, with characteristic perfidy, defrauded poor Murat of the wages of his treachery. The Bourbons of France immediately determined, at every sacrifice, in order to strengthen the principle of legitimacy, to dethrone Murat, and to effect the restoration of the Bourbons of Naples. The Allies never allowed any treaties which they had signed with the popular party to stand in the way of their enterprises. Upon the pretext that Murat had joined them merely to subserve his own interests, and that he had rendered them but little assistance, England, France, and Austria, at the Congress of Vienna, entered into a secret convention for his expulsion from Naples, and for the restoration of the imbecile Ferdinand and his infamous queen. Thus they refused to pay their dupe even his poor thirty pieces of silver.

Murat, trembling in anticipation of the approaching storm, was, on the evening of the 4th of March, surrounded by his generals and friends in the queen's drawing-room, when a messenger brought him the intelligence of the Emperor's landing at Cannes, and of his march upon Paris. The countenance of the king became radiant with joy. New hope dawned upon him. With characteristic imprudence, he resolved immediately, without waiting for any advices from the Emperor, to make an attack upon the Allies. He hoped that the promptness of his zeal would be some atonement for past defection. Deaf to all remonstrances, and as impetuous as when making a cavalry charge, he said to his ministers,

“Italy waits only for a signal and a man. I have eighty thousand soldiers inured to war, and a powerful provincial militia. All the countries washed by the Po invite a liberator. The generals of the old army of Eugene at Milan, and those of Piedmont, write me word that they are ready to revolt, and, beneath the tri-colored banner, to form the league of Italian independence. The Congress at Vienna has dissatisfied all people, on both sides the Apennines. Genoa is indignant. Venice is humbled. Piedmont, thrown back into the slavery of the priests and nobles, struggles beneath the double yoke imposed upon it. The Milanese murmur deep and loud at their subjection to the old slavery of Austria and Rome. Its provinces are falling

again under that sacerdotal tyranny which besots while it enchains a people who had been for a moment free."

In vain it was represented to him that he could make no effectual headway against the million of soldiers whom the Allies had under arms. Had he waited until the proper moment, he might, aided by the judicious counsel and co-operation of the Emperor, have accomplished great results. But, with characteristic daring, he made a premature and a headlong charge, and was overwhelmed with numbers. His army was cut to pieces. Murat, in his despair, sought death in the midst of the bullets, but could not find it. "Death," he exclaimed, indignantly, "will not touch me." He returned, a fugitive, to his palace, threw his arms around the neck of his wife, and, yielding himself to uncontrollable emotion, exclaimed, "All is lost, Caroline!" "No," replied the queen, in the lofty spirit of her imperial brother, "all is not lost. We still preserve our honor, and constancy remains to us in adversity."

On the 20th of May, as Napoleon, in triumph, was entering Paris, Murat, in disguise, and in a fisherman's boat, was escaping from Naples. He reached France. The speedy overthrow of Napoleon left him a fugitive, pursued by all the vigilance of despotism. After wandering about for many weeks in disguise, enduring every privation and peril, he, while Napoleon was being conveyed a captive to St. Helena, made a desperate endeavor, characteristically bold and injudicious, to regain his throne. He was arrested, summarily tried by a court-martial, and condemned to immediate death. With composure he listened to the sentence, and then sat down and wrote the following letter to his wife :

"My dear Caroline,—My last hour has sounded. In a few moments I shall have ceased to live, and you will no longer have a husband. Do not forget me. My life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell, my Achille! farewell, my Letitia! farewell, my Lucien! farewell, my Louisa! Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of enemies. Be united. Prove yourselves superior to misfortune. Remember what you are, and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering, in my last moments, is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing. Receive my embraces and my tears. Preserve always in your memory the recollection of your unhappy father.

"JOACHIM.

"Pizzo, 13th October, 1815."

In this dread hour, when Murat was about to enter the world of spirits, he felt, as every soul not bestial must feel, the need of religious support. All pride of stoicism, and all the glory of past achievements, dwindled into nothingness as the tribunal of final judgment and the retributions of eternity opened before him. He called for a clergyman, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and wrote, with his own hand, "I declare that I die a true Christian."

With a firm step he then walked to the place of execution. A company

of soldiers was drawn up in two lines before him, with loaded muskets. He refused to have his eyes bandaged. For a moment he serenely, and with a smile, contemplated the instruments of his execution; then pressing to his lips a picture of his wife and children, which he always wore in his bosom, he said to the soldiers, "Save my face. Aim at my heart." A volley of musketry answered his words, and, pierced by bullets, Joachim Murat fell dead. He was in the forty-ninth year of his age.



THE DEATH OF MURAT.

Murat, notwithstanding his impetuous bravery, had much sensibility and gentleness of heart. He made the extraordinary declaration to Count Marbourg, his friend and very able minister:

"My sweetest consolation, when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general, and a king, is, that I never saw a man fall dead by my hand. It is not, of course, impossible that, in so many charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol-shots fired at random may have wounded or killed an enemy; but I have known nothing of the matter. If a man fell dead before me, and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb."

The name of Murat will never die. His faults were many, and yet there was much in his character to win affection. With but ordinary intellectual capacities, tender affections, and the utmost impetuosity of spirit, and exposed to every temptation which could crowd upon a mortal soul, it is not strange that his career should have been sullied. Much that passes for virtue is but the absence of temptation. God alone can adjust the measure-

ment of human guilt. At his tribunal all these warriors who deluged Europe in blood have appeared. From his lips they have received that righteous judgment from which there can be no appeal.



MURAT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNRELENTING HOSTILITY OF THE ALLIES.

The Cabinet of Louis—Organization of the Government—Benjamin Constant—Address of the Council of State—The School at Ecouen—Quarrel among the Allies—Their Consternation—Talleyrand—Eloquent Speech of Talleyrand—Decision of the Allies—Infamous Outlawry of the Emperor—Duplicity of Wellington and Castlereagh—Opposition in the British House of Commons—Sympathy of the British People with Napoleon—Napoleon's Letter to the Allied Sovereigns—His Appeal to Europe.

THE soldiers of the Duke of Berri, having trampled beneath their feet the flag of the Bourbons, and elevated with exultant shouts the Eagles of the empire, marched into Paris, and, with irrepressible enthusiasm, demanded permission to salute their Emperor. Napoleon mounted his horse and rode along the lines, while resounding acclamations burst from the enthusiastic battalions and squadrons before him. He gathered the soldiers around him, waved his hand for silence, and thus addressed them :

“ Soldiers ! I came into France with six hundred men, because I relied on the love of the people, and on the memory of the old soldiers. I have not been deceived in my expectations. Soldiers ! I thank you. The glory

of what we have done is due to the people and to you. My glory is limited to having known and appreciated your affection.

“The throne of the Bourbons was illegitimate, because it had been proscribed by the will of the nation, expressed in all our national assemblies, and because it promoted the interests of but a small number of arrogant men, whose pretensions were opposed to our rights.

“ Soldiers ! the imperial throne alone can guarantee *the rights of the people*. We are about to march to drive from our territory those princes who are the auxiliaries of foreigners. The nation will second us with its wishes, and follow our impulse. The French people and I rely upon you. We do not wish to meddle with the affairs of foreign countries ; but woe to those who would meddle with ours.”

In the midst of peals of applause, resounding through the most distant streets of Paris, Napoleon reascended the stairs of the Tuilleries, and entered his former cabinet. Louis Stanislas Xavier had left in such haste, that many memorials of his presence remained behind. The luxurious easy chair, to which his enormous obesity and his many infirmities confined him, was in the corner. A portfolio, forgotten upon the table, contained the private and con-



NAPOLEON IN THE CABINET OF LOUIS XVIII.

fidential papers of the king. They were safe in the keeping of Napoleon ; his pride of character, and delicate sense of honor, would not allow him to pry into these disclosures of the private life of his enemies. He ordered them all to be sealed, and to be sent by a dispatch to their owner. Some officious person, thinking to gratify the Emperor, had placed upon the table sundry

caricatures, holding up the Bourbons to derision. The Emperor indignantly ordered them to be removed. He had too much majesty of soul to indulge in triumph so ignoble. Crucifixes, images, and beads, indices of the devotion or the superstition of Louis, were strewed about the room. "Take them away," said the Emperor, mildly. "The cabinet of a French monarch should not resemble the cell of a monk."

He ordered the map of France to be spread upon the table. As he contemplated its diminished borders, he exclaimed with sadness, "Poor France!" Then turning to Caulaincourt, he said, "I have proclaimed peace throughout my march. As far as depends on me, my promise shall be fulfilled. Circumstances are imperative. I will recognize the treaty of Paris. I can now accept what I could not accept at Chatillon without tarnishing my glory. France was obliged to make sacrifices. The act is done. But it did not become *me* to strip France to preserve the crown. I take the affairs of the country as I find them. I wish the continuation of peace. It is the sound policy of the Powers not to rekindle the torch of war. I have written to the Empress. She will prevail upon her father to permit her to rejoin me."

Napoleon earnestly desired peace. He even thought it *possible*, though not at all probable, that the Allies might now consent to the independence of France. It consequently became fatally necessary for him to make no preparation for war. The Allies had still enormous armies in the field, ready at any moment, in locust legions, to pour into France. The armies of France were disbanded, and there were no military supplies. Any movement of Napoleon toward reorganizing his forces would have been seized hold of by the Allies, and proclaimed to the world as new proof of "the insatiable ambition and bloodthirsty appetite" of the Emperor. Consequently, the Emperor was compelled, in the protection of his own reputation, in which alone his strength consisted, to await the results of his proposals for peace, without making any preparation for war. This was a fatality from which there was no escape. Under embarrassments so dreadful, Napoleon was doomed to abide the decision of the Allies.

With incredible rapidity, the new government was organized. It met the wishes of the nation. The councilors of state were all men of marked ability, of extended reputation, of special administrative skill, and of well-known devotion to the popular cause. The councilors drew up an address to the Emperor, which was intended for the nation. "Sire!" said they, "the Emperor, in reascending the throne, to which he had been raised by the people, re-establishes thereby the people in their most sacred rights. He returns to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France has recognized and consecrated for twenty-five years past."

"Princes," Napoleon replied, "are but the first citizens of the state. Their authority is more or less extended, according to the interests of the nations they govern. Sovereignty itself is hereditary only because the interests of nations require it. Beyond this principle I know of no legitimacy."

Benjamin Constant was one of the most distinguished of the sons of France. As a writer and an orator, he stood at the head of the Republican party. When Napoleon, in accordance with the wishes of the nation, assumed that dictatorial power, without which France could by no possibility

have sustained her independence against the combined despots of Europe, Benjamin Constant resolutely turned against the Emperor. But experience had now enlightened him. He had seen despotism triumphant, the Bourbons forced upon France by foreigners, and again driven from the kingdom by an indignant people. He hastened now to give in his adhesion to the Emperor. Napoleon received him as if he had been an old friend. Frankly and truly Napoleon declared that devotion to the popular cause had rendered it essential for him to assume dictatorial power. It was a demonstrable fact.

"The nation," said he, "threw itself at my feet when I assumed the government. You ought to recollect it—you who attempted an opposition. Where was your support—your strength? Nowhere. I assumed less authority than I was invited to take. The people, on my return from Elba, crowding on my footsteps, hurrying from the summits of the mountains, called upon me, sought me out, saluted me. From Cannes to Paris I have not conquered, I have administered the government. I am not, as it is said, the Emperor of the soldiers only; I am the Emperor of the peasants, of the plebeians of France. There is sympathy between us. It is not so with the privileged classes. The nobility have served me. They rushed in crowds into my ante-chambers. There is not a post they have not accepted, asked for, solicited. I have had the Montmorencies, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauveaus, the Montemartes; but there never has been any sympathy. The horse curveted, he was well trained; but I felt him quiver. The popular fibre responds to my own. I am sprung from the ranks of the people. My voice acts upon them. There is the same nature between us. They look upon me as their support, as their savior against the nobles. I have only to make a sign, or simply to avert my eyes, and the nobles would be massacred in all the provinces. But I do not wish to be the king of the mob. Public discussions, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I wish for all that—the liberty of the press above all. It is absurd to stifle it. I am the man of the people. I have never wished to deprive them of liberty for my own pleasure. I have now but one mission—to raise up France again, and to give it the most suitable form of government. I wish for peace. But I shall not obtain it but by dint of victories. I foresee a difficult struggle—a long war. To maintain it, the nation must support me."*

* An admirable article upon Napoleon, in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, contains the following judicious remarks, which will command themselves to every impartial mind:

"The opinions now entertained respecting him may be classed, we think, under the following heads. 1. That he was a usurper. This charge is preferred by two very different parties: 1. By the adherents of legitimacy, who think his noblest course would have been to play the part of General Monk. We need not discuss this point in this country, and in the year 1832. 2. The charge of usurpation is also made by some Republicans. We have already observed that, up to the time when Napoleon took the reins of government, no republic can be said to have existed in France. We need, then, only ask whether the tendency of France was toward a republic, and whether Napoleon ought to have lent his power to establish it, provided he could have seen the possibility of its permanence. The forms of government, important as they are, are but secondary, compared to the primary elements of national character and political condition, and are always dependent on the latter. The preservation of the new politico-social relations was also to be attended to. If a republic was incompatible with justice, safety of person and property, internal peace, or national independence, the former ought to have given way to the latter. We believe that there are few persons of judgment who, at present, maintain that at that period a republic could have comported with the internal and external relations of France. Firmly attached as we are to republican insti-

The Emperor's first administrative act was characteristic of his whole career. He convened the electoral colleges in each department, that his resumption of power might be submitted to the suffrages of the whole people. He persisted in this, notwithstanding the Council of State had issued the following decree, whose statements no one would venture to deny :

“March 25, 1815. The Council of State, in resuming its functions, feels bound to make known the principles which form the rule of its opinions and its conduct.

“The sovereignty resides in the people. They are the only source of legitimate power. In 1789, the nation reconquered its rights, which had for a long time been usurped or disregarded. The National Assembly abolished the feudal monarchy, and established a constitutional monarchy and representative government. The resistance of the Bourbons to the wishes of the French people terminated in their downfall and their banishment from the French territory. The people twice sanctioned by their votes the new form of government established by their representatives.

“1. In the year 1799, Bonaparte, already crowned by victory, was raised to the government by national assent. A Constitution created the consular magistracy.

“2. A decree of the Senate, on the 2d of August, 1802, appointed Napoleon Bonaparte consul for life.

“3. A decree of the Senate, on the 18th of March, 1804, conferred upon Napoleon the imperial dignity, and made it hereditary in his family.

“These three solemn acts were submitted to the approval of the nation. It sanctioned them by nearly four millions of votes. Thus had the Bourbons, during twenty-two years, ceased to reign in France. They were forgotten by their contemporaries. Strangers to our laws, to our institutions, to our manners, to our glory, the present generation knew them not but by the remembrance of the foreign wars which they had excited against the country, and the intestine divisions which they had stirred up. The foreigners set up a pretended provisional government. They assembled a minority of the senators, and compelled them, in opposition to their trust and their wish, to set aside the existing Constitutions, to subvert the imperial throne, and to recall the Bourbon family. The abdication of the Emperor Napoleon was merely the consequence of the unfortunate situation to which France and the Emperor were reduced by the events of the war, by treason, and by the occupation of the capital. The abdication had for its object only the prevention of civil war and the effusion of blood. This act, which was not confirmed by the will of the people, could not destroy the solemn contract which had been formed between the nation and the Emperor. And even if Napoleon might personally abdicate the crown, he could not sacrifice the rights of his son, appointed to reign after him.

“Louis Stanislas Xavier arrived in France. He took possession of the throne. The people, overawed by the presence of foreigners, could not,

tutions, we yet must admit that, as there must be a difference in the habitations of men, according to the materials which they possess for their construction, so governments must differ with the character and condition of the governed.” How many there are who are blind to these obvious truths!

freely and validly, declare the national wish. Under the protection of the allied army, having thanked a foreign prince for having enabled him to ascend the throne, Louis Stanislas Xavier dated the first act of his authority in the nineteenth year of his reign, thereby declaring that the measures which had emanated from the will of the people were merely the offspring of a long rebellion. All these acts are therefore illegal ; done in the presence of hostile armies, and under foreign control, they are merely the work of violence. They are essentially null, and are outrages on the honor, the liberty, and the rights of the people.

“On reascending the throne to which the people had raised him, the Emperor therefore only re-established the most sacred rights of the nation. He returned to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France had recognized and sanctioned during the past twenty-five years, and to which all the authorities had bound themselves by oaths, from which the will of the people could alone release them.”

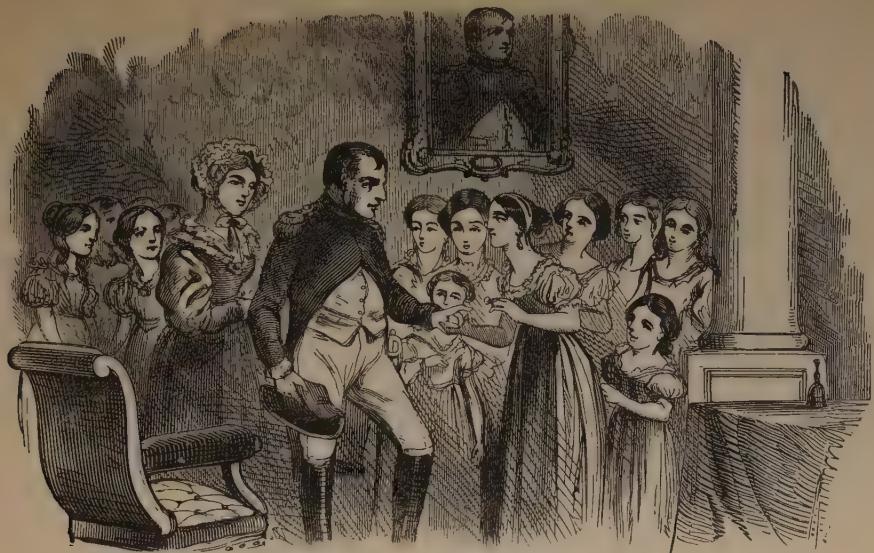
Notwithstanding these decisive decrees, the Emperor was so scrupulous respecting any appearance even of usurpation, that he insisted that the question of his re-election should be submitted to the suffrages of the people. There were now four parties in France—the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the friends of the Emperor. The votes were taken, and Napoleon was again chosen to the chief magistracy of France by a majority of more than a million of votes over all the other parties. And still the Allies called this a *usurpation*.

The saloons of the Tuilleries were constantly thronged. Napoleon received all kindly. Members of that Senate which had pronounced Napoleon’s forfeiture of the throne, called, tremblingly, with their congratulations. The Emperor received them with courtesy, and gave no indication of the slightest resentment. “I leave that act,” said he, “for history to relate. For my part, I forget all past occurrences.”

The Emperor embraced an early opportunity of visiting the institution he had established at Ecouen for the orphan daughters of the members of the Legion of Honor. These young girls, who had been provided for by the affectionate liberality of Napoleon, gathered around their benefactor with inexpressible enthusiasm. They threw themselves at his feet, and with tears embraced his knees. He took up a spoon to taste their food. The spoon immediately became sacred in their eyes. When he left, they had it cut in pieces, and moulded into little amulets, which they wore in their bosoms. Nearly all the pupils wore upon their fingers rings of braided hair. One of the young ladies ventured to slip a ring upon Napoleon’s finger. Encouraged by the smile of the Emperor, the rest, rushing upon him, seized his hands, and covered them with these pledges of love and gratitude. “Young ladies,” said the Emperor, “they shall be as precious to me as the jewels of my crown.” On retiring to his carriage, he exclaimed, with moistened eyes, “*Voici le comble de bonheur ; ceux-ci sont les plus beaux momens de ma vie.*” “This is the height of happiness ; these are the most delightful moments of my life.”*

The allied sovereigns in the Congress of Vienna had been for months

* *Hist. de Napoleon*, par Emile Marco de Saint Hilaire.



NAPOLEON AT THE SCHOOL OF ECOUEN.

quarreling respecting the division of the spoils of reconquered Europe. One hundred thousand distinguished strangers were attracted, by the splendors of the occasion, within the walls of that voluptuous capital. Eighty thousand of the most brilliantly dressed soldiers of the allied armies formed the magnificent cortège for this crowd of princes and kings. Seven hundred ambassadors or envoys participated in the deliberations of those haughty conquerors, who had now again placed their feet upon the necks of the people. The regal revelers relieved the toils of diplomacy with feasting and dances, and all luxurious indulgence. The Emperor of Austria defrayed the expenses of this enormous hospitality. The imperial table alone was maintained at an expense of twenty-five thousand dollars a day.

The Allies were involved in a desperate quarrel respecting the division of the spoils of Poland, Saxony, and Italy, and were just on the point of breaking up and turning their arms against each other, when a courier brought to Lord Castlereagh the tidings that Napoleon had left Elba. Talleyrand was at that time making his toilet for a ball, in accordance with the etiquette of the voluptuaries around him. His hands were wet with the perfumes which his *valets de chambre* had poured upon them; and two barbers were curling and powdering his hair. His niece, the young and beautiful Princess of Courlande, ran into the room with a note from Metternich, marked *secret and in haste*. Talleyrand, looking up from the midst of the curling-irons, powders, and perfumes, requested his niece to open and read the note.

She did so, and, turning pale, exclaimed, "Heavens! Bonaparte has left Elba! What is to become of my ball this evening?"

The imperturbable minister, whose external equanimity no possible surprise could derange, after a moment's pause, said, in those low tones of gravity which he had carefully cultivated, "Do not be uneasy, niece, your ball shall take place notwithstanding." Though the well-trained diploma-



THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO TALLEYRAND.

tist could thus conceal his alarm, it was not so with the other guilty revellers at this Belshazzar's feast. "If a thunderbolt," says Alison, "had fallen in the midst of the brilliance assembled in the imperial ball-room at Vienna, it could not have excited greater consternation than this simple announcement. It was deemed, nevertheless, expedient to conceal the alarm which all really felt." Talleyrand quietly continued his toilet, and, after shutting himself up for several hours with M. Metternich and Lord Castlereagh, wrote to Louis XVIII., advising him to place no reliance upon the people of France, but assuring him of the continued support of the Allies.

No one knew toward what point the Emperor intended to direct his steps. Five days of doubt, conjecture, and intense anxiety passed before any further intelligence was received. The festivities were all suspended, and Europe thought of but one idea and of one man. A proscribed exile, without money and without arms, floating upon the waves of the Mediterranean, simply by the magic of his name plunged all the courts and all the armies

of Europe into commotion. Two powers at that moment equally divided Europe. One power was Napoleon Bonaparte, solitary and alone; the other power was all the combined monarchs, and armies, and navies of Christendom.

On the 5th of March, the Congress received the intelligence that Napoleon had landed in France, and was borne along on resistless waves of popular enthusiasm toward Paris. Amazement and consternation were depicted upon every countenance. The Allies immediately held a council, and, after a few reproaches, all their differences were laid aside in dread of their common foe. The anger of the Allies was vehemently aroused against *the people of France* for their invincible attachment to Napoleon. The coalesced despots had heretofore, in defiance of human intelligence, declared Napoleon to be a usurper and a tyrant, crushing the liberties of the people beneath iron hoofs and sabre strokes. But this unexampled exhibition of a nation's love and homage for a moment struck dumb these lips of falsehood. "The anger of the sovereigns and their ministers against Napoleon," says Lamartine, "turned into resentment against *France herself*, the accomplice, either through connivance or servility, of Bonaparte. So long as this focus of war and revolution should exist, there could be no durable peace for the nations—no security for crowns. A European war of extermination against France, which had executed Louis XVI., and twice crowned Napoleon, was the first cry of the sovereigns and their councils. Its immediate conquest, before the nation should have time to furnish armies to Bonaparte, its partition afterward, that the members of this great body should never be able to join to upheave the weight of the whole world—these were the resolutions uttered in an under tone."

It seemed in vain to attempt to force upon France the Bourbons. All the Powers were alike disposed to abandon their cause, and to partition France as Poland had been partitioned, or to place upon the throne an energetic man of their own choice. "I am weary of war," said Alexander. "I can not employ the whole period of my reign, and the whole forces of my empire, in raising up in France a family which knows neither how to fight nor how to reign. I shall never draw the sword for them again."

Talleyrand stood alone in the Congress to advocate the cause of the Bourbons, to whom only he could look for a reward. The sagacious minister was adequate to his task. For eight days he struggled, single-handed, against the resolve of the combined cabinets of Europe. With diplomatic wisdom, address, and genius, which have perhaps never been surpassed, he faltered not until he had obtained his end. Each day panting couriers brought the tidings of Napoleon's advance, and of the enthusiasm which every where greeted him. The allied generals indignantly grasped their swords and demanded a prompt invasion, and the entire subjugation of a people who so pertinaciously claimed the right of choosing their own form of government. The sovereigns, exasperated by this marvelous power of the Emperor over the hearts of the French people, breathed only vengeance. And yet the imperturbable and wily diplomatist of the Bourbons day after day allayed these excitements, and drew his antagonists nearer and nearer to his own counsels.

The morning of the 13th of March dawned. The Allies had determined to come on this day to a final decision. The question was simply this: "Shall France be partitioned off, as was Poland, among the other powers of Europe; or shall we place upon the throne a monarch who will advocate our cause, like Bernadotte, but more energetic and less unpopular than the Bourbons; or shall we replace the Bourbons again upon the throne?" The question of the independence of France and the right of the French people to elect their own sovereign was not even suggested. Talleyrand employed the whole night of the 12th in preparation for the momentous decision. As he left his mansion to go to the place of the Congress, he said to his niece and his secretary,



TALLEYRAND.

"I leave you in despair. I am going to make the last efforts. If I fail, France is lost, and the Bourbons and I shall not have even the remnant of a country for exile. I know your impatience to ascertain our fate. I can not send you a messenger during the day, since nothing is allowed to be communicated out of the hall of conference. But be at the window at the hour when my carriage returns, bringing me back a conqueror or conquered. If I have failed, I shall keep myself shut up and motionless. If success has crowned my efforts, I will wave from the carriage window a paper, the signal of our triumph."

The sitting was commenced in the morning, and prolonged late into the

day. The speech of Talleyrand—uttered in low, calm, conversational, yet earnest tones—is one of the most persuasive upon record. A theatric display of gesture and of impassioned intonations would have been grossly out of place in the presence of such an audience, and in a crisis so momentous.

“If you punish France,” said Talleyrand, “by dividing it after its conquest, how will you agree together in the distribution of the spoils? And what power can restrain under its hand the members, still living, still convulsive, ever on the stretch to rejoin one another? You have had nothing to dread in France but the revolutionary spirit; but you will then have to restrain and combat, at the same time, the two least compressible forces in the political world—the *revolutionary spirit*, and the *spirit of independence*. This double volcano will open its craters even under your own hereditary possessions. Look at Poland! Is it not the spirit of independence which perpetually nourishes there the spirit of revolution? The partition of France would be the ruin of the Continent.

“But it is said that the question is, not to ruin France, but to weaken it, so that it shall not be hurtful to other nations; to exhaust its strength, to occupy it for a time, and then to give it, for its masters, sovereigns with a firmer hand, and a name less unpopular than that of Bourbon! But if you cease to recognize the right of the *legitimacy of kings* in France, what becomes of your own right in Europe? What becomes of this principle, or rather this *religion of legitimacy*, which we have found again under the ruins of the revolutions, subversions, and conquests of twenty years? Did the house of Bourbon offer at this moment only enervated sovereigns to fill the throne, Europe would still be condemned to crown them or to perish. The cause of Europe is the cause of *legitimacy*; and *legitimacy* is synonymous with the house of Bourbon. The *partition of France* would be a crime against nations; the *dethronement of the Bourbons* would be a crime against thrones.

“There is but one course which is wise and just. It is to separate the cause of the French nation from that of Bonaparte; to declare personal and exclusive war against him, and peace to France. You thus weaken Bonaparte by showing him alone to be the only obstacle to the reconciliation of nations, and you disarm France by separating her cause from the cause of Bonaparte. And then it must be declared that Europe will never recognize, under any circumstances whatever, the sovereignty of France but in the house of Bourbon.”

The Allies were convinced. They then issued to the world the following infamous decree: “The allied sovereigns, being informed of the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of his having entered France by force of arms, owe to their own dignity and the interests of society a solemn declaration of the sentiments with which that event has inspired them. By thus infringing the convention which settled Napoleon in the island of Elba, he has destroyed the only legal title to which his existence was attached (*auquel son existence se trouvait attachée*). By reappearing in France with the design of disturbing and subverting it, *he has deprived himself of the protection of the laws*, and made manifest to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The Powers therefore declare that *Napoleon Bonaparte has*

thrown himself out of all the relations of civilized society; and that, as an enemy and a disturber of the world, he has rendered himself an object of public vengeance."

They then bound themselves by a solemn pledge to pursue to the last extremity, with all the energies of their combined states and kingdoms, the sovereign of the people's choice. This despotic decree was signed by Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden. By a secret treaty, concluded on the same day, it was solemnly stipulated that the contracting parties should not lay down their arms till they had effected the complete destruction of Napoleon.

The unprecedented spectacle was now presented of all the monarchies and armies of Europe combined against one single man. Napoleon's only strength consisted in the love of the people, whose cause he had so nobly espoused and so heroically maintained. The strength of the Allies was deposited in their bayonets and their gunpowder. They immediately marshaled their countless armies to crush at once and forever the child and the champion of popular equality. Austria contributed 350,000 troops under Schwartzenberg; England and Prussia furnished an army of 250,000 men to act in concert under Wellington and Blucher; Alexander himself headed his semi-barbarian legions, 200,000 strong. The auxiliaries from other nations raised this formidable armament to one million of men. The fleets of England also girdled France and swept the seas, that there might be no escape for the doomed victim. Such were the forces which were arrayed, with all the enginery of war, to wrest *one man* from the love of the people. Never was a mortal placed in such a position of sublimity before. Chateaubriand had pithily said, "If the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other."

The public announcement of this high-handed outrage against the independence of France caused not a little embarrassment to the two English ambassadors. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh were perhaps as bitterly opposed to any thing like popular reform, and as imperiously devoted to the interests of aristocratic privileges as any two men to be found on the Continent of Europe. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, powerful in despotism, could exclude all knowledge from their subjects, or could silence with the bayonet any feeble murmurs which should arise from their enslaved peoples. They could boldly avow, in the language of an Austrian princess, that "sovereigns should be as regardless of the complaints of their subjects as the moon is of the barking of dogs."

But in England it was not precisely so. There was in England a liberal Constitution, a House of Commons, a free press, and an inquisitive people. Consequently, these English nobles did not dare to move so defiantly as did their confederated despots. While therefore combining, with intense cordiality, in this attempt to wrest from France the sovereign of its choice, and to force upon the nation a twice rejected dynasty, they ventured the declaration to the British people, that they only joined the coalition against a common enemy, but that *they had no disposition to interfere with the rights of the French nation in the choice of their own rulers*; "a reservation," says

Lamartine, "which was necessary for their justification to the British Parliament."

With this astonishing declaration upon their lips, the British government appropriated, in prosecution of the war for that year, \$90,000,000 to the navy, \$139,000,000 to the army, and the subsidies paid to foreign powers amounted \$55,000,000 more. They maintained six hundred and fifty thousand men in arms, and placed fifty-eight ships of the line in commission. The whole war expenses of the year amounted to the unparalleled sum of \$550,000,000. Such were the herculean energies requisite to crush the illustrious chieftain of popular rights. Such were the enormous sums wrested from the people of England to maintain despotic authority on the Continent of Europe.

There was in the British House of Commons a band of noble men who boasted all the tremendous power of the British government, in bold denunciation of this great iniquity; and even then there were so many of the *English people* whose sympathies were with Napoleon, that those who were in the opposition were accused of *seeking popularity* by their opposition to the measures of the government.

While the Allies were thus unrelentingly preparing for war, Napoleon was making every possible effort for the promotion of peace. Even when the combined army was advancing through Germany toward the frontiers of France, and when the English vessels were capturing the French ships on all seas, he still disregarded these hostile acts, hoping, by assurances of his readiness to accede to any reasonable propositions, to save his country and Europe from another appeal to the horrors of war. The Austrian ambassador left Paris soon after Napoleon's arrival, refusing to have any official intercourse with the government of the Emperor. Napoleon had not been able to have any communication with Maria Louisa. The Austrian ambassador consented to take a letter to her. He, however, gave it to the Emperor Francis, and it was never placed in her hands. The Emperor Francis being apprehensive that Napoleon might, by some means, succeed in regaining his wife and son, transported them both to his palace, and guarded them vigilantly. To alienate the Empress from her noble husband, she was infamously told, according to the testimony of the Duke of Rovigo, that Napoleon had assembled a harem of beautiful ladies around him, and was happy in their smiles. How far Maria Louisa credited the cruel slander is not known.

In all his pacific overtures Napoleon was sternly repulsed. The Allies would allow no messenger from him to approach them. Alexander greatly admired the grace, intelligence, and amiable virtues of Queen Hortense. Through her mediation Napoleon endeavored to get access to the heart of the Czar. But the Russian monarch was bound too firmly in the chains of the coalition to escape. He frankly replied to the sorrow-stricken daughter of Josephine, "There can be no peace, not even a truce with Napoleon." The Emperor then sent his brother Joseph, whose character commanded the respect of every monarch in Europe, on a secret mission to Vienna, to endeavor, by every honorable artifice, to gain the ear of the allied sovereigns. But he found all alike unrelenting. Napoleon then, as his last resort, wrote

the following dignified yet earnest appeal for peace to each of the allied sovereigns, and dispatched couriers with a copy to each of their respective courts :

“Paris, April 4, 1814.

“Sire, my Brother,—You have learned, in the course of the last month, of my return to the shores of France, my entrance into Paris, and the retirement of the Bourbons. The true nature of these events must now be known to your majesty. They are the work of an irresistible power, the result of the unanimous will of a great nation, which knows its duties and its rights. The dynasty which force had imposed upon a great people was no longer calculated for them. The Bourbons had no community with them either of feeling or manners. France was therefore compelled to withdraw from them. The experiment which had induced me to make so great a sacrifice had failed. France called for a liberator; I therefore returned. From the spot where I first touched the soil of France, the love of my people bore me to the bosom of my capital.

“The first wish of my heart is to repay so much affection with an honorable tranquillity. The re-establishment of the imperial throne was necessary for the happiness of the French. It is my most ardent hope to render it at the same time the means of confirming the peace of Europe. Enough of glory has added lustre, by turns, to the flags of the different nations. The vicissitudes of fate have sufficiently caused a succession of great reverses and signal triumphs. A more noble arena is now open to the sovereigns, and I shall be the first to enter it. After having presented the world with the spectacle of great battles, it will be more grateful to recognize hereafter no other rivalship than that of prolonging the blessings of peace—no other struggle than the sacred one of perpetuating the happiness of nations.

“France takes a pride in proclaiming frankly this noble end of all her wishes. Jealous of her own independence, the invariable principle of her policy will be, the most absolute respect for the independence of other nations. If such are, as I cherish the hope, the personal sentiments of your majesty, the general tranquillity is assured for a long period, and Justice, seated at the confines of states, will alone suffice to guard their frontiers.

“NAPOLEON.”

The frontiers, however, were so vigilantly guarded against every messenger from Napoleon, and the Allies were so determined to withdraw themselves from any kind of communication with him, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs could not succeed in forwarding one of these letters to any of the European courts. Under these circumstances, Caulaincourt sorrowfully made the following report to the Emperor and to the nation :

“Sire,—Alarming symptoms are all at once manifested on every side. An unaccountable system threatens to prevail among the allied powers—that of preparing for action without admitting a preliminary explanation with the nation they seem determined to assail. It was reserved for the present epoch to see an assemblage simultaneously interdict all communication with one great state, and close all access to its amicable assurances. The couriers sent from Paris to the different courts have not been able to reach

their destination. One could not pass beyond Strasburg. Another, sent to Italy, was stopped at Turin. A third, destined for Berlin and the north, has been arrested at Mayence, ill treated by the Prussian commandant, and his dispatches have been seized. When a barrier thus impenetrable rises between the French ministry and its agents abroad, between your majesty's cabinet and those of other sovereigns, there is no other method open to your ministry than by the public acts of foreign governments to judge of their intentions.

"In England, orders have been given to augment the British forces as well by land as by sea. Thus the French nation ought, on all sides, to be on its guard. It may apprehend a continental aggression, and, at the same time, it must watch the whole extent of its coasts against the possibility of descent. In Austria, in Russia, in Prussia, in all parts of Germany, and in Italy—every where, in short, is seen a general armament. On every point of Europe, and at the same moment, troops are preparing, arming, marching."

These were appalling tidings to France. The empire was already exhausted by the interminable wars into which the Allies had dragged it. It was quite unprepared for a renewal of the dreadful conflict. A million of armed men were crowding mercilessly on to desolate the hills and valleys of France with flames and blood. The boldest hearts in France trembled. The odds were so fearfully unequal, that many were in despair. The Allies, by adroitly separating Napoleon from France, and declaring that they waged war against him alone, led thousands to feel that they must be again compelled to give up their beloved Emperor. Apparently they could retain Napoleon only by passing through the most awful scenes of conflict, carnage, and woe to which a nation was ever exposed. As fathers and mothers looked upon their little households, upon precious sons and lovely daughters, and in imagination heard the tramp of approaching armies, the reverberation of invading guns, the sweep of brutal squadrons, the shout of onset, and the shriek of despair, they turned pale, pressed their children to their throbbing hearts, and still clung to their beloved Emperor. Mothers, with streaming eyes, prepared their sons for the battle. Gray-headed fathers, with tottering steps, crowded the churches to implore God's blessing upon their righteous cause.

And still, incredible as it may seem, the Allies, who had the control of all the presses of Europe, unblushingly reiterated the cry, that *the insatiably ambitious and bloodthirsty Bonaparte would not be at peace with the nations*; and that the repose of the world demanded that he should be hunted down as a beast of prey. The Tory government of England, with its boundless wealth and resources, re-echoed the cry in books, pamphlets, and journals, with which they flooded all lands. It is impossible to paint a demon in blacker colors than Napoleon was painted in hundreds of thousands of placards and pamphlets, which were scattered like autumnal leaves. The pen in this warfare was, in England especially, as necessary as the sword. Deep as were the wounds which the pen of calumny inflicted upon the memory of the Emperor, he never for one moment doubted that his reputation would eventually emerge triumphant from the conflict.

Napoleon, having utterly exhausted all efforts for peace, roused his ener-

gies anew to meet the unequal conflict. Jealous of his posthumous fame, and ever keeping an eye upon the final verdict of history, he issued a truthful and an unanswerable statement of the violation of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the Allies, and of the reasons which consequently induced him to leave Elba, and to accept again from the suffrages of the nation the crown of France. This appeal of the Emperor could only be answered by brute force; and that answer, and that alone, the Allies returned. Napoleon's spirit was saddened as he reflected upon the blood which must again flow in torrents, and upon the woes with which Europe was again to be deluged. But the coalesced despots were reckless of blood, and flame, and woe, in the determination, at whatever cost, to give the death-blow to popular liberty.

"If Austria," said Napoleon, "had the courage to make an alliance with me, we could together save the world from Russia. But Austria is already ruled by Alexander, who reigns in Europe. I alone could counterbalance him. My value will not be known till they have destroyed me. But I shall sell my life dearly. They would gladly have me in an iron cage, to show me in chains to the world as a beast of prey. They have not got me yet. I will show them the rousing of the lion. They do not suspect my strength. Were I to put on to-morrow the *red bonnet* of 1793, it would seal the destruction of them all."

This was true. Had Napoleon yielded to the temptation, and called to his aid that revolutionary fury which, during the Reign of Terror, had deluged France in blood, the head of every aristocrat in France would have fallen, and the surging billows of popular phrensy would have rolled unarrested over the Continent. But this great man stood firm as the advocate of *popular rights* and of *law*. He was the barrier against *aristocratic usurpation* on the one hand, and the *maddened violence of phrensyed masses* on the other. He opposed alike the reign of crowned despots and the reign of terror; the arrogance of the nobles and the violence of the mob; the dominion of the Bourbons and the still more hateful dominion of Danton and Marat. He ever deemed it his holy mission to cause order, and law, and popular rights to emerge from the chaos of the Revolution. No temptation could induce him to swerve from this aim. The gales which came from one direction and another occasionally compelled him to veer from his course, but he was ever struggling to attain that end.

Napoleon wished to resume the throne by the solemnity of an imposing ceremony. The 1st of June and the Field of Mars were appointed as the time and place for this festival. A concourse of citizens and soldiers which could not be counted thronged this most magnificent parade-ground in the world. The minutes of the votes for the re-election of the Emperor were read by the arch-chancellor, and it was declared that the number of votes in the affirmative exceeded by a million those in the negative.

The Emperor, dressed in imperial robes, ascended the elevated platform, where every eye could rest upon him. An altar was erected upon the platform, at which the Archbishop of Rouen, in the performance of religious rites, consecrated the Eagles, and implored upon their just cause the blessing of the God of armies. An address from the electors of Paris was then read to the Emperor. It contained the following sentiments :

“Sire, the French people had conferred upon you the crown, and you have laid it down without their consent. Their suffrages now impose upon you the duty of resuming it. What does the league of allied kings require? How have we given cause for their aggression? We do not wish for the chief they would impose upon us; and we wish for the one they do not like. We are threatened by invasion. Sire, nothing shall be spared to maintain our honor and independence. Every thing shall be done to repel an ignominious yoke. Sire, a throne built up by foreign armies has crumbled in an instant before you, because you have brought to us, from retirement, all the pathways of our true glory, all the hopes of our real prosperity.”

Napoleon rose. A shout like the crash of thunder burst from the multitudinous throng. The roar of applause from so many voices is represented by those who heard it as truly appalling. As soon as silence was a little restored, Napoleon made an appropriate reply, commencing with the following words: “Emperor, consul, soldier, I owe every thing to the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions.”

Then laying aside the imperial mantle, he appeared before the multitude in that simple costume which was the dress of every-day life, and with which they were all familiar. He was again greeted by a burst of enthusiasm such as has seldom been heard by mortal ears. Turning to the soldiers, he said, “Soldiers of the land and sea forces, I confide to you the imperial Eagle, with the national colors! You swear to defend it, at the price of your blood, against the enemies of your country.”

A deep, intense, prolonged roar rolled along the squadrons and battalions as they repeated the words, “We swear it, we swear it!” Upon the summit of the platform there was reared a lofty pyramidal throne. Napoleon ascended it, and, with every eye riveted upon him, looked around upon the imposing spectacle spread out before him. The bands of all the regiments, in one majestic orchestra, encompassed the throne, and filled the air with an almost superhuman tumult of melody. The Emperor then descended, and with his own hand delivered the Eagles to the several regiments as they marched by. To each he addressed those eloquent words, so eminently at his command, which awakened vibrations in every fibre of the soldier’s heart.

Cries of “*Vive l’Empereur!*” filled the air. The scene of enthusiasm which the occasion presented left an impression upon those who witnessed it which could never be effaced. “No one,” says Savary, “could fail to remark that never did the French people, at any period of the Revolution, seem more disposed to defend their liberty and their independence. The Emperor left the Field of Mars confident that he might rely upon the sentiments there manifested toward him. From that moment his only care was to prepare to meet the storm which was gathering in Belgium.*

* “The retinue by which the Emperor was accompanied was as splendid as it used formerly to be on the celebration of important ceremonies. The immense multitude through which he passed welcomed him with cheers; and assuredly, had not the prospect of war checked the hopes in which the public wished to indulge, nothing would have been wanting to complete that happiness which all appeared to derive from this extraordinary event.”—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv., p. 34.



THE FIELD OF MARS.

Time pressed. Every thing was to be done. An awful tempest of war was about to burst upon France. There had been no leisure to revise the Constitution to meet the peculiar emergence in which the empire was now placed. As a temporary provision, Napoleon, with his council, had prepared "*An Additional Act to the Constitutions of the State.*" These articles, extremely liberal in their spirit, though, of course, encountering individual opposition, the nation adopted by acclamation. One million five hundred thousand votes were thrown in favor of the "*Additional Act,*" while less than five thousand votes were thrown against it. Even Madame de Staël applauded these provisions, and wrote to a friend, "The Additional Articles are all that is wanted for France; nothing less and nothing more than what she wants. The return of the Emperor is prodigious, and surpasses all imagination."

M. Sismondi, the illustrious historian, a warm advocate of Republican principles, published an eloquent eulogium upon this act, and called upon all Frenchmen to rally around the Emperor in defense of national independence. Benjamin Constant, the renowned champion of constitutional freedom, and one of the most forcible orators of his day, assisted in the formation of this Constitution, and earnestly advocated it with his voice and his pen. To account for these facts, Mr. Alison says :

"One of the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary gifts with which this wonderful man was endowed, was the power he possessed of subduing the minds of men, and the faculty he had acquired of dazzling penetration

the most acute, and winning over hostile prepossessions the most confirmed, by the mere magic of his fascinating conversation."

In reply to the atrocious declaration of outlawry issued by the Allies, the Emperor, in a dignified and unanswerable document, drawn up by the presidents of the several sections of the Council of State, announced his position to Europe. The following abstract of this important document will show, its spirit :

" The treaty of Fontainebleau has been violated by the allied powers. 1. The Empress and her son were to receive passports and an escort. Far from performing such promise, the wife was separated by force from her husband, the son from his father, and this under painful circumstances, when the strongest minds find it necessary to seek consolation and support in the bosom of the family affections.* 2. The safety of Napoleon, of the imperial family and their suites, was guaranteed, yet bands of assassins were organized under the eyes of the French government to attack the Emperor, his brothers, and their wives. 3. The duchies of Parma and Placentia were pledged to Maria Louisa, her son, and his descendants, yet, after a long refusal, the injustice was consummated by an absolute spoliation. 4. A suitable establishment out of France was promised to Prince Eugene, yet he obtained nothing. 5. The Emperor had stipulated for his brave soldiers for the preservation of their salaries; nevertheless, notwithstanding remonstrances, the whole was kept back. 6. The preservation of the property of the Emperor's family, movable and immovable, is stipulated in the treaty, yet it has been despoiled of both. 7. The Emperor was to receive four hundred thousand dollars a year, and the members of his family five hundred thousand. The French government has refused to fulfill these engagements. The Emperor must have been reduced to the necessity of dismissing his faithful guard for want of means of insuring its pay, had he not found, in the grateful remembrances of the bankers of Genoa and Italy, the honorable resource of a loan of twelve millions, which was offered him. 8. The island of Elba was secured to Napoleon in full property, yet the resolution to deprive him of the same had been agreed to at the Congress. If Providence had not interposed, Europe would have seen attempts made against the person and the liberty of Napoleon. He was to have been torn from his family and his friends, and, at the mercy of his enemies, consigned to imprisonment at St. Helena.

" When the Allies thus stooped to violate a solemn contract; when Napoleon and all the members of his family saw that they were menaced in their persons, property, affections; when they were deprived of all the rights stipulated in their favor as princes, as well as of those secured by the laws to simple citizens, how was Napoleon to act? Ought he, after having endured so many insults and suffered so many acts of injustice, to tolerate the complete violation of those engagements entered into with him, and, resign-

* In the fourteenth article of the treaty it was stipulated that "all such safe-conducts shall be furnished as are necessary for the free journey of his majesty the Emperor Napoleon, of the Empress, of the princes and princesses, and of all the persons of their suite who shall wish to accompany them, or to establish themselves out of France, as well as for the passage of all the equipages, horses, and effects which belong to them. The allied powers shall furnish, in consequence, officers and men as an escort."

ing himself to the fate prepared for him, abandon also to their fearful destiny his wife, his son, his relations, and his faithful servants?

“Such a resolution seems to require more than human strength of mind; yet Napoleon was capable of adopting such conduct, if the peace and happiness of France could have been purchased by that new sacrifice. He would again have devoted himself for the French people, from whom, as he wishes to declare in the face of all Europe, he makes it his glory to possess every thing, to whom he refers every thing, and to whom also he alone holds himself responsible for his actions, and devotes his existence. It was for France alone, and to save her from intestine war, that the Emperor abdicated the crown. He restored to the French people the rights that he held from them. He left them free to choose a new master, and to found their liberty and happiness on institutions calculated to protect both. He hoped that the nation would preserve all it had acquired by five-and-twenty years of glorious warfare, and that it would maintain its sovereignty in the choice of a ruler, and in stipulating the conditions on which he should be called to the throne. He expected from the new government respect for the glory of the armies and for the rights of the brave, and a guarantee for all the new interests generated and maintained during a quarter of a century, and which had become identified with the manners, habits, and wants of the nation.

“Far from this, every idea of the sovereignty of the people has been discarded. The principle on which public and civil legislation has been founded since the Revolution has been equally annulled. France has been treated as a revolted country reconquered by the armies of its ancient masters, and subjugated anew to feudal domination. A constitutional law has been imposed upon her without consulting the nation or even listening to its voice, while nothing remained but the phantom of national representation. The disuniting of the army, dispersion and exile of its officers, debasement of the soldiery, suppression of their endowments, privation of their pay or pensions, pre-eminence accorded to the decorations of feudal monarchy, contempt of the citizens in designating them anew under the designation “*the third estate*,” spoliation of the purchasers of national property, the return of the feudal system in its titles, privileges, and rights, re-establishment of monarchical principles, abolition of the liberties of the Gallican Church, annihilation of the Concordat, re-establishment of tithes, revival of intolerance in an exclusive form of worship, and the domination of a handful of nobles over a nation accustomed to equality, are what the ministers of the Bourbons have done, or wished to do for the people of France.

“It was under these circumstances that the Emperor Napoleon left the island of Elba. Such were the motives for the resolution he adopted, and not any considerations of his own personal interests, so trivial, in his opinion, compared to the interests of the nation to which he has devoted his existence. He has not introduced war into the bosom of France. On the contrary, he has extinguished that war which the possessors of national property, constituting four fifths of the landholders throughout France, would have been compelled to wage upon their despoilers; the war which the citizens, oppressed, degraded, and humiliated by the nobles, would have been compelled to declare against their oppressors; that war, in short, which Protestants and

Jews, and the people of different sects, would have been obliged to maintain against their intolerant persecutors.

"The Emperor came to deliver France. As her deliverer has he been received. He arrived almost alone. He traveled seven hundred miles unopposed, and without offering battle. He has resumed without resistance, in the midst of his capital and of the acclamations of an immense majority of the citizens, the throne relinquished by the Bourbons, who, from among the army, their own household, the National Guards, or the people, could not raise a single person in arms to endeavor to maintain them in their seat. Yes! The Emperor finds himself replaced at the head of a people which had already chosen him thrice, and has just re-elected him a fourth time by its reception of him during his march and his triumphant arrival. Thus is he replaced at the head of that nation by which, and for the interests of which, he alone wishes to reign.

"What, then, is the wish of Napoleon and of France? They desire only the independence of France, peace at home, peace with all nations, and the sacred observance of the treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814. What, then, is changed in the prospects of Europe and the hope of repose? There is nothing changed if the Allies, respecting the independence of France, acknowledges its existence, unconquering and unconquered, as far from domineering as being held in subjection, to be necessary to the balance of greater realms, as well as the guarantee of smaller states. There is nothing changed, provided no attempt be made to compel France to resume, with a dynasty she can no longer desire, the feudal chains she has broken, or to submit to the lordly or ecclesiastical pretensions from which she has emancipated herself. There is nothing changed if those powers do not seek to impose on her laws, interfere in her internal concerns, assign her a particular form of government, and force upon her masters suited only to the interests and passions of her neighbors. There is nothing changed if, while France is occupied in preparing the new social compact intended to guarantee the liberty of her citizens and the triumph of those generous ideas prevalent in Europe, which can no longer be stifled, she be not compelled to abandon, in order to prepare for battle, those pacific ideas and that store of domestic prosperity to which the people and their sovereign wish to devote all their energies. Finally, there is nothing changed if an unjust coalition does not oblige the French nation, which wishes only to remain at peace with Europe, to defend, as in 1792, her will, her rights, her independence, and the sovereign of her choice."

CHAPTER XXVII.

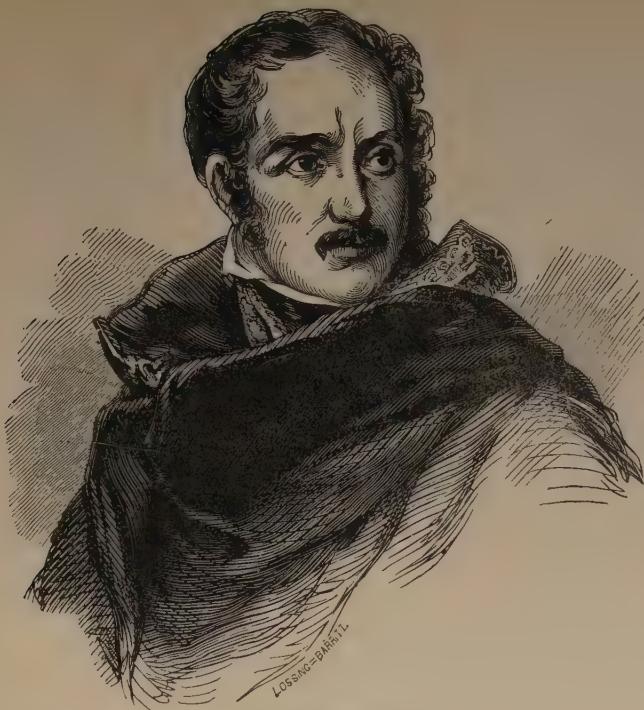
WATERLOO.

Preparations for War—The Emperor's Departure from the Tuilleries—Position of Wellington and Blucher—Plan of the Emperor—Desertion of Bourmont—Charleroi—Disaster of Quatre-Bras—Wellington at Brussels—Waterloo—Night Reconnaissance—The Storm—The Battle—Hopeless Condition of Wellington—The Arrival of Blucher—The French Overwhelmed—Return of Napoleon to Paris.

In preparation for war not a moment was to be lost. Napoleon had succeeded, by incredible exertions, in raising an army of two hundred and eighty thousand men; but of these he could take but one hundred and twenty thousand to drive back the inundation of nearly a million of bayonets now advancing toward the frontiers of France. The enormous masses of the allied troops were marching in massive columns from various points of the compass to concentrate at Paris. Schwartzenberg, on the upper Rhine, commanded two hundred and sixty thousand men. Wellington and Blucher, in the vicinity of Brussels, had over one hundred thousand each. The Russian army, hastening by forced marches through Germany, consisted of nearly two hundred thousand semi-barbarians. At the foot of the Alps, to invade France from that quarter, an army of sixty thousand men were on the march under Austrian guidance. Even from reluctant Switzerland the domineering Allies had extorted a force of thirty thousand troops. The navy of England, then the most majestic arm of military strength on the globe, was plying all its energies of transport, of plunder, and of bombardment, in aid of the arduous enterprise. All these mighty monarchies, with these gigantic armies, were combined and on the move avowedly against one single man.

It was a fearful crisis. With fortitude and heroism which commands the admiration of the world did Napoleon meet it. He was, as it were, alone. Josephine was dead. Maria Louisa and his idolized son were prisoners in the saloons of the Allies. Eugene was dethroned and entangled in the court of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Murat was wandering a fugitive; in hourly peril of being shot. Lannes, Bessières, Duroc, were dead. Berthier, ashamed to meet his old master, had followed the fortunes of the Bourbons. Marmont was a traitor at Ghent. Oudinot and Macdonald, honorable men, still regarded as sacred their oath of fidelity to the Bourbons. Ney, having, through the dictates of his heart, violated his oath, disheartened by the sense of dishonor, had lost his power.

There were but two plans between which Napoleon could choose. One was, to concentrate his little army around Paris, permit the Allies unobstructed to conduct their ravaging march through France, and settle the conflict in one dreadful battle beneath the walls of the metropolis. The other was, to cross the frontier, to take the enemy by surprise in his unsuspecting march; to fall upon one body, and then upon another, and then upon another, and thus arrest and drive back the invaders, until they should be compelled to

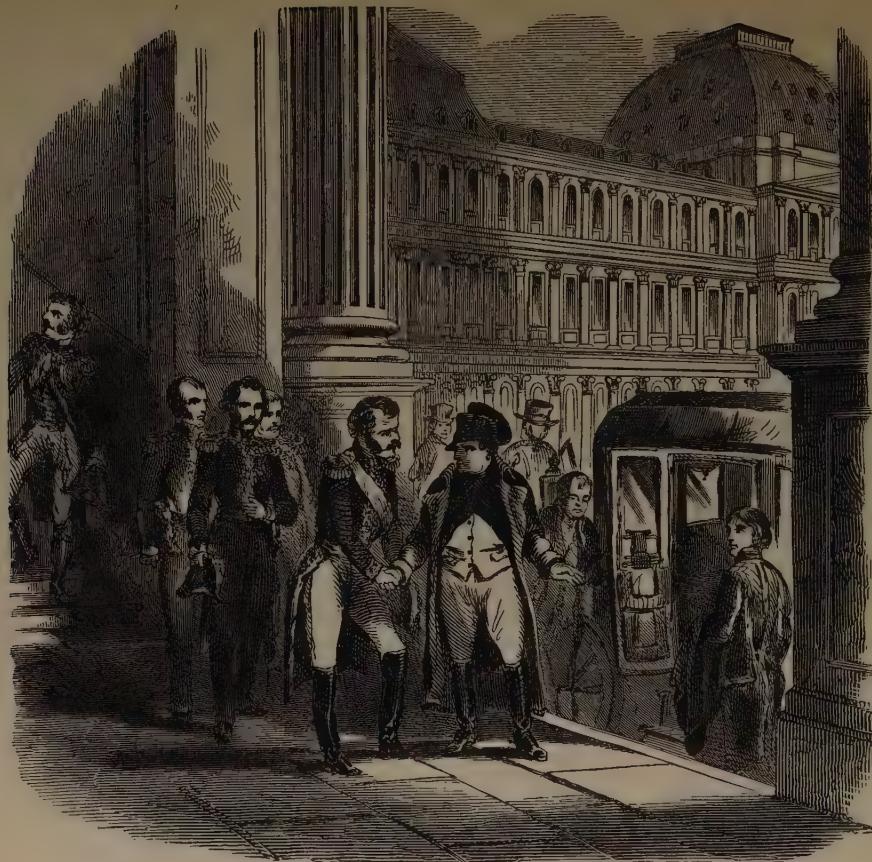


EUGENE BEAUCHARNAS.

negotiate. Each of these plans seemed almost desperate, but the last was the least so. Napoleon decided to march promptly and unexpectedly into Belgium, to attack the armies of Wellington and Blucher before they had time to concentrate their forces, and by the annihilation of this division of the mighty host of the Allies to strike a blow upon the coalition which should cause it to recoil.

The whole night of the 11th of June the Emperor passed in his cabinet, dispatching innumerable orders and giving private instructions to his ministers. As he took leave of his ministers, he said to them, "I depart to-night. Do your duty. The army and I will perform ours. I recommend you to act with union, zeal, and energy. Be careful, gentlemen, not to suffer liberty to degenerate into license, or anarchy to take the place of order. Bear in mind that on unity the success of our exertions must depend."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 12th of June, just as the day was beginning to dawn, Napoleon descended the stairs of the Tuileries to join his army in this his last campaign. Holding out his hand to Caulaincourt, he said, sadly yet firmly, "Farewell, Caulaincourt ! farewell ! We must conquer or die !" On reaching the foot of the staircase, he stopped for a moment, cast a lingering look around him upon that palace which he was never again to enter, and then threw himself into his carriage. Driving rapidly all that day and the next night, he arrived, on the morning of the 13th, at Avesnes, about one hundred and fifty miles from Paris. In the vicinity of this city, which is on the extreme frontier of France, Napoleon had, by rapid marches, accumulated all his available troops. The success of the cam-



NAPOLEON LEAVING THE TUILERIES.

paign depended upon promptness of action. A few hours even of delay might enable his enemies to crush him with overwhelming forces. From the lips of the whole army acclamations greeted him such as no other man has ever heard.

The intrepid and intelligent soldiers, fully conscious of the fearful odds against which they were to contend, with proud acclamations bade defiance to the whole coalition, and nerved themselves with the courage of despair. Not fifty miles north of Napoleon there were two armies ready to combine. Wellington, at Brussels, had over one hundred thousand men. Blucher, but a few leagues from him, headed an army of one hundred and thirty thousand Prussians. These two forces, not dreaming of attack, even unconscious that Napoleon had left Paris, were negligently awaiting the arrival of the Russian troops, rapidly approaching, two hundred thousand in number. Napoleon was about to plunge into these masses with but one hundred and twenty thousand men. Immediately upon his arrival, the troops enthusiastically thronged around him. With a few glowing words, he almost supernaturally roused their ardor. They rushed toward him, raised their caps upon their bayonets, and filled the air with their shouts. They were all



NAPOLEON ADDRESSING HIS TROOPS.

eager to be led by their beloved chieftain upon any adventure, however desperate.

In one hour after Napoleon's arrival at Avesnes his whole army was on the march. The Emperor gave minute directions to every corps, traversing different roads, and starting from different points, so to order their march as to meet, at an appointed hour, at Charleroi, about thirty-five miles from Avesnes. General Bourmont had command of one of the divisions of the army. He had been, in early life, a stanch Royalist, and upon Napoleon's return from Elba, was an officer in the army of the Bourbons. He had, however, fallen in with the views of the nation in welcoming the return of the Emperor, and had solicited a command in the imperial army. Napoleon distrusted him, but yielded to the importunities of Ney. This man, considering the cause of Napoleon now desperate, in the basest manner deserted, and carried to the Allies, as his peace-offering, the knowledge of the Emperor's order of march. Napoleon, a perfect master of himself, received the tidings of this untoward defection with his accustomed tranquillity. Blucher welcomed the traitor Bourmont cordially, and the Bourbons loaded him with honors. This event rendered it necessary for Napoleon to countermand some of his orders, that he might deceive the enemy.

Marshal Soult, upon the abdication of Napoleon, had, with unseemly cordiality, entered into the service of the Bourbons. Upon the return of the Emperor, with equal alacrity, he hastened back to his side. This apparent

fickleness alienated from him the affections of the army. The Emperor, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Davoust, made Soult the second in command. The suspected marshal was, however, shorn of his power, and, by his feeble co-operation, even incurred the probably unjust suspicion of treachery. Napoleon, however, never doubted him. He was also accused by the Bourbons of treachery to *their* cause, and was threatened with a trial. In reference to this charge the Emperor said, "Soult is innocent. He even acknowledged to me that he had taken a real liking to the king. The authority he enjoyed under him, he said, so different from that of my ministers, was a very agreeable thing, and had quite gained him over."



MARSHAL SOULT.

On the evening of the 14th the Emperor arrived in the vicinity of Charleroi. The Prussians had posted there, behind their intrenchments, an advance guard of ten thousand men. In the earliest dawn of the morning of the 15th, the imperial troops fell upon the enemy, and drove them, with great slaughter, from the city. At six o'clock the French passed triumphantly across the bridges of the Sambre, and took possession of Charleroi. The Prussians, having lost two thousand men, retreated to join the main body of their army. It is about thirty miles from Charleroi to Brussels. Ten miles from Charleroi, on the road to Brussels, is situated the little hamlet of Quatre-Bras, so called from the intersection of two roads, forming *four arms*. Ney was ordered to advance immediately with 40,000 men and take possession of this important post.

"Concentrate there your men," said Napoleon. "Fortify your army by

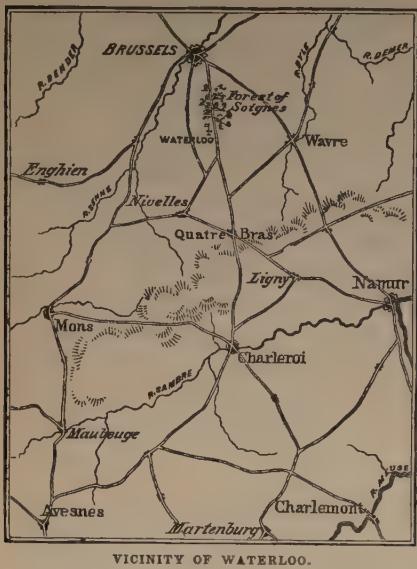
defensive field-works. Hasten, so that by midnight this position, occupied and impregnable, shall bid defiance to any attack."

Blucher, with the mass of his army, was at the fortified city of Namur, at the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse. By the occupation of Quatre-Bras, the 100,000 men of Wellington's army would be cut off from the 130,000 of Blucher's. It was then Napoleon's intention to leave a small force behind the intrenchments to beat back the Prussians, while, with the rest of his army, he would cut in pieces Wellington's forces at Brussels. He would then turn back and make short work with Blucher. The Belgians, who were devoted to Napoleon, thus rescued from the Allies, would join his cause. This would revive the hopes of the Liberal party throughout the Continent. Saxony, Italy, Hungary, Poland, would rally, and the despots of Europe would again quail before the indignant uprising

of enslaved nations. On the evening of the 15th of June, all Napoleon's plans had prospered, according to his most sanguine hopes. His star was again luminous, and the meteor glare of despotism began to wane.

Napoleon, having received intelligence from Ney that he had taken possession of Quatre-Bras, advanced on the morning of the 16th by another road, in the direction of Ligny, which was about half way between Quatre-Bras and Namur. Here he quite unexpectedly met Blucher, who, with eighty thousand troops, had left Namur to form a junction with Wellington. Blucher was rescued from surprise by the intelligence communicated by the deserter Bourmont. Napoleon had with him sixty thousand veterans. One of the most desperate conflicts recorded in history then ensued. All the day long the bloody surges of battle rolled to and fro over the plain. As the evening sun went down, Napoleon was every where a victor on this widely-extended field, and the Prussians, leaving ten thousand prisoners in his hands, and twenty thousand weltering in blood, fled, as they had ever been accustomed to do, before the genius of Napoleon. Had Ney brought up his force to cut off the retreat of the Prussians, as Napoleon had ordered and expected, not one of the enemy would have escaped, and "Waterloo" would not have been.

Leaving Napoleon a victor upon the plains of Ligny, we must turn again to Ney. On the evening of the 15th, as Ney was approaching Quatre-Bras, night came on, dark, tempestuous, and with floods of rain, before the marshal had reached the cross of the roads. The soldiers were exceedingly exhausted by two days' march, in dreadful weather. Ney, having arrived within a few miles of the place, and encountering no foe, and ascertaining by couriers that there was no enemy at Quatre-Bras, felt sure that he could take the



position without any obstacle in the morning. He accordingly considered the enterprise accomplished, and sent a messenger to the Emperor, informing him that he *was actually in possession*. The soldiers, half dead with fatigue, threw themselves upon the flooded sods, and, with the careering tempest for their lullaby, forgot their perils and their toils. Little did they dream that by those few hours of repose they were overthrowing the throne of Napoleon, the empire of France, and popular liberty throughout Europe.

While these heroic defenders of the independence of France were sleeping upon the storm-drenched ground, the Duke of Wellington was attending a very brilliant ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels. In the midst of the gayety, as Wellington was conversing with the Duke of Brunswick in the embrasure of a window, a courier approached, and informed him, in a low tone of voice, that Napoleon had crossed the frontier, and was, with his army, within ten miles of Brussels. Wellington, astounded by the intelligence, turned pale. The Duke of Brunswick started from his chair so suddenly, that he quite forgot a child slumbering in his lap, and rolled the helpless little one violently upon the floor. The news instantly spread through the ball-room. Wellington and all the officers hastily retired. The energies of the Iron Duke were immediately aroused to their utmost tension. Bugles sounded, drums beat, soldiers rallied, and the whole mighty host, cavalry, artillery, infantry, and field trains, were in an hour careering through the dark and flooded streets of Brussels.

The night was black and stormy. For three days and three nights the rain had fallen almost without intermission. The roads were miry and flooded. It was but fifteen miles from Brussels to Quatre-Bras. Wellington was as fully aware as was Napoleon of the imminent importance of that post. Through the whole night the inundation of war rolled along the road, mingling its tumult with the uproar of the tempest. In the morning Ney was appalled in discerning through the driving rain that Wellington had possession of Quatre-Bras, and that its recovery, even by the fiercest assault, was doubtful.

At the same time, his perplexity was augmented to anguish by receiving an order from the Emperor, who, relying upon his statement that Quatre-Bras was in his possession, requested him to leave a suitable force behind the intrenchments to prevent Wellington from coming to the aid of the Prussians, while Ney, with all his available squadrons, hastened to cut off the retreat of Blucher. "The destiny of France," said the Emperor, in his earnest dispatch to Ney, "*is in your hands.*"

But for this unfortunate failure of Ney, Blucher's army would have been entirely annihilated. The next day, Napoleon, with his united force flushed with victory, would have fallen upon Wellington, and the result of the conflict could not have been doubtful. The Hanoverian and Belgian troops were strongly in favor of Napoleon, and were fighting against him by compulsion. They would eagerly have rallied beneath his standard, and the history of the world would have been changed. Upon casualties apparently so slight are the destinies of mankind suspended.

But Ney, instead of being able to cut off the retreat of Blucher, was compelled to employ the whole day in desperate, sanguinary, though unavailing

attempts to get possession of Quatre-Bras. Wellington, fully conscious of his peril, urged the march of his troops to the utmost. "They must not wait for one another," said he, "but march by regiments, by divisions, by companies even; battalion by battalion, company by company; the first ready, the nearest and the bravest. They must not walk, but run, as to a fire. Here we must stand or fall to the last man." Thus every hour reinforcements were arriving, and crowding the post with invincible strength.

The anguish of Ney, as he perceived his irreparable fault, was awful. "You see those balls," said he to Labédoyère, as the shot from the English batteries tore his ranks; "would to Heaven they had all passed through my body!" Galloping up to Kellerman, he exclaimed, in tones of despairing anguish, "One more charge, my dear general! Dash forward at the heart of the English army, and break it at any cost. I will support you. The country requires it of you." Kellerman, at the head of his cuirassiers, plunged into the dense masses of the foe. A storm of balls, shells, grape-shot, and bullets rolled horses and riders in blood. The feeble and mangled remnants of the squadrons were driven back as by a hurricane.

A series of unparalleled fatalities appear to have thwarted Napoleon's profoundly laid plans throughout the whole of this momentous campaign. The treachery of Bourmont rescued the enemy from that surprise which would unquestionably have secured his destruction. The neglect of Ney to take possession of Quatre-Bras, and the false intelligence sent to Napoleon that it was occupied, again snatched a decisive victory from the Emperor. And yet this great man, never disposed to quarrel with his destiny, uttered no angry complaints. He knew that Ney had intended no wrong, and he lost not a moment in useless repining. He immediately sent a friendly message to Ney, and calmly gathered up his resources to do what he could under the change of circumstances.

Night again came with its unintermittent storm. It was the night of the 16th of June. The soldiers, drenched, hungry, weary, bleeding, dying, in vain sought repose beneath that inclement sky and in those miry fields. Napoleon, at Ligny, not ten miles from Quatre-Bras, was a victor. Ney, repulsed at every point, slept upon his arms before his indomitable foe at Quatre-Bras. Blucher, with his broken battalions, retreated, unopposed, during the night, toward Wavre. Wellington, informed of this retreat, fell back to form a junction with the Prussian army at Waterloo. Napoleon dispatched Marshal Grouchy, with thirty thousand men, to pursue the retreating Prussians, to keep them continually in sight, to harass them in every way, and to press them so hotly that they should not be able to march to the aid of Wellington.

The morning of the 17th of June dawned dismally upon these exhausted and wretched victims of war, through the clouds and the rain, and the still continued wailings of the storm. The soldiers of Grouchy were so worn down by the superhuman exertions and sufferings of the last few days, that they were unable to overtake the rapidly retreating Prussians. They, however, toiled along through the miry roads with indomitable energies. Napoleon, leaving Grouchy to pursue the Prussians, immediately passed over to Quatre-Bras, to unite his forces with those of Ney, and to follow the retreat

of Wellington. Their combined army amounted to about seventy thousand men. With these the Emperor followed vigorously in the track of Wellington.

The Duke had retreated during the day toward Brussels, and halted on the spacious field of Waterloo, about nine miles from the metropolis. Here, having skillfully selected his ground and posted his troops, he anxiously awaited the arrival of Blucher, to whom he had sent urgent dispatches to hasten to his aid. Blucher was at Wavre, but a few hours' march from Waterloo, with seventy-two thousand men. The junction of these forces would give Wellington an overwhelming superiority of numbers. He would then have at least one hundred and fifty thousand troops with whom to assail less than seventy thousand.

As night approached, the troops of Napoleon, toiling painfully through the storm, the darkness, and the mire, arrived also on the fatal plain. The late hour at which the several divisions of the French army reached the unexplored field of battle, involved in the obscurity of darkness and the storm, embarrassed the Emperor exceedingly. As the light was fading away, he pointed toward the invisible sun, and said, "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, and enabled to retard thy march for two hours!"

Napoleon, judging from the bivouac fires of the enemy that they were strongly posted and intended to give battle, reconnoitered the ground by groping over it on foot, and posted his battalions as they successively arrived. He immediately sent a dispatch to Marshal Grouchy, ordering him to press



RECONNOITERING THE FIELD

the Prussians vigorously, and to keep himself in a position to combine with the Emperor's operations. For eighteen hours the Emperor had tasted neither of sleep, repose, nor nourishment. His clothes were covered with mud and soaked with rain. But, regardless of exposure and fatigue, he did not seek even to warm himself by the fires around which his drenched troops were shivering. All the night long the rain fell in torrents, and all the night long the Emperor toiled, unprotected, in the storm, as he prepared for the conflict of the morrow.

Wellington's army, variously estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 in number, was admirably posted along the brow of a gentle eminence, a mile and a half in length. A dense forest in the rear, where the ground gradually fell away, concealed from the view and the shot of the enemy all but those who stood upon the brow of the eminence. Napoleon established his troops, estimated at from 65,000 to 75,000, within cannon-shot of the foe, and on the gentle declivity of a corresponding rise of land, which extended parallel to that occupied by the English.

This dreadful night at length passed away, and the morning of the 18th of June dawned, lurid and cheerless, through the thick clouds. It was the morning of the Sabbath day. The vast field of Waterloo, plowed and sown with grain, soaked by the rains of the past week, and cut up by the wheels and the tramp of these enormous armies, was converted into a quagmire. The horses sank to their knees in the humid soil. The wheels of the guns, encumbered with adhesive clay, rolled heavily, axle deep, in the mire. Under circumstances of such difficulty, the French were compelled to attack down one ridge of slopes, across a valley, and up another ridge, toiling through the mud, exposed all the way to point-blank discharges from the batteries and lines of the English. "Wellington was to act simply on the defensive, endeavoring to maintain his position until the arrival of Blucher.

About eight o'clock the clouds of the long storm broke and dispersed, the sun came out in all its glory, and one of the most bright and lovely of summer Sabbaths smiled upon Waterloo. The skies ceased to weep, and the veil of clouds was withdrawn, as if God would allow the angels to look down and witness this awful spectacle of man's inhumanity to man.

Napoleon assembled most of his general officers around him to give them his final orders. "The enemy's army," said he, "is superior to ours by nearly a fourth. There are, however, ninety chances in our favor to ten against us."

"Without doubt," exclaimed Marshal Ney, who had at that moment entered, "if the Duke of Wellington were simple enough to wait for your majesty's attack. But I am come to announce that his columns are already in full retreat, and are fast disappearing in the forest of Soignes."

"You have seen badly," the Emperor replied, with calm confidence. "It is too late. By such a step he would expose himself to certain ruin. He has thrown the dice; they are now for us."

At half past ten o'clock all the movements were made, and the troops were in their stations for the battle. Thus far profound silence had reigned on the field, as the squadrons moved with noiseless steps to their appointed stations. The hospitals were established in the rear. The corps of sur-

geons had spread out their bandages and splinters, knives and saws, and, with their sleeves rolled up, were ready for their melancholy deeds of mercy. The Emperor rode along his devoted lines. Every eye was riveted upon him. Every heart said, "God bless him!"

"One heart," says Lamartine, "beat between these men and the Emperor. In such a moment, they shared the same soul and the same cause. The army was Napoleon. Never before was it so entirely Napoleon as now. At such a moment, he must have felt himself more than a man—more than a sovereign. His army bent in homage to the past, the present, and the future, and welcomed victory or defeat, the throne or death with its chief. It was determined on every thing, even on the sacrifice of itself, to restore him his empire, or to render his last fall illustrious. To have inspired such devotion was the greatness of Napoleon; to evince it even to madness was the greatness of his army." Such is the reluctant concession, blended with ungenerous slurs, of Napoleon's most uncandid and most envenomed foe.

The acclamations which burst from the lips of nearly seventy thousand men, thus inspired with one affection, one hope, one soul, resounded in prolonged echoes over the field, and fell portentously on the ears of the waiting enemy.

Indeed, there was so strong a sympathy with the Emperor among the Belgian and Hanoverian troops, who were *compelled* to march under the banner of the Allies, that the Duke of Wellington had great fears that they would abandon him in the heat of battle, and pass over to the generous, sympathizing, warm-hearted chieftain of the people. In reference to these German contingents, Sir Walter Scott says—in truthful utterance, though with inelegant phrase—"They were in some instances suspected to be luke-warm to the cause in which they were engaged, so that it would be imprudent to trust more to their assistance and co-operation than could not possibly be avoided."

At eleven o'clock the horrid carnage commenced. On either side every thing was done which mortal courage or energy could accomplish. Hour after hour, the French soldiers, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*!" made onset after onset, up to the very muzzles of the British guns, and were cut down by those terrific discharges like grass before the scythe. The demon of destruction and woe held its high carnival in the midst of the demoniac revelry of those bloody hours. Every discharge which blended its thunder with the roar of that awful battle was sending widowhood and orphanage to distant homes, blinding the eyes of mothers and daughters with tears of agony, and darkening once happy dwellings with life-long wretchedness.

For many hours the whole field was swept with an uninterrupted storm of balls, shells, bullets, and grape-shot, while enormous masses of cavalry, in fluent and refluent surges, trampled into the bloody mire the dying and the dead. There were now forty thousand of the combatants weltering in gore. The wide-extended field was every where covered with bodies in every conceivable form of hideous mutilation. The flash of the guns, the deafening thunder of artillery and musketry, the groans and the piercing shrieks of the wounded, the dense volumes of smoke, which enveloped the

plain in almost midnight gloom, the delirious shouts of the assailants as they rushed upon death, the shrill whistling of the missiles of destruction, and the wild flight of the fugitives, as, in broken bands, they were pursued and sabred by the cavalry, presented the most revolting spectacle of war, in all the enormity of its guilt and of its fiendish brutality. Who, before the tribunal of God, is to be held responsible for that day of blood?

In the midst of these awful scenes, early in the afternoon, as portions of Wellington's line were giving way, and flying in dismay toward Brussels, carrying the tidings of defeat, and when Napoleon felt sure of the victory, the Emperor's quick eye discerned, far off upon his right, an immense mass of men, more than thirty thousand strong, emerging from the forest, and with rapid step deploying upon the plain. At first Napoleon was sanguine that it was Marshal Grouchy, and that the battle was decided; but in another moment their artillery balls began to plow his ranks, and the Emperor learned that it was Bulow, with the advance guard of Blucher's army, hastening to the rescue of Wellington.

This was giving the foe a fearful preponderance of power. Napoleon had now less than sixty thousand men, while Wellington, with this re-enforcement, could oppose to him a hundred thousand. But the Emperor, undismayed, turned calmly to Marshal Soult, and said, "We had ninety chances out of a hundred in our favor this morning. The arrival of Bulow makes us lose thirty. But we have still sixty against forty; and if Grouchy sends on his detachment with rapidity, the victory will be thereby only the more decisive, for the corps of Bulow must, in that case, be entirely lost."

Napoleon was compelled to weaken his columns, which were charging upon the wavering lines of Wellington, by dispatching ten thousand men to beat back these fresh battalions, thirty thousand strong. The enthusiastic French, armed in the panoply of a just cause, plunged recklessly into the ranks of this new foe, and drove him back into the woods. The Emperor, with his diminished columns, continued his terrible charges. He kept his eye anxiously fixed upon the distant horizon, expecting every moment to see the gleaming banners of Grouchy. The marshal heard the tremendous cannonade booming from the field of Waterloo, and yet refused, notwithstanding the entreaties of his officers, to approach the scene of the terrific strife. He has been accused of treason. Napoleon charitably ascribes his fatal inactivity to want of judgment. The couriers sent to him in the morning were either intercepted by the enemy or turned traitors. Grouchy did not receive the order. In the circumstances of the case, however, to every one but himself the path of duty seemed plain.

General Excelsman rode up to Marshal Grouchy, and said, "The Emperor is in action with the English army. There can be no doubt of it. A fire so terrible can not be a skirmish. We ought to march to the scene of action. I am an old soldier of the army of Italy, and have heard General Bonaparte promulgate this principle a hundred times. If we turn to the left, we shall be on the field of battle in two hours." Count Gerard joined them and urged the same advice. Had Grouchy followed these counsels, and appeared upon the field with his division of thirty thousand men, probably not a man of the English or Prussian army could have escaped the Emperor.

But Grouchy, though he had lost sight of Blucher, pleaded his orders to follow him, and refused to move.

As the French soldiers witnessed the prompt retreat of Bulow's re-enforcement, and the Emperor was about to make a charge with the Old Guard, which never yet had charged in vain, they deemed the victory sure. Loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang along their lines, which rose above the roar of the battle, and fell ominously, in prolonged echoes, upon the ears of the allied troops. A panic spread through the ranks of Wellington's army. Many of the regiments were reduced to skeletons, and some, thrown into disorder, were rushing from the field in fugitive bands. The whole rear of the English army now presented a tumultuary scene of confusion, the entire space between Waterloo and Brussels being filled with stragglers and all the *débris* of a routed army.

Wellington stood upon a gentle eminence, watching with intense anxiety for the coming of Blucher. He knew that he could hold out but a short time longer. As he saw his lines melting away, he repeatedly looked at his watch, and then fixed his gaze upon the distant hills, and as he wiped the perspiration which mental anguish extorted from his brow, he exclaimed, "Would to Heaven that Blucher or night would come!"

Just at this critical moment, when the Emperor was giving an order for a simultaneous attack by his whole force, two long, dark columns, of thirty thousand each, the united force of Blucher and Bulow, came pouring over the hills, down upon the torn and bleeding flank of Napoleon's exhausted troops. Thus an army of sixty thousand fresh soldiers, nearly equal to Napoleon's whole force at the commencement of the conflict, with exultant hurrahs and bugle-peals, and thundering artillery, came rushing upon the plain. It was an awful moment. It was a thunderbolt of Fate.

"It is almost certain," says General Jomini, who had deserted to the Allies, and was at this time aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, "that Napoleon would have remained master of the field of battle but for the arrival of 65,000 Prussians on his rear."

The Emperor's wasted bands were now in the extreme of exhaustion. For eight hours every physical energy had been tasked to its utmost endurance by such a conflict as the world had seldom seen before. Twenty thousand of his soldiers were either bleeding upon the ground or motionless in death. He had now less than fifty thousand men to oppose to one hundred and fifty thousand. Wellington, during the day, had brought up some additional forces from his rear, and could now oppose the Emperor with numbers three to one.

The intelligent French soldiers instantly perceived the desperate state of their affairs. But, undismayed, they stood firm, waiting only for the command of their Emperor. The allied army saw at a glance its advantage, and a shout of exultation burst simultaneously from their lips. The Emperor, with that wonderful coolness which never forsook him, promptly recalled the order for a general charge, and by a very rapid and skillful series of maneuvers, as by magic, so changed the front of his army as to face the Prussians advancing upon his right, and the lines of Wellington before him.

Every thing depended now upon one desperate charge by the Imperial

Guard, before the Prussians, trampling down their feeble and exhausted opponents, could blend their squadrons with the battalions of Wellington. The Emperor placed himself at the head of this devoted and invincible band, and advanced in front of the British lines, apparently intending himself to lead the charge. But the officers of his staff entreated him to remember that the safety of France depended solely upon him. Yielding to their solicitations, he resigned the command to Ney.

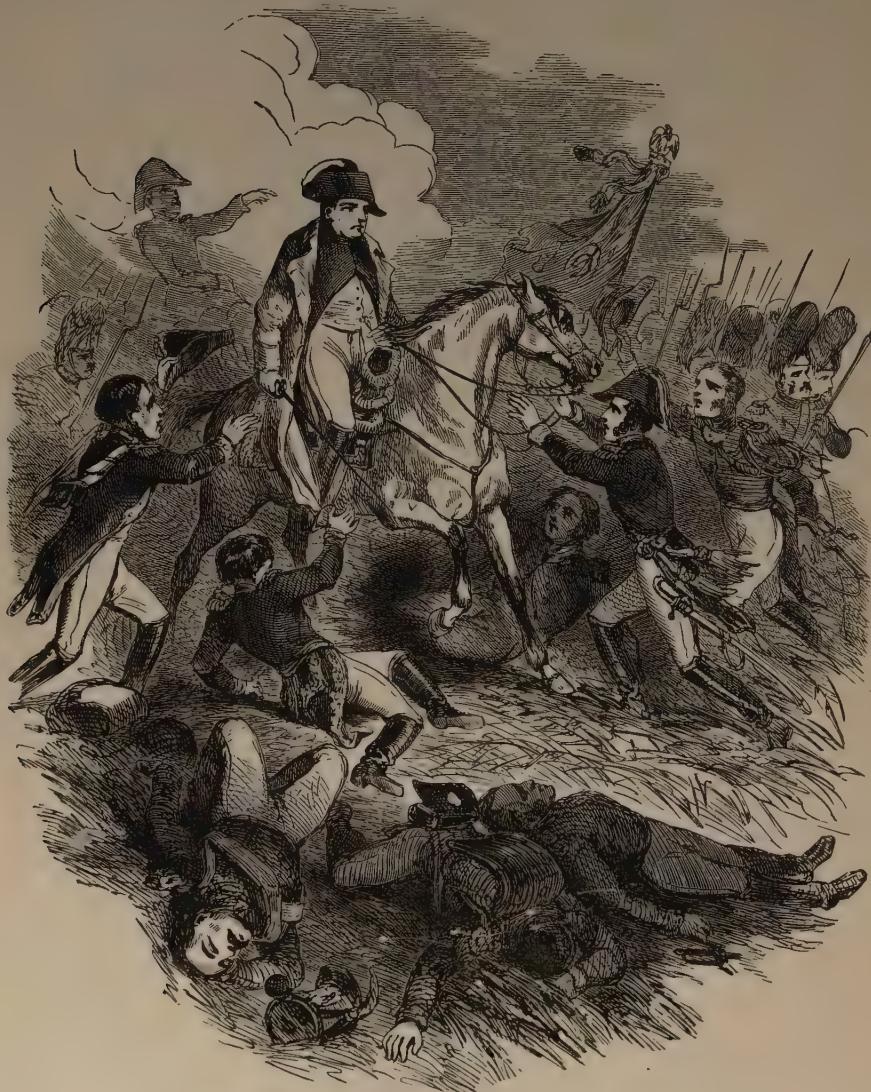
The scene now presented was one of the most sublime which war has ever furnished. The Imperial Guard had never yet moved but in the path of victory. As these renowned battalions, in two immense columns, descended the one eminence and ascended the other to oppose their bosoms to point-blank discharges from batteries double-shotted or loaded to the muzzle with grape, there was a moment's lull in the storm of battle. Both armies gazed with awe upon the scene. The destinies of Napoleon, of France, of Europe, were suspended upon the issues of a moment. The fate of the world trembled in the balance. Not a drum beat the charge. Not a bugle uttered its inspiriting tones. Not a cheer escaped the lips of those proud, indomitable men. Silently, sternly, unflinchingly, they strode on till they arrived within a few yards of the batteries and bayonets which the genius of Wellington had arrayed to meet them. There was a flash as of intensest lightning gleaming along the British lines. A peal as of crashing thunder burst upon the plain. A tempest of bullets, shot, shells, and all the horrible missiles of war, fell like hailstones upon the living mass, and whole battalions melted away and were trampled in the bloody mire by the still advancing host. Defiant of death, the intrepid Guard, closing up its decimated ranks, pressed on, and pierced the British line. Every cannon, every musket which could be brought to bear, was directed to this unfaltering and terrible foe. Ney, in the course of a few moments, had five horses shot beneath him. Then, with a drawn sabre, he marched on foot at the head of his men. Napoleon gazed with intense anxiety upon the progress of this heroic band, till, enveloped in clouds of smoke, it was lost to sight.

At the same moment the Prussians came rushing upon the field, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, entirely overpowering the feeble and exhausted squadrons left to oppose them. A gust of wind swept away the smoke, and as the anxious eye of Napoleon pierced the tumult of the battle to find his Guard, it had disappeared. Almost to a man they were weltering in blood. A mortal paleness overspread the cheek of the Emperor. The French army also saw that the Guard was annihilated. An instantaneous panic struck every heart. With exultant shouts the army of Blucher and of Wellington rushed upon the plain, and a scene of horror ensued at which humanity shudders. The banners of despotic Prussia and of constitutional England blended in triumph, and intertwined their folds over that gory field, where the liberties of Europe were stricken to the dust. Blucher and Wellington, with their dripping swords, met, with congratulations, in the bloody arena. Each claimed the honor of the victory. Together they had achieved it. Wellington's troops were so exhausted as to be unable to follow the discomfited army. "Leave the pursuit to me," said Blucher. "I will send every man and every horse after the enemy." He fulfilled his promise with

a merciless energy characteristic of this debauched and fierce dragoon. No quarter was shown. The unarmed were cut down, and even the prisoners were sabred.

The English soldiers, as usual, were generous and merciful in the hour of victory. They dispersed over the field, and carried refreshments and assistance not only to their own wounded countrymen, but also to their bleeding and dying foes.

Napoleon threw himself into a small square, which he had kept as a reserve, and urged it forward into the densest throngs of the enemy. He was resolved to perish with his Guard. Cambronne, its brave commander, seized the reins of the Emperor's horse, and said to him, in beseeching tones,



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

“Sire, death shuns you. You will but be made a prisoner.” Napoleon shook his head and for a moment resisted. But then his better judgment told him that thus to throw away his life would be but an act of suicide. With tears filling his eyes, and grief overspreading his features, he bowed to these heroes, ready to offer themselves up in a bloody sacrifice. Faithful even to death, with a melancholy cry they shouted “*Vive l'Empereur!*” These were their last words, their dying farewell. Silent and sorrowful, the Emperor put spurs to his horse, and disappeared from the fatal field. It was the commencement of his journey to *St. Helena*.*

This one square, of two battalions, alone covered the flight of the army as a gallant rear guard. The Prussians and the English pressed it on three sides, pouring into its bosom the most destructive discharges. Squadrons of cavalry plunged upon them, and still they remained unbroken. The flying artillery was brought up, and pitilessly pierced the heroic band with a storm of cannon balls. This invincible square, the last fragment of the Old Guard, nerved by that soul which its imperial creator had breathed into it, calmly closing up as death thinned its ranks, slowly and defiantly retired, arresting the flood of pursuit. General Cambronne was now bleeding from six wounds. But a few scores of men, torn and bleeding, remained around him. The English and Prussians, admiring such heroism, and weary of the butchery, suspended for a moment their fire, and sent a flag of truce demanding a capitulation. General Cambronne returned the immortal reply, “*The Guard dies; it never surrenders!*” A few more volleys of bullets from the infantry, a few more discharges of grape-shot from the artillery, mowed them all down. Thus perished, on the fatal field of Waterloo, the Old Guard of Napoleon. It was the creation of the genius of the Emperor; he had inspired it with his own lofty spirit; and the fall of the Emperor it devotedly refused to survive.

It was now night. The awful clamor of battle, the rattle of musketry, and the thunder of artillery, the infuriated shouts of the pursuing Prussians, and the shrieks of their victims as they were pierced by bayonets or cut down by sabres, presented a scene of brutal, demoniac war which the imagination even shrinks from contemplating. The bloody field of Waterloo was covered with forty thousand gory bodies. The Duke of Wellington, well satisfied with his day's work, granted his soldiers repose, and left the pursuit to the Prussians. The savage Blucher, with his savage band, all the night long continued the work of death. The French army was dispersed in every direction, and nothing remained for Napoleon but to return as rapidly as possible to Paris, and endeavor to raise new forces to attempt to repel the in-

* “The ranks of the English,” according to the statement of Blucher, as quoted by W. H. Ireland, Esq., “were thrown into disorder; the loss had been considerable, so that the reserves had advanced into the line, and the situation of the Duke of Wellington was exceedingly critical. Still greater disorder prevailed in the rear of the English army. The roads of the forest of Soignes were encumbered by wagons, artillery, and baggage, deserted by their drivers, while numerous bands of fugitives had spread confusion and affright throughout Brussels and the neighboring roads. Had not the French successes been interrupted by the march of Bulow, or if Marshal Grouchy, as the Emperor had every reason to hope, had followed at the heels of the Prussians, a more glorious victory could not have been obtained by the French, as it has been affirmed, on all hands, that not a single man of the Duke of Wellington's army could have escaped.”

vasion of the enemy. Such was the bloody deed by which the Allies succeeded in quenching the flame of Continental liberty, and in establishing over Europe Russian, and Prussian, and Austrian despotism. That England should have aided in this work is the darkest blot upon England's escutcheon.

Napoleon immediately turned his steps toward Paris. At one o'clock in the morning he arrived at Quatre-Bras. He stopped here for an hour to give some directions respecting the retreat, and to designate a rallying-point for his fugitive bands, to which he could press forward re-enforcements from Paris, and then hastened on to Charleroi. It was a lovely summer's night. The moon shone brilliantly in the unclouded and tranquil sky. All the night long the exhausted Emperor, accompanied by a few of his suite, in silence and anguish urged on his horse, while the thunder and the tumult of the awful pursuit resounded through the clear midnight air appallingly behind him.*



RETREAT FROM WATERLOO.

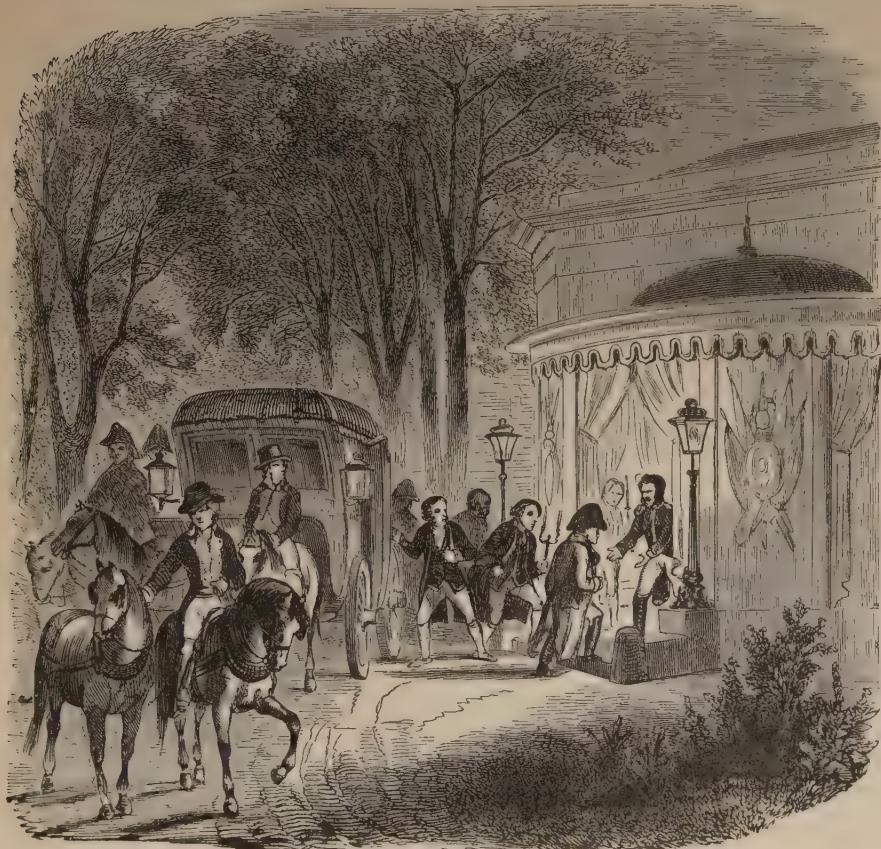
He arrived at this place in the early dawn of the morning. Utterly worn down in body and mind, he threw himself upon a couch for a few moments of repose. But the calamity in which he was overwhelmed was too awful

* "He had proved," says Baron Jomini, "at Arcola, Fylau, Ratisbon, Arcis, and also at Waterloo, that he was not afraid of bullets; and had he not believed in the resources of France, he would have died at the head of the remains of his army; he quitted them because he had not a general of his rear guard who could not lead them to Laon as well as himself, while no one could replace him at the helm of the vessel of state, which, for the instant, was not at his head-quarters, but at the Tuilleries."

to admit of a moment's slumber. Several of his followers came in with swollen eyes, and haggard countenances, and clothes covered with blood and dirt. As Napoleon contemplated the melancholy spectacle, and appreciated the enormity of the woe which threatened France, he was for a moment quite unmanned. Silently pressing the hand of his friend, Baron Fleury, tears gushed from his eyes, betraying the cruel anguish with which his heart was lacerated.

Again mounting his horse, he pressed rapidly on to Laon, where he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. Here he dispatched various orders, and sent a frank and honest bulletin to Paris, concealing nothing of the measurelessness of the calamity. "Here," said he to General Drouot, "is the bulletin of Waterloo. I wish you to hear it read. If I have omitted any essential circumstances, you will remind me of them. It is not my intention to conceal any thing. Now, as after the affair of Moscow, the whole truth must be disclosed to France. I might have thrown on Marshal Ney the blame of part of the misfortune at Waterloo. But the mischief is done. No more must be said."

After a few hours of unrefreshing and troubled slumber, the Emperor entered a carriage, and, accompanied by a few friends and a feeble escort, drove



THE RETURN TO PARIS.

all the day, and, just after midnight on the morning of the 21st, arrived in Paris. It was a dark and gloomy hour. The street lamps were flickering and expiring. With characteristic propriety, instead of directing his steps to the Tuilleries, he modestly turned aside to the less ambitious palace of the Elysée. A few servants were at the gate of the palace with glimmering torches. He was received upon the steps by his faithful friend, Caulaincourt. Fatigue and grief had prostrated him into the last stage of exhaustion. His cheek was emaciate and pallid, and his dress disordered by travel. His tottering limbs could hardly support his steps, and his head drooped upon his shoulder. Throwing himself upon a sofa, he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his heart,

“I am suffering here. The army has performed prodigies of valor. It is grievous to think that we should have been overcome after so many heroic efforts. My most brilliant victories do not shed more glory on the French army than the defeat at Waterloo. Our troops have not been beaten; they have been sacrificed, massacred by overwhelming numbers. My Guard suffered themselves to be cut to pieces without asking for quarter; but they exclaimed to me, ‘Withdraw! withdraw! You see that death is resolved to spare your majesty.’ And opening their ranks, my old grenadiers screened me from the carnage by forming around me a rampart of their own bodies. My brave, my admirable Guard has been destroyed, and I have not perished with them.”

He paused, overcome by anguish, and heaving a deep sigh, and saying, “I desire to be alone,” retired to the silence and the solitude of his cabinet.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECOND ABDICATION.

Anguish of the Emperor—Peril of France—Council Convened—Stormy Session of the Chambers—Treachery of Fouché—Tumult at the Elysée—The Abdication—Napoleon retires to Malmaison—Enthusiasm of the Army—Magnanimous Offer of the Emperor—His Embarrassments—Brutality of Blucher.

THE Emperor, after communing a short time with his own thoughts in the solitude of his cabinet, took a bath, and then threw himself upon his bed for a few moments of repose. But the interests at stake were too momentous, and the perils of the hour too terrible to allow of any slumber. He soon rose, called for Caulaincourt, and, in tones of indescribable calmness and sadness, spoke of the calamity with which France was overwhelmed. His pallid cheek and sunken eye proclaimed the anguish of his mind.

“I feel,” said the Emperor, in low tones of utter exhaustion, “that I have received my death-wound. The blow that has fallen upon me at Waterloo is mortal. The enemies’ force quadrupled ours. But I had combined a bold maneuver, with the view of preventing the junction of the two hostile armies. The infamous desertion of Bourmont forced me to change all my arrangements. To pass over to the enemy on the eve of a battle! Atrocious! The blood of his countrymen be on his head! The maledictions of France will pursue him.”

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, "you at first rejected that man. How unfortunate that you did not follow your own impulse!"

"Oh, this baseness is incredible!" exclaimed the Emperor, bitterly. "The annals of the French army offer no precedent for such a crime. Jomini was not a Frenchman. The consequences of this defection have been most disastrous. It created despondency. Grouchy was too late. Ney was carried away by enthusiasm. Our army performed prodigies of valor, and yet we lost the battle. Generals, marshals, all fought gloriously."

After a moment's pause, he added, "I must unite the two Chambers in an imperial sitting. I will faithfully describe to them the misfortunes of the army, and appeal to them for the means of saving the country. After that, I will again return to the seat of war."

But Paris was now in a state of terrific excitement. An army of a million of men, from various quarters, were marching upon the doomed and unarmed empire. In eight days the conjoined forces of Blucher and Wellington could be in Paris. The political adversaries of Napoleon took advantage of this panic. "France must pass through seas of blood," they exclaimed, "to repel these locust legions. The Allies make war upon Napoleon alone. If we give him up we shall appease them, save France from the horrors of an invasion, and then we can establish a republic, or choose another emperor, as we please."

This language was plausible. The Bourbon party expected, in the overthrow of Napoleon, to replace, by the aid of the Allies, Louis Stanislas Xavier. The Republicans of all shades hoped for the establishment of republican institutions. The more moderate and judicious of this party, like La Fayette, thought that France could sustain a healthy and law-abiding republic. The Jacobin party was ripe for any changes which might bring the lowest democracy into power. These factions in the Chambers all combined against the Emperor. The peril was so imminent, while hostile squadrons were every hour rushing nearer to Paris, that there was no time for cool deliberation. All was tumult, excitement, feverish haste. The treacherous Fouché was already in communication with the enemy, and plotting, with the most detestable hypocrisy and perfidy, for the restoration of the Bourbons. He knew that successful intrigue in their behalf would bring him a rich reward.

The Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, somewhat corresponding to the Senate and the House of Representatives in the United States, were now in session. The Deputies consisted of five hundred members. Many of them were ardent and ultra Democrats, young and inexperienced men from the provinces, who had never before sat in a legislative assembly. They were easily duped by those wily leaders who were familiar with all the forms of legislative halls, courts, and cabinets, and with all the arts of intrigue. In the confusion and anarchy which ensued, the Peers were almost lost sight of, while the more numerous body of Deputies grasped the reins of power.

Lucien and Joseph, informed of the return of their brother, hastened to the Elysée. Soon the apartments were filled with all the great functionaries of the empire. Some advised one thing and some another. At seven

o'clock in the morning the Emperor assembled the Council of State. He saw clearly that in that awful crisis it was in vain to rely upon the antagonistic councils and tardy measures of deliberative assemblies. He knew that the salvation of France depended upon the investment of the Emperor with dictatorial power. Prompt and decisive measures alone could save the nation. But he was resolved not to assume that power unless it was conferred upon him by the two Chambers.

The dreadful bulletin of Waterloo was read to the Council, and then Napoleon, with calmness and dignity, thus addressed them :

“ The army is covered with glory. Desertions, misunderstandings, and an inexplicable fatality have rendered unavailing the heroic exertions of our troops. Our disasters are great, but they are still reparable if my efforts are seconded. I returned to Paris to stimulate a noble impulse. If the French people rise, the enemy will be subdued. If, instead of resorting to prompt measures, and making extraordinary sacrifices, time is wasted in disputes and discussions, all is lost. The enemy is in France. In eight days he will be at the gates of the capital. To save the country, it is necessary that I should be invested with vast power—with a temporary dictatorship. For the interests of all, I ought to possess this power; but it will be more proper, more national, that it should be conferred upon me by the Chambers.”

Carnot rose and said, with deep emotion, “ I declare that I consider it indispensable that, during the present crisis, the sovereign should be invested with absolute power.”

Many others warmly advocated this view, while even the traitor Fouché, who was now the agent of the Duke of Wellington, and in correspondence with him, did not venture openly to oppose it. It was, however, cautiously suggested that a strong opposition to the Emperor had arisen in the Chambers, and that it would be probably impossible to get a vote in favor of the dictatorship.

“ What is it they wish ?” exclaimed Napoleon. “ Speak candidly. Is it my abdication they desire ?”

“ I fear that it is, sire !” Regnault answered, sadly. “ And though it is deeply repugnant to my feelings to tell your majesty a painful truth, yet it is my belief that, were you not to abdicate voluntarily, the Chamber of Deputies would require your abdication.”

To this declaration, the truth of which all seemed to apprehend, there was the response on the part of others, “ If the Deputies will not unite with the Emperor to save France, he must save the empire by his single efforts. He must declare himself a dictator. He must pronounce the whole of France in a state of siege, and he must summon all true Frenchmen to arms.”

“ The nation,” exclaimed the Emperor, in tones which thrilled in every heart, “ did not elect the Deputies to overthrow me, but to support me. Woe to them if the presence of the enemy on the French soil do not arouse their energy and their patriotism ! Whatever course they may adopt, I shall be supported by the people and the army. The fate of the Chamber, its very existence, depends on my will. Were I to pronounce their doom, they would all be sacrificed. They are playing an artful game. No mat-

ter; I have no need to resort to stratagem. I have right on my side. The patriotism of the people, their antipathy to the Bourbons, their attachment to my person, all these circumstances still afford immense resources, if we know how to profit by them."

The Emperor then, with his extraordinary power of lucid argument, developed an admirable plan for repairing the disasters of Waterloo. The whole measure, in its minutest details, was all distinctly mapped out in his mind. His cheek glowed with animation. His voice was strong with hope. Every eye was riveted upon him. The attention of every mind was absorbed in contemplating the workings of that stupendous intellect, which, with renewed vigor, was rising from the most awful reverses and disasters. The measures proposed by the Emperor were so perfected, so maturely considered in all their details, so manifestly and so eminently the wisest which could be adopted, that "the various shades of opinion," says Caulaincourt, who was present, "which had prevailed among the members of the Council, at length blended into one. All united in approving the plans of the Emperor."

In the midst of these scenes the Council was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger from the Chamber of Deputies, presenting some resolutions which had passed that body, and which, in their spirit, were very decidedly unfriendly to the Emperor. La Fayette, whom Napoleon had released from the dungeons of Olmutz, and restored to liberty and his family, introduced, and, by his strong personal influence, carried these resolutions. His intentions were unquestionably good, but he erred sadly in judgment. He lived to be convinced of his error, and bitterly to deplore it.

La Fayette, a man of sincere patriotism and of warm and generous impulses, thought that since the nation had so decisively rejected the Bourbons, if Napoleon would abdicate, the Allies would sheathe the sword, and allow France to establish a republic. He led the Republican party. These were weak dreams for a sensible man to indulge in. All the rival parties united to overthrow Napoleon, each hoping, by that event, to attain its own end. The friends of the Emperor, discouraged by this combined opposition, and trembling before the rapid approach of a *million of hostile bayonets*, lost heart, and bowed to the storm.

On the 23d of September, 1824, La Fayette, then on his triumphal tour through the United States, visited Joseph Bonaparte at his mansion at Point Breeze, in New Jersey. The remains of the Emperor were then mouldering in the tomb at St. Helena. All popular rights had been struck down in France by the despotic sceptre of the Bourbons. In a secret conversation with Joseph Bonaparte, La Fayette magnanimously acknowledged his regret at the course he had pursued in the overthrow of the Emperor. "The Bourbon dynasty," he then said, "can not last. It clashes too much with the French national sentiment. We are all now persuaded in France that the Emperor's son will be the best representative of the reforms of the Revolution." He also, at the same interview, suggested that in two years, by suitable efforts, Napoleon II. might be placed on the French throne.

When Joseph Bonaparte, with Quinette, visited the veteran John Adams, the patriotic patriarch of Quincy, "La Fayette was wrong," said the clear-

sighted American Republican. "The Emperor was the true rallying point. The Deputies and the country should have stuck to him after the defeat of Waterloo."^{*}

It is not strange, however, that any mind should have been bewildered in the midst of events so perilous, so tremendous, so unparalleled. As Napoleon read these unfriendly resolutions, he turned pale, and said, "I ought to have dismissed these men before I left Paris. I foresaw this. These factious firebrands will ruin France. I can measure the full extent of the evil. I must reflect upon what is now to be done. If necessary, I will abdicate." He then dissolved the sitting of the Council.

That he might not act hastily, and without a knowledge of all the circumstances, he decided to send a brief communication to each of the Chambers. Regnault was the messenger to the Deputies, and Carnot to the Peers. "Tell them," said the Emperor, "that I am here, in deliberation with my marshals; that my army is rallying; that I have given orders to stop the retreat, and that I have come to Paris to concert measures with my government and with the Chambers; and that I am at this moment occupied with those measures of public safety which circumstances demand."

The Chamber of Deputies was in such a tumult that Regnault could not even obtain a hearing. The Peers, though in a state of similar commotion, listened respectfully to the message from the Emperor. In stormy debate the hours of the day passed, and night again spread its gloom over the streets of agitated Paris.

The great mass of the population of Paris, and the people of the faubourgs, in numbers which could not be counted, crowded around the Elysée, and filled the air with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The trees, the walls, the railings of the palace, and the roofs of the surrounding houses were covered with the living mass, all eager to catch a glimpse of their beloved Emperor. In the darkness, and as these enthusiastic acclamations were rising in wild tumult around, Lucien, that stern Republican who had refused thrones, walked with the Emperor beneath the trees of the garden, and endeavored to rouse him to bid defiance to the Chambers, and to grasp that dictatorial power by which alone France could now be saved. "Look at these people," said he, "hurrying to you under the impulse of a disinterested instinct. They see in you alone, at this moment, their country and their independence. Listen to those cries. They call upon you for arms. They supplicate you to give a chief to this multitude. It is the same throughout the empire. Will you then abandon France to the foreigner, and the throne to the factions?"

But nothing could induce Napoleon to raise the banner of civil war. He was struggling, not for himself, but for France. "Am I, then, more than a man," said he, "to bring into union and agreement with me five hundred deluded deputies? And am I a miserable factionist to kindle a fruitless civil war? No, never! Persuade the Chambers to adopt a wise course. I ask for nothing better. I can do every thing with them. I could do much without them *for my own interest*, but without them I can not *save the country*. Go and try to induce them to co-operate with me. I consent to that. But

* History of the Second War, by Charles J. Ingersoll, vol. ii., p. 346.



THE EMPEROR AND LUCIEN IN THE GARDEN OF THE ELYSÉE.

I forbid you to harangue these people who are asking me for arms. I am ready to try every thing for France, but nothing for myself."

"His position at the Elysée," says Caulaincourt, "is unexampled in history. He might, had he been so inclined, have annihilated the traitors by a single word. The crowds who surrounded him would, at the slightest signal, have overthrown any obstacle which stood between Napoleon and the nation. But the Emperor would not consent to excite scenes of carnage. He well knew the terrific nature of popular justice."

The emissaries of Fouché were audacious, violent, and sanguine, in the Chamber of Deputies. They endeavored to overwhelm Lucien with clamor and insult as he conveyed to them the proposition of the Emperor. Caulaincourt, who had followed Lucien, hastened from the Chamber to inform the Emperor of what was passing. The crowd was so dense which surrounded the Elysée that it was with great difficulty the carriage of the minister could pass along. As he entered the palace, and was conversing with the Emperor, the shouts of the populace rose awfully on the midnight air, penetrating, as with appalling thunder, the cabinet of the Elysée.

"This is dreadful," said Napoleon. "The mob may be led to the commission of some excess, and I shall be accused of being the cause. These mistaken people wish to serve me, and yet they are doing all they can to injure me."

The judicious and lofty spirit of the Emperor revolted at the idea of arming the lower classes against the magistracy of the empire. He had been the revered Emperor of the French nation, and he would not stoop, even for an hour, to be the leader of a faction. Moreover, his eagle glance penetra-

ted futurity with far more unerring vision than any one around him enjoyed. He distinctly saw all the tremendous peril of the crisis, and that France could only be saved by the cordial co-operation of the whole nation. Napoleon alone, with the opposition of the powerful Chambers, could only extort better terms *for himself* from the Allies. He could not save France. He might protract a civil war for months, and cause a great amount of blood to be shed; but with a million of exultant enemies crossing the frontiers, France unarmed and exhausted, Royalists and Jacobins combining against him, the legislative bodies pronouncing him a usurper, and the Allies offering liberty and peace to France if the nation would abandon Napoleon, it was in vain to hope to save the country.

Many of those who were ready to abandon the Emperor had the folly to imagine that the conquering Allies would respect the independence of France, and allow them to establish the forms as well as the spirit of a republic. In their simplicity they believed the declaration of the Allies, that they were fighting, not against France, but against Napoleon alone. When Caulaincourt informed the Emperor of the tumultuary scene in the Chambers, and of the demand that he should abdicate, Napoleon exclaimed,

“All is lost! They seem not to be aware that, by declaring the throne to be vacant, they surrender it to the first claimant. The Allies now will not treat. They will dictate their terms, and they must be accepted. The majority of the Chambers is hostile to the Bourbons; and yet there is no doubt that the Bourbons will be again forced upon France. The nation is at the mercy of her foreign enemies. She will pay dearly for the incapacity of her representatives.”

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Benjamin Constant, who had urged the Emperor to arm the masses, and thus put down domestic clamor and repel the foreign foe. He now came in to inform the Emperor, with sadness, that the Chamber of Deputies was about to demand his abdication. Napoleon had not been elected Emperor by the Chambers, but by the people.

“By what right,” said Napoleon, mildly, “does the Chamber demand of me my abdication? Where is its authority?” Then, directing attention to the tumultuous acclamations which were continually bursting in thunder-peals from the multitude who crowded around the Elysée, he added,

“These poor people, who now come to condole with me in my reverses, I have not loaded with honors and riches. I leave them poor as I found them. But the instinct of country enlightens them. The voice of the nation speaks through their mouths. I have but to say one word, and in an hour the Chamber of Deputies would no longer exist. But no! not a single life shall be sacrificed for me. I have not returned from Elba to inundate Paris with blood.”

Even the most hostile pens have been compelled to record the singular humanity and magnanimity which the Emperor manifested through the whole of this fearful trial. Never was there exhibited more perfect oblivion of self, never more entire devotion to the interests of one's country. Even Lamartine could not refuse his tribute of respect.

“History,” he says, “owes this justice to Napoleon, that, whether from a

natural horror of popular excesses, the sanguinary spectacle of which had left a sinister expression in his soul since the 10th of August, the massacres of September, and the reeking guillotine; whether, from a soldier-like repugnance to all undisciplined forces, or respect for his future fame, he constantly, both on his return and on his fall, since the 20th of March, refused to form an army of the populace against the nation. He preferred falling with dignity rather than to raise himself by such auxiliaries. On quitting his isle, and braving the Bourbons and Europe, he recoiled from the blood of seditions, and from crimes against civilization. Cæsar always, but never Gracchus; born for empire, not for the turbulence of factions."

Thus passed the 21st of June. The Chamber of Deputies continued its agitated and stormy session through the night. Napoleon, at a late hour, sick, exhausted, and woe-stricken, in view of the calamities which were overwhelming his country, retired to his pillow. There was but little sleep in Paris that awful night. Vast masses of men were surging through the streets, clamoring for weapons to protect their Emperor and France. The myriad armies of the Allies had encamped one day nearer the doomed metropolis. There was distraction in council, antagonism in action, and all was confusion and dismay. Had the Chamber of Deputies but said the word, the mighty genius of Napoleon would instantly have evolved order from this chaos; the people would have risen all over the empire against their invaders as one man, and France might, perhaps, have been saved. Instead of this, the deputies, during the night, insanely discarding the energies of the most gigantic mind upon earth, passed a resolve virtually requesting the Emperor to abdicate. Thus was France delivered over in utter helplessness to the derision and the insults of its foes.

The morning of the 22d dawned. Stormy as had been the events of the night, still more tempestuous were the scenes which the new day introduced. The Emperor sat in his cabinet, absorbed in painful thought, with his hand spread over his eyes, when a child entered the room, presenting before him, on a tray, coffee and refreshments. For a moment Napoleon did not perceive the entrance of the infantile page, who had occasionally before attracted his notice.

"Eat, sire," the child at length ventured to say. "It will do you good."

The Emperor raised his eyes, looked kindly upon his youthful attendant, and said, "You come from the village Gonesse, do you not?"

"No, sire," the child replied, "I come from Pierrefite."

"Where your parents," Napoleon added, "have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire," the child replied.

"There," exclaimed the world-weary Emperor, "is true happiness."

At eight o'clock the two Chambers, in intense excitement, were reassembled, and the enemies of Napoleon, all combining in a majority, were clamorous for his abdication. At an early hour the Emperor convoked the Council of Ministers at the Elysée. News had arrived during the night which added greatly to his embarrassment. Marshal Grouchy had escaped from both Wellington and Blucher, and, with forty thousand troops, had returned to France. Ney and Jerome Bonaparte had rallied, near the frontier,



THE EMPEROR AND THE PAGE.

from the rout of Waterloo, nearly forty thousand more. Ten thousand well-trained soldiers, from the environs, had marched during the night into the city, burning with enthusiasm, and ready to die in defense of the empire and of the Emperor. From the countless throng surrounding the Elysée, an army of fifty thousand men could, in a few hours, be arrayed in martial bands, prepared, with desperation, to beat back the invading foe. Napoleon was entreated by many of his friends to grasp these powerful resources for the preservation of France. Never was a mortal placed before in so torturing a dilemma. A refusal to seize the dictatorship handed France over, in helplessness and humiliation, to the Allies. On the other hand, the bold assumption of power involved the necessity of immediately dissolving the two Chambers by violence, of imprisoning those whose opposition was to be dreaded, and of exposing France to all the horrible calamities of war, in which cities must be bombarded, vast regions of country ravaged by hostile armies, and the lives of tens of thousands of Frenchmen sacrificed.

The Emperor, though perfectly calm, was serious and sad. He weighed every thing in the balance of judgment and humanity. He decided that, with the co-operation of the Chambers, the chances were still strongly in favor of France. Without that co-operation, he deemed it unjustifiable to appeal to the awful decisions of the sword. With this object in view, he sent to the Chambers a statement of the resources at hand, and of his willingness to wield them, to the utmost of his power, for the preservation of the independence of France.

The Chamber of Deputies, bewildered, excited, and irrational, conscious of the power which the Emperor still held, after a stormy debate, sent back a reply, couched in what was intended as respectful terms.

"The war," said the deputation, "in which France is again involved, affects the nation much less than the Emperor. The Allies have proclaimed peace to France, and war against Napoleon alone. Peace can consequently

be immediately secured for France if the Emperor will once more sacrifice himself to save his country."

This appeal to the Emperor's devotion to France was deciding the question. The Emperor received the deputation graciously, and promised an immediate reply. As they withdrew, he said to his friends,

"I can do nothing alone. I had called the Assembly together, hoping that it would impart strength to my measures, but its disunion deprived me of the scanty resources at my command. The nation is informed that I am the only obstacle to peace. The time is too short to enable me to enlighten its judgment. I am required to sacrifice myself. I am willing to do so. I did not come to France for the purpose of kindling domestic feuds."

Then, requesting Lucien to take the pen, he paced the floor, and slowly dictated the following act of abdication :

"Frenchmen! In commencing the war for the upholding of national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts and all wills, and upon the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had every reason to expect success, and I braved the declaration of the Allies against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself in sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and hate only my person!"

"My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the council of government. The interest I feel in my son prompts me to request the Chambers to organize, without delay, the regency by a law. Let all unite for the public safety, and to remain an independent nation."

"At the palace of the Elysée, June 22, 1815. NAPOLEON."

The aged and noble Carnot, as he heard this abdication read, which surrendered France to the mercy of her enemies, overwhelmed with anguish, buried his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. Napoleon was deeply affected. He immediately went to the grief-stricken statesman, soothingly placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "My friend, I have not known you till too late."*

The reading of this dignified act created a profound sensation in the Chamber of Deputies. Regnault, inspired by the grandeur of the occasion and the theme, ascended the tribune, and drew a picture so affecting and pathetic of the benefits Napoleon had already conferred upon France, and of the moral sublimity of the act which he had now performed, in sacrificing himself, without condition and without reserve, to the happiness of his country, to wander an exile he knew not where, and to suffer he knew not what, that the whole

* "I had the grief," said the Duke of Gaëta, "of being present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He dictated it in the midst of his council, with the same composure with which we had heard him a hundred times dictate his orders when he was in the plenitude of power, only he was more careful in the choice of his phrases and in the construction of his sentences. He read the document over several times, each time making some slight corrections. When he was satisfied with it, he sent it to the Chamber of Deputies. He then retired to his cabinet. Count Mollien and I saw him again in the evening. We found him as calm as we had seen him in the morning. His last adieus were affectionate and touching."

assembly was plunged into tears, and even his most obdurate enemies were melted. There was, after this glowing speech, a moment of profound silence, interrupted only by the inarticulate murmurs of emotion. The Chamber then, with entire unanimity, decreed a solemn deputation to wait upon Napoleon, and express, in the name of the nation, "the respect and gratitude with which it accepted the noble sacrifice he had made to the independence and happiness of the French people." In this act the Chamber of Peers also united.

It was now night. The unthroneed Emperor had retired alone to the solitude of his cabinet. It was dimly lighted by a few wax candles. Napoleon received the delegation with great courtesy, and listened, with melancholy resignation, to their congratulations. With slow and serious accent he thus responded :



NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE THANKS OF THE CHAMBERS.

"I thank you for the sentiments you express toward me. I hope that my abdication may prove for the happiness of France, *but I do not expect it*. It leaves the state without a head, and without political existence. The time wasted in overturning the monarchy might have been employed in placing France in a condition to crush the enemy. I recommend to the Chambers speedily to re-enforce the armies. Whoever wishes for peace should make preparations for war. Do not leave this great nation at the mercy of foreigners. Beware of being deceived in your hopes. There lies the danger. In whatever situation I may be placed, I shall always be satisfied if France is happy. I recommend my son to France. I hope that it will not forget that I have abdicated for him. I have also made this great sacrifice for the good of the nation. It is only with my dynasty that France can hope to be free, happy, and independent."

The morning of the 23d dawned upon Paris. The allied armies were on the march. France was without a chief, without a government. The Chamber of Deputies was filled with a throng of inexperienced and garrulous men,

and a scene of confusion ensued which can not be described. Every thing was proposed, and nothing done. Napoleon was a peaceful citizen at the Elysée. He felt that he was swept along on billows of destiny which he could neither guide nor control. The Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the advocates of Napoleon II. were plunged into inextricable turmoil and confusion. This was just what the Bourbonists, headed by Fouché, desired. Could this confusion but be perpetuated for a few days, the Allies would settle the question with their bayonets. "By such proceedings," said the Emperor, sadly, "the Deputies will soon bring back the Bourbons. These men will yet shed tears of blood. They flatter themselves that they can place the Duke of Orleans on the throne, but the English will not permit it."

To meet immediate emergencies, a provisional government was established, with Fouché at its head. This wily traitor, already in correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, was maneuvering, with consummate skill, for the restoration of the Bourbons. At the same time, commissioners were dispatched to the head-quarters of the Allies, to propitiate their vengeance by the assurance that Napoleon had abdicated. Fouché had now obtained, through his bribed accomplices, a complete ascendancy over the inexperienced and perplexed members of the Chamber of Deputies. He encountered, however, one great embarrassment. The Emperor was at the Elysée. He was the idol of the people. The streets of the metropolis continued to resound with the cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Immense crowds still thronged the environs of the palace, demanding the Emperor to recall his abdication, and to place himself at the head of the people to repel the Allies.

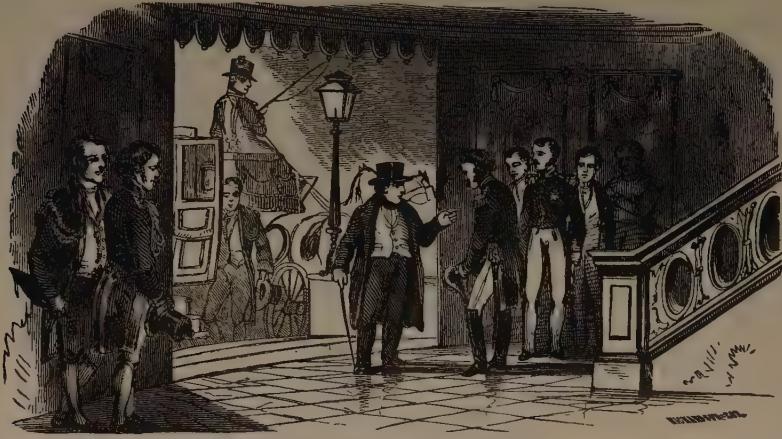
Two regiments of volunteers from the faubourg St. Antoine, accompanied by a countless multitude, marched to the gates of the Elysée. A deputation waited upon the Emperor, stating that the traitorous Chamber of Deputies was about to sell France again to the Bourbons, and entreating him to take the reins of government into his own hands, as on the 18th Brumaire.

The Emperor replied, "You recall to my remembrance the 18th Brumaire, but you forget that the circumstances are not the same. On the 18th Brumaire the nation was unanimous in desiring a change. A feeble effort only was necessary to effect what they so much desired. Now it would require floods of French blood, and never shall a single drop be shed by me in the defense of a cause purely personal."

Count Montholon, who was at this time with the Emperor, could not refrain from expressing his regret that Napoleon should thus refuse to avail himself of the proffered arms of the people to save France from the enemy. The Emperor listened attentively to his representations, and then firmly replied:

"Putting the brute force of the mass of the people into action would doubtless save Paris and insure me the crown without incurring the horrors of civil war, but it would likewise be risking thousands of French lives; for what power could control so many various passions, so much hatred, and such vengeance? No! there is one thing that I can not forget. I have been escorted from Cannes to Paris in the midst of the bloody cries, 'Down with the priests! Down with the nobles!' *No! I like the regrets of France better than her crown.*'"

Fouché and his accomplices in the Chamber of Deputies trembled in view of the Emperor's vast popularity, and were very apprehensive that he might accede to the wishes of the people, and frustrate all their plans. Rumors of assassination alarmed his friends. The crowd grew more and more dense, enthusiastic, and clamorous around the Elysée. On the evening of the 25th, Napoleon, putting on a disguise of a round hat and an ordinary traveling dress—not to escape the enmity, but the love of the people—left the Elysée, and, entering the carriage of Las Casas, retired to Malmaison.



NAPOLEON LEAVING THE ELYSEE.

As the Emperor took his departure, he said to Caulaincourt, "Remain where you are. Do whatever you can to prevent mischief. Carnot will second you. He is an honest man. For me, all is at an end. Strive to serve France, and you will still be serving me. Courage, Caulaincourt! If you and other honorable men decline to take an active part in affairs, that traitor Fouché will sell France to foreigners."

His devoted step-daughter, Queen Hortense, had gone before to Malmaison, and awaited his arrival. "She restrained her own tears," says Baron Fleury, "reminding us, with the wisdom of a philosopher and the sweetness of an angel, that we ought to surmount our sorrows and regrets, and submit with docility to the decrees of Providence." The Emperor wandered sadly through the rooms, and traversed the beautiful walks endeared to him by the love of Josephine. His demeanor was calm, and to all peculiarly gentle and affectionate.

"Every object here," said he, "revives some touching memory. Malmaison was my first possession. It was purchased with money of my own earning. It was long the abode of happiness; but she who was its chief ornament is now no more. My misfortunes caused her death. Ten years ago I little foresaw that I should one day take refuge here to avoid my persecutors."

The Emperor was now making preparations to leave France and embark for America. The provisional government had assembled at Paris about eighty thousand men. With this force behind the intrenchments of the metropolis, they hoped to compel the Allies to pay some little respect to the

wishes of France. Napoleon, as usual, entirely devoted to his country and forgetful of himself, issued a farewell proclamation to the soldiers, urging them to be faithful to the new government, and to maintain the honor of the nation. No one will withhold his tribute of respect from the following noble words :

“ Soldiers ! While obeying the necessity which removes me from the brave French army, I carry with me the happy conviction that it will justify, by the eminent services which the country expects from it, the praises which our enemies themselves can not withhold.

“ Soldiers ! Though absent, I shall follow your steps. I know all the corps, and not one of them will ever gain a signal advantage over the enemy without receiving ample credit from me for the courage it may have displayed. You and I have been calumniated. Men unfit to appreciate your labors have seen, in the marks of attachment which you have given me, a zeal of which I was the sole object. Let your future successes convince them that, in obeying me, it was the country above all things which you served, and that, if I had any share in your affection, I owe it to my ardent love of France, our common mother.

“ Soldiers ! A few more efforts, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will recognize you by the blows which you are about to strike. Save the honor, the independence of France. Be, even to the last, the same men I have known you for twenty years, and you will be invincible.

“ NAPOLEON.”

The provisional government immediately appointed plenipotentiaries to hasten to the head-quarters of Wellington and Blucher, and sue for peace. The envoys were instructed that the basis of their negotiations should be, the integrity of the French territory, the exclusion of the Bourbons, and the recognition of Napoleon II. These instructions, however, were intended merely to deceive the French people. As the plenipotentiaries departed, the government, as a mark of respect, sent a committee to inform the Emperor of the instructions given to the envoys. Napoleon replied, “ The Allies are too deeply interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to nominate my son. *He will yet reign over France, but his time has not arrived.*” This prediction, in its spirit, has been fulfilled. The heir of Napoleon now reigns over France.

Fouché was at that time the agent of Louis XVIII. and of the Duke of Wellington for the restoration of the house of Bourbon. The very day on which these negotiators were appointed, Fouché commissioned M. de Vitrolles to invite Louis to hasten his return to France. Our readers will remember the treasonable efforts of this Royalist when Napoleon was struggling with the Allies on the banks of the Seine.

“ You see,” said Fouché to Vitrolles, “ the extreme embarrassment of my position. For the last three months I have risked my head every day for the cause of peace, of France, and of Louis. The Chamber has proclaimed Napoleon II. This is a necessary preliminary step toward the restoration of the Bourbons. This name quiets simple men, who imagine, like my col-

league Carnot, that the safety of France and of liberty exists in this chimera of a republican empire under a child who is the prisoner of Europe. They must be allowed to indulge in this delusion for a few days. It will last long enough to enable us to get rid of the Emperor. We can then easily lay aside Napoleon II. and the Duke of Orleans."

Benjamin Constant was one of the envoys who had allowed himself to be thus deluded by Fouché. Before he departed for the head-quarters of the Allies, he went to Malmaison to take a sorrowful leave of the Emperor. In the course of the conversation, Constant inquired, "Where does your majesty intend to seek an asylum?"

"I have not yet decided," the Emperor replied, in a tone of great indifference. "Flight I disdain. Why should I not remain here? What can the Allies do to a disarmed man? I may continue to live in this retreat with a few friends, who will remain attached, not to my power, but to my person. If they do not choose to leave me here, where would they wish me to go? To England? But there my residence would be disquieting. No one would believe that I could be tranquil there. I should compromise all my friends. Every mist would be suspected of bringing me to the coast of France. By dint of saying, 'There, he is come at last!' I should at length be tempted to come in earnest. America would be a more suitable retreat. I could live there with dignity."

"But, after all, what have I to apprehend in staying where I am? What sovereign could persecute me without dishonoring himself? To one, I have returned the half of his conquered states. How many times has the other pressed my hand, felicitating himself on being the friend of a great man! I shall see, however. I do not wish to struggle against open force. I arrived at Paris to combine our last resources. I have been abandoned with the same facility with which I was received. Well, let them efface, if possible, the double stain of weakness and frivolity. They should at least cover it with some struggle, some glory. Let them do for their country what they will do no longer for me. But I do not hope it. To-day, they give me up to save France; to-morrow, they will give France up to save themselves."

In conversation with Hortense, he said, "Give myself up to Austria? Never! She has seized upon my wife and my son. Give myself up to Russia? That would be to a single man. But to give myself up to England, that would be to throw myself upon *a people*."

One of his visitors congratulated the Emperor that the plenipotentiaries were instructed to urge upon the Allies the claims of his son; but Napoleon was not thus deceived. "The Allies," he replied, "are too much interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to give my son the crown. Most of the plenipotentiaries are my enemies. The foes of the father can not be the friends of the son. Moreover, the Chambers obey the wishes of Fouché. If they had given to me what they have lavished upon him, I should have saved France. My presence alone, at the head of the army, would have done more than all your negotiations."

In confidential intercourse with his friends, he discussed the question of his retreat. He spoke of England, having great confidence in receiving respectful treatment from the British *people*. His friends, however, assured him

that he could not safely trust himself in the power of the British *government*. He then seemed inclined to go to the United States. Several American gentlemen in Paris sent him the assurance that he would be cordially received by the government in Washington, and by the whole American people. At the same time, the Chamber of Deputies pressed his departure from France as essential to successful negotiations with the Allies. The Emperor to these applications replied,

“That he was ready to embark, with his household, for the United States, if furnished with two frigates.” The Minister for Foreign Affairs instantly ordered the frigates to be equipped; and as the coasts of France were thronged with hostile British cruisers, he applied to the Duke of Wellington for a “safe-conduct.” In the mean time, the provisional government, trembling lest the people should yet reclaim their beloved Emperor, sent General Becker to Malmaison with a strong military force, professedly as a guard of honor, but in reality to hold Napoleon as a prisoner.

Napoleon fully understood the meaning of this, but, pretending to be blind to the truth, received his guard as friends. This movement caused great consternation at Malmaison. All were apprehensive that Napoleon might be arrested, exposed to captivity, insult, and death. Hortense wept bitterly. General Gourgaud, with enthusiasm roused to the highest pitch, vowed “to immolate the first man who should dare to lay a hand upon his master.”

General Becker was the brother-in-law of General Desaix, who fell at Marengo. He revered and loved the Emperor. With tears in his eyes he presented himself, and bowed in homage before the majesty of that moral power which was still undimmed. He assured the Emperor “that he held himself and his troops in entire subjection to the commands of their former master.” The Emperor kindly took his arm, and walked, in long conversation, in the embowered paths of the chateau.

He had now become impatient for his departure. He sent to the government to hasten the preparation of the two frigates. Fouché replied “that they were ready, but that the safe-conducts had not arrived.” “I can not,” said he, “dishonor my memory by an act of imprudence which would be called treachery should the frigates be taken with Napoleon on board when leaving port.” But the Duke of Wellington refused to grant any safe-conduct; and the English government multiplied their cruisers along the coast to prevent the escape of their victim. On the evening of the 27th, Fouché and his colleagues, trembling lest Napoleon should be driven by desperation to place himself again at the head of the people, sent him word that the frigates were ready, and begged him to embark without waiting for a safe-conduct. An hour later, finding that the Allies were near Malmaison, and that the coast was effectually guarded, they revoked this order, and sending additional troops and gendarmes, ordered General Becker to escort Napoleon to Rochefort, where he was to remain until a safe-conduct could be obtained.

The region through which the Emperor was to pass was thronged with his most devoted friends. He had, however, no wish to rouse them to an unavailing struggle. The provisional government were apprehensive that his presence might excite enthusiasm which it would be impossible to allay.

It was, therefore, mutually decided that Napoleon should travel in disguise. General Becker received a passport in which the Emperor was designated as his secretary. As the general presented the passport to the Emperor, Napoleon pleasantly said, "Behold me, then, your secretary." "Yes, sire," the noble Becker replied, in tones tremulous with grief and affection, "but to me you are ever my sovereign."

The French army, composed of the remnant of Waterloo and the corps of Grouchy, sullenly retreating before Wellington and Blucher, were hardly a day's march from Malmaison. Several of the officers were very anxious that Napoleon should place himself at the head of these squadrons and beat back the foe. General Excelmans sent Colonel Sencier to Malmaison to urge the Emperor to this desperate enterprise. The colonel was commissioned to say, in behalf of those who sent him,

"The army of the North is unbroken, and full of enthusiasm for its Emperor. It is easy to rally around this nucleus every thing that remains of patriotism and of military spirit in France. Nothing is to be despained of with such troops and with such a chief."

Napoleon for a moment paced the floor of his library, absorbed in silent and profound thought. He then said, calmly but firmly,

"Thank your general for me, but tell him that I can not accept his proposition. To give hope of success, I should require the united support of France. But every thing is unsettled, and nobody cares any thing about the matter. What could I do alone, with a handful of soldiers, against all Europe?"

The Allies were now at Compiegne, within two days' march of Paris. Portions of the hostile troops had advanced even to Cenlis. Napoleon, in the garden of Malmaison, heard rumbling in the distance the deep thunder of their cannonade. The sound of hostile cannon enkindled in his soul a fever of excitement. His whole being was intensely roused. He summoned General Becker into his cabinet, and exclaimed, in accents of deepest emotion,

"The enemy is at Compiegne—at Cenlis! To-morrow he will be at the gates of Paris! I can not understand the blindness of the government. He must be either an imbecile or a traitor who doubts for a moment the false faith of the Allies. Those persons know nothing of their business. Every thing is lost! I will apply for the command of the army under the provisional government. Let them appoint me general in their employ, and I will take the command. Communicate my offer to the government. Explain to them that I have no intention to repossess myself of power; I only wish to fight the enemy, and to force him, by a victory, to grant better conditions. When this result is obtained, I pledge my word of honor that I will quietly retire from France."

General Becker presented the message of the Emperor at the Tuileries. Carnot, a sincere patriot, welcomed the generous proposal. The wily Fouché, whose treachery was now nearly consummated, argued that Napoleon was the sole cause of the war; that his presence at the head of the army would be a defiance to the Allies, and would provoke them to more severe measures; and that if Napoleon were successful, that success would place him again on the throne.

Napoleon's energy, however, was thoroughly aroused. He hoped that the government, in this hour of national humiliation, would accept his services, and allow him to drive the invaders from France. Blucher and Wellington, fearing no enemy, were marching carelessly, with their forces scattered. Napoleon felt sure that, with the enthusiasm his presence would inspire, he could crush both armies, and thus efface the stain of Waterloo. He had dressed himself for the campaign. His chargers, saddled and bridled, were champing the bit at the gates. His aids were assembled. He had imprinted his parting paternal kiss upon the tearful cheek of Hortense. General Becker, on returning, presented the reply of the government, courteously but decidedly declining to accept the Emperor's offer. Napoleon received the answer without betraying the slightest emotion, and then said calmly,

"Very well. They will repent it. Give the necessary orders for my departure for the coast. When all is ready, let me know."

In confiding friendship, he said to M. Bassano, "These people are blinded by their avidity for power. They feel that, were I replaced, they would no longer be any thing more than my shadow. They thus sacrifice me and the country to their own vanity. My presence would electrify the troops, and astound the foreign powers like a clap of thunder. They will be aware that I return to the field to conquer or to die. To get rid of me, they will grant all you may require. If, on the contrary, I am left to gnaw my sword here, the Allies will deride you, and you will be forced to receive Louis XVIII. cap in hand."

Then, as if convinced and roused to action by this train of thought, he exclaimed, "I can do nothing better for all of you—for my son and for myself—than to fly to the arms of my soldiers. If your five emperors"—alluding to the committee of government—"will not have me save France, I must dispense with their consent. I have but to show myself, and Paris and the army will receive me a second time as their deliverer."

"I do not doubt it, sire," M. Bassano replied; "but the Chamber will declare against you—perhaps it will even venture to pronounce you outlawed. And should fortune prove unfavorable—should the army, after performing prodigies of valor, be overpowered by numbers—what will become of France and of your majesty? The enemy will abuse his victory, and your majesty may have occasion to reproach yourself with being the cause of your country's eternal ruin."

The Emperor remained thoughtful a few moments without uttering a word. His whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the immense interests to be periled. He then said, "You are right. I must not take upon myself the responsibility of issues so momentous. I ought to wait till recalled by the voice of the people, the soldiery, and the Chambers."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Baron Fleury with the information that the allied troops were rapidly approaching Paris, and that the Emperor was in great personal danger.

"I shall have no fear of them to-morrow," the Emperor replied. "I shall depart to-night. I am weary of myself, of Paris, and of France. Make your preparations to leave immediately."

"Sire," Baron Fleury with hesitancy replied, "when I promised yesterday to attend your majesty, I only consulted my personal attachment. When I mentioned my resolution to my mother, she implored me, by her gray hairs, not to desert her. She is seventy-four years old, and blind. My brothers are all dead. I alone remain to protect her. I had not the heart to refuse."

"You have done well," said Napoleon, promptly. "You owe yourself to your mother. Remain with her. Should you, at some future period, be master of your own actions, rejoin me. You will be well received."

"But whither," said the baron, despondingly, "will your majesty go?"

"The path, in truth," the Emperor replied, "is difficult, but fortune and a fair wind may favor me. I will repair to the United States. They will give me land, or I will purchase some, and we will cultivate it."

"But will the English," said Fleury, "allow you to cultivate your fields in peace? You have made England tremble. As long as you are alive, or, at least, at liberty, she will dread your genius. The Americans love and admire you. You have great influence over them. You might, perhaps, excite them to enterprises fatal to England."

"What enterprises?" the Emperor rejoined. "The English well know that the Americans would lose their lives, to a man, in defense of their native soil, but they are not fond of carrying on foreign warfare. They are not yet arrived at a pitch to give the English any serious uneasiness. At some future day, perhaps, they will be the avengers of the seas. But that period, which I might have had it in my power to accelerate, is now at a distance. The Americans advance to greatness slowly."

"Admitting," Fleury continued, "that they can give England no serious uneasiness at this moment, your presence in the United States will at least furnish England with an occasion to stir up Europe against them. The combined powers will consider their work imperfect till you are in their possession. They will compel the Americans either to deliver you up, or to expel you from their territory."

"Well, then," Napoleon continued, "I will go to Mexico, to Caraccas, to Buenos Ayres, to California. I shall go, in short, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, until I find an asylum against the resentment and the persecution of men."

"But can you reasonably hope," the baron replied, "continually to escape the snares and fleets of the English?"

"If I can not escape," the Emperor rejoined, "they will take me. The English *government* has no magnanimity; the *nation*, however, is great, noble, generous. It will treat me as I ought to be treated. But, after all, what can I do? Would you have me allow myself to be taken, like a child, by Wellington, to adorn his triumph in London? I have only one course to adopt, that of retiring from the scene. Destiny will do the rest. Certainly I could die. I could say, like Hannibal, 'Let me deliver them from the terror with which I inspire them.' But suicide must be left to weak heads, and souls badly tempered. *As for me, whatever may be my destiny, I shall never hasten my natural end by a single moment.*"

The savage Blucher, plundering and destroying wherever he appeared.

declared, with manifold oaths, that, could he capture Napoleon, he would hang him on a gallows in the presence of both armies. Wellington was ashamed of the conduct and the threats of his barbarian ally. General Becker made defensive arrangements upon the roads leading to Malmaison to secure the Emperor from surprise. A little after midnight, some friends came from Paris with information that the Allies had refused the safe-conduct which had been solicited, and that the Emperor had scarcely time to escape captivity by flight.

But where could he find an asylum? Europe, in arms against a single man, could afford him no retreat. England had entire command of the sea, and consequently escape to lands beyond the ocean seemed impossible. It is generally supposed that Fouché contrived all these embarrassments, that he might deliver Napoleon up a captive and a sacrifice to the vengeance of the Allies. Whatever the *motive* might have been, the *facts* remain undisputed. Napoleon could not escape the vigilance of the British cruisers by sea. He could not elude the eagle eye of the exasperated Allies on the land. He was helpless. All this he understood perfectly. A kind Providence might open some unexpected door for his escape, but there was no visible refuge.

In answer to the application of the provisional government for passports for the Emperor, the Duke of Wellington, with his accustomed curtness, responded, "that he had no authority from his government to give any reply whatsoever to the demand for a passport and safe-conduct for Napoleon Bonaparte."

The Emperor received the message without any apparent emotion, and without any remark.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EMPEROR A CAPTIVE.

Departure from Malmaison—Journey to Rochefort—Embarkation—The Blockade—The Emperor seeks Refuge in the Bellerophon—Voyage to England—Enthusiasm of the English people—Implacability of the Government—The British Ministry trampling upon British Law—The Doom of St. Helena—Departure of the Squadron—Perfidy of the Allies—The Death of Ney.

THE morning of the 29th of June dawned, cloudless, and radiant with all the loveliness of the early summer. The gardens, the park, the embowered walks of the enchanting chateau of Malmaison were bathed in a flood of surpassing beauty. The Emperor sat in his library, quite exhausted with care and grief. Hortense, emulating the affection and devotion of her noble mother, with pallid cheeks and eyes swollen with weeping, did every thing which a daughter's love could do to minister to the solace of her afflicted father. A few faithful followers, with grief-stricken countenances, were also at Malmaison, determined to share all the perils and sufferings of that friend whom they loved with deathless fervor. The Emperor, whose countenance now betrayed the anguish of his wounded spirit, was writing at a table with great earnestness and rapidity. Caulaincourt was announced. As this faithful friend, endeared to the Emperor by a thousand grateful reminiscences,

entered the room, Napoleon raised his head, laid aside his pen, and said, with a faint smile,

" Well, Caulaincourt, this is truly draining the cup of misfortune to the dregs. I wished to defer my departure only for the sake of fighting at the head of the army. I desired only to contribute my aid in repelling the enemy. I have had enough of sovereignty. I want no more of it—*no more of it*. I am no longer a sovereign, but I am still a soldier. When I heard the cannon roar, when I reflected that my troops were without a leader, that they were to endure the humiliation of defeat without having fought, my blood boiled with indignation. All I wished for myself was a glorious death amid my brave troops. But my co-operation would have defeated the schemes of traitors. France has been sold. She has been surrendered up without a blow being struck in her defense. Thirty-two millions of men have been made to bow their heads to an arrogant conqueror without disputing the victory. Such a spectacle as France now presents has not been found in the history of any other nation."



THE EMPEROR IN THE LIBRARY AT MALMAISON.

As the Emperor uttered these words, he rose, and, in his excitement, walked up and down the room. The deep emotion which agitated him was betrayed by his rapid utterance and animated gestures. After a moment's pause, he continued :

" Honor, national dignity, all, all now is lost. That miserable Fouché imagines that I would assume the sovereignty in the degradation to which it is now reduced. Never, never ! The place assigned to the sovereign is no longer tenable. I am disgusted alike with men and things. I am utterly indifferent about my future fate, and I endure life without attaching myself to it by any alluring chimeras. I carry with me from France recollections which will constitute at once the charm and the torment of the remainder of

my days. A bitter and incurable regret must ever be connected with this last phasis of my singular career. Alas! what will become of the army—my brave, my unparalleled army? The reaction will be terrible. The army will be doomed to expiate its fidelity to my cause, its heroic resistance at Waterloo. Waterloo! what horrible recollections are connected with that name! Oh, if you had seen that handful of heroes, closely pressed one upon another, resisting immense masses of the enemy, not to defend their lives, but to meet death on the field of battle where they could not conquer! The English stood amazed at the sight of this desperate heroism. Weary of the carnage, they implored the martyrs to surrender. This merciful summons was answered by the sublime cry, '*The Guard dies; it never surrenders!*' The Imperial Guard has immortalized the French people and the empire."

He paused, overcome by emotion, as his mind retraced these memorable scenes. Soon raising his eyes, and fixing them sadly, yet affectionately upon Caulaincourt, he added, in tones of peculiar tenderness,

" And you, all of you who are here, will be pursued and persecuted. Compromised as you are for your fidelity to my cause, what will become of you? All is over, Caulaincourt. We are now about to part. In a few days I must quit France forever. I will fix my abode in the United States. In the course of some little time, the spot which I shall inhabit will be in a condition to receive the glorious wrecks of the army. All my old companions in arms will find an asylum with me. Who knows but that I may one day or other have a *Hospital of Invalids* in the United States for my veteran Guards?"

Suddenly the galloping of horses was heard in the court-yard. The Emperor advanced to the window. The carriages had arrived for his departure. He heaved a deep sigh, and seemed for a moment much agitated. He advanced toward Caulaincourt, took his hand, gazed for a moment silently and with a look of inexpressible tenderness in his face, when suddenly the warm and glowing heart of this imperial man was overwhelmed with affection and grief, and his eyes were flooded with tears, which he vainly struggled to repress. Unable to articulate a word, he pressed the hand of his devoted friend, and, in the silent adieu of uncontrollable emotion, departed.

" I will not attempt," says Caulaincourt, " to describe my feelings on taking my last farewell of the Emperor. I felt that he was about to enter upon an endless exile. I rushed from the cabinet almost in a delirium of despair. Since then, my prosaic life has been utterly devoid of interest. I have been insensible to persecution, and have resented injuries only by cold contempt. There is one regret which presses heavily upon my heart. It is that I can not live long enough to complete the work of conscience and justice which I am anxious to bequeath to France. By employing the few hours which I can snatch from death in portraying the hero whom faction hurled from the throne, I feel that I am discharging a sacred duty to my country.

" The wonderful character of Napoleon can only be accurately portrayed by those who had the opportunity of observing him in the relations of private life. They only can paint the thousand traits which characterized his extraordinary mind. Napoleon was more than a hero, more than an emper-

or. A comparison between him and any other sovereign, or any other man, is impossible. His death has left a void in human nature which probably never will be filled up. Future generations will bow with respect to the age on which the glory of Napoleon Bonaparte shed its lustre. For centuries to come, French hearts will glow with pride at the mention of his exploits. To his name alone is attached inexhaustible admiration, imperishable remembrance."

The Emperor embraced Queen Hortense, who was overwhelmed with grief, and then took a melancholy farewell of the other friends whom he was never to meet again. Every heart seemed lacerated with almost unearthly anguish. As he passed along through the serpentine walk of the enchanting park, embellished with all the verdure, the flowers, and the bird-songs of June, and where he had enjoyed so many hours of happiness with his much-loved Josephine, he stopped several times, and turned round to fix his last lingering looks upon the familiar and attractive scene. Little did he then imagine that a dilapidated hut, upon the bleak, storm-swept rock of St. Helena, was to be his prison and his tomb.

At the gate of the park he entered a plain calèche. General Becker, Count Bertrand, and Savary took the three other seats. Several other carriages followed, occupied by Madame Bertrand and her children, Count Montholon, wife, and child, Las Casas and his son, and several devoted officers who were anxious to share the fortunes of the dethroned Emperor. These carriages were to proceed to Rochefort by another road. The Emperor and his companions were habited in the simple traveling dress of private gentlemen. The distance from Paris to Rochefort, near the mouth of the Charente, is about three hundred miles. The friends of Napoleon were well aware that attempts would be made to secure his assassination on the way. They were secretly well provided with arms for a desperate defense. The emotions excited in every bosom were too strong for utterance. The attitude of the Emperor was calm and dignified. For several hours there was unbroken silence in the carriage. At ten o'clock at night they arrived at Rambouillet, about thirty miles from Malmaison. In this antique castle the Emperor passed the night.

At an early hour the next morning, June 30th, the rapid journey was resumed. After a melancholy drive of two or three hours, they arrived at Chateaudun. The mistress of the post-house hastened to the carriage-door, and anxiously inquired if there was any truth in the report that the Emperor had been assassinated. She had hardly asked the question ere she recognized the countenance of Napoleon. For a moment she seemed stunned. Then, raising her eyes to heaven and clasping her hands, she burst into a flood of tears, and retired weeping bitterly. All were much moved at this touching proof of affection. Driving rapidly all day and night, and meeting with no occurrence to disturb the profound sadness of the route, they arrived, before the break of day, on the morning of the 1st of July, at Tours.

Pressing on some fifty miles farther, they reached Poitiers at midday. The roads were dusty, and the heat, from a blazing July sun, sultry and oppressive. At a little post-house outside the town the Emperor remained a couple of hours for repose. At two o'clock he again entered his carriage,



THE DEPARTURE FROM MALMAISON

and proceeded onward to Niort, where he arrived just as the glooms of night were settling down over the city. Here the Emperor remained for a day. He was recognized by some persons, and the rumor of his arrival spread rapidly through the city. Cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" began to resound through the streets. An immense concourse immediately surrounded the hotel, with enthusiastic acclamations, and with every expression of respect and love. During the whole day his rooms were thronged with officers of the garrison, public functionaries, and influential citizens. Here the Emperor was also informed that all egress from the roadstead of Rochefort by the two frigates prepared for him was effectually prevented by English ships of war. His position was now in the highest possible degree embarrassing. The officers of the army entreated him to place himself at their head, assur-

ing him that every soldier, and the masses of the people, would rally around him with deathless fervor.

Napoleon might thus have saved himself. He could easily have aroused such enthusiasm throughout France, and have presented himself with such imposing power before the Allies, that it would have required a long and sanguinary civil war before the hostile invaders could have subdued him. In this conflict the Allies would have been compelled to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives, and millions of money. Trembling before the genius of the Emperor, they would have been glad to purchase peace with him upon terms which would secure his personal safety and dignified retirement. But in this conflict France would have been deluged in blood, and Napoleon repeatedly declared, and persevered in the lofty resolve, that not one single life should be sacrificed merely to secure benefits or safety to himself. History presents few parallels to such magnanimity.

He was, however, still sanguine in the belief that if the Chambers would unite with him and with France so as to present a united front to the coalition, the invaders, notwithstanding their locust legions, might still be driven from the empire. General Becker immediately informed the government that the roadstead at Rochefort was reported as effectually blockaded, and reported to them the enthusiastic desires of the troops that Napoleon would head them to drive out the invaders. At Napoleon's suggestion, in this desperate emergence, General Becker added to this communication, "*If, in this situation, the English cruisers prevent the frigates from putting to sea, you can dispose of the Emperor as a general eagerly desirous only of being useful to his country.*"

To this Fouché replied, "Napoleon must embark without delay. You must employ every measure of coercion you may deem necessary, without failing in the respect due to him. As to the services which are offered, our duties toward France, and our engagements to foreign powers, do not permit us to accept of them."

The evidence is now conclusive to almost every mind that Fouché had all this time been plotting to betray Napoleon to the Allies. He knew that Europe combined could not maintain the Bourbons upon the throne, so long as the people of France saw any possibility of recalling Napoleon. It was therefore his design to deliver Napoleon up to his enemies. He was afraid to order his arrest until Paris should be engirdled by the bayonets of the Allies. The exasperated people would instantly have risen to the rescue. Under pretense of waiting for a safe-conduct, and affirming that France would be dishonored by the Emperor's capture, he would not allow the frigates to sail when there was the slightest chance of their escaping the British cruisers. He wished to drive the Emperor on board one of the frigates, so that he could no longer be surrounded by the enthusiasm of the French people, and then to detain the frigates until the English cruisers, by his treachery, should be accumulated in such numbers as to render escape impossible. While, therefore, he was thus urging General Becker to "employ every measure of coercion" to induce the Emperor to embark, secret orders were sent to the maritime prefect at Rochefort not to allow the frigates to sail. "It is utterly impossible," said the order, "for our two frigates to attempt

sailing while the enemy retains his present position. It would be proper to wait for a favorable opportunity, which can not offer for a long time to come."

"The provisional government," says the Duke of Rovigo, "had dispatched agents to the coast, and prepared the means of carrying off the Emperor, or, at least, of preventing his eluding the vigilance of the English cruisers. By this means they had it in their power to seize him as soon as the presence of the foreign troops in Paris should have rendered unavailing any opposition that might have sprung from the enthusiasm still created by the Emperor's painful situation."

Early in the morning of the 3d of July, the Emperor arrived in Rochefort. During his short reign, with all the despots of Europe striving to crush him, he had done more to promote the health and the opulence of this city than all the monarchs of France combined who had preceded him. By his orders the extensive marshes surrounding the city had been drained and fertilized, and important works had been erected for defense, and for the promotion of internal improvements. As they rode along, the Emperor pointed out to his companions the once infectious marshes, now filled with ricks of new-mown hay.

"You see," said he, "that the population cheerfully recognize the prosperity which I have created in their country. Wherever I pass, I receive the blessings of a grateful people."

The Emperor's arrival at Rochefort produced a profound sensation. The gardens of the prefecture, where he took his lodgings, were filled with an enthusiastic crowd. Whenever he appeared he was greeted with the most ardent acclamations. "I believe," says the Duke of Rovigo, who was with the Emperor at that time, "that every inhabitant, without a single exception, participated in our feelings." There were several thousand troops in the vicinity. They all transmitted to the Emperor expressions of devoted attachment, and tendered to him their services. There was not a military officer within thirty miles who did not hasten to offer his homage to the Emperor.

Napoleon was desirous of embarking immediately, and of trusting to his good fortune, and to the guns of the frigate, for escape from the enemy. But many obstacles were thrown in the way, and it was not until after the lapse of five days, on the evening of the 8th, that it was announced that the frigates were ready for his embarkation.

The two frigates, the *Saale* and the *Medusa*, which had been assigned for the transportation of Napoleon and his suite, were at anchor in the bay. In the mean time, the English cruisers, guided by information from Fouché, had been doubled all along the coast. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor took an affecting leave of his faithful companions in arms, and amid the tears of an innumerable throng of people, and their cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" stepped into one of the boats of the *Saale*. The vessels were at a long distance from the quay. The wind was boisterous and the sea rough as the Emperor, in silence and sadness, thus bade adieu to the shores of his beloved France. It was eight o'clock in the evening before the boats reached the *Saale*. The Emperor slept on board. He found, however, that the



EMBARKING IN THE BOATS.

frigates were not yet permitted to leave the harbor. Fouché had sent word that the English government would soon transmit the passports by an English ship of war which was cruising off Rochefort. The Emperor had hoped that his peaceful retirement would not be opposed. He had supposed that his enemies would be satisfied by his self-sacrifice, and his retirement to the wilds of the New World.

At daybreak on the morning of the 9th the Emperor landed on the Isle of Aix, off which the frigates were anchored. The whole population of the island, and the regiment of marines in the garrison, crowded to the shore to greet him, and the air was rent with their acclamations. His exile resembled a triumph. In this his last hour upon the soil of France, he was greeted with the warmest testimonials of love and homage. As he returned to the frigate, he was waited upon by the maritime prefect. The Allies were now in possession of Paris. The treacherous Fouché was prepared to resign his power into the hands of the Bourbons. The commander of the frigate was informed that "*the act of disembarking Napoleon again upon the soil of France would be declared high treason.*"

The Emperor passed the 10th on board the frigate, much perplexed in considering the various plans proposed for his escape. "It is, however, evident," says Las Casas, "that in the midst of this state of agitation he continues calm and resolute, even to indifference, without manifesting the least anxiety."

Before the break of day on the 11th of July, the Duke of Rovigo and Las Casas were sent with a flag of truce to the commander of the English squadron, to inquire if he would feel himself authorized to allow the frigates, or any other French or neutral vessels, conveying the Emperor, and bound to the United States, to pass free.

About seven o'clock in the morning the envoys arrived on board the *Bellerophon*, under the command of Captain Maitland, which was cruising off the harbor. Captain Maitland replied that his orders were to capture any vessel which should attempt to leave the roadstead. An English brig was the companion of the *Bellerophon*, to prevent any vessel from leaving the harbor.

They then inquired, "In the event of the Emperor's adopting the idea of going to England, may he depend upon being received on board your ship, with those who accompany him?"

Captain Maitland frankly and honestly answered, "I will instantly address a dispatch to the admiral on the subject. Should the Emperor present himself before I receive a reply, I shall receive him, but in that case I shall be acting on my own responsibility, and I can not enter into any engagement as to the reception he may meet in England."

Captain Maitland promised in two days again to cast anchor in the roads, when he would probably have received his answer from the admiral, and when they could again communicate with him.

Napoleon, upon receiving this reply, reflected upon it for some time, and then resolved, notwithstanding the overwhelming force of the English, to brave all the peril, and endeavor to escape. "Go," said he to the Duke of Rovigo, "and desire the captain of the frigate, in my name, to set sail immediately." Captain Philibert returned the astounding reply that "he was strictly forbidden by the government to sail if the vessels would be exposed to any risk." When the Duke of Rovigo, upon receiving this answer, indignantly exclaimed, "This is all deception. The government is only plotting to deliver up the Emperor to the enemy!" the captain replied, "I do not know, but I have orders not to sail."

When the Emperor was informed of this result, he calmly said, "My secret presentiments told me as much, but I was unwilling to believe it. I was reluctant to suspect that this captain, who appeared a worthy man, could have lent himself to so shameful an act of treachery. What a villain is that Fouché!"

In this fearful emergence, the captain of the *Medusa* came forward with the following heroic proposition. Forgetting every other consideration in devotion to the safety of the Emperor, he begged permission, under favor of the night, to surprise the *Bellerophon* at anchor, to engage her in close combat, and to grapple his vessel to her sides. The sixty-gun frigate could maintain the conflict with her powerful adversary of seventy-four guns for at least two hours before she could be destroyed. The *Bellerophon*, impeded and crippled by the action, could not overtake the *Saale*, which could not be effectually opposed by the English brig alone, and would thus escape. This plan promised success. A single word from the Emperor would have tossed the captain of the *Saale* into the sea, and have placed the frigate under the command of one of the Emperor's friends. But Napoleon was the last man in the world to think of saving himself by sacrificing the lives of others. He was grateful for this proof of affection, but promptly and decisively refused to save himself at the expense of the lives of his friends.

The captain of a Danish vessel, the *Bayadere*, which was a very rapid

sailor, offered the Emperor the protection of his flag, and expressed the utmost confidence that he should be able to escape the cruisers. He had prepared a secret recess in his vessel with very great skill, where the Emperor might be concealed should the vessel be searched by the English. Several young officers connected with the naval service fitted out two small fishing-vessels, with which they could glide along in the night, near to the shore, and thus escape to sea, and perilously cross the Atlantic.

Upon consultation, both of these plans were rejected. The Emperor was unwilling to separate himself from his friends, and, in securing his own escape, to abandon them to Bourbon vengeance. He also considered it inconsistent with his character to attempt escape in disguise or concealment. Nearly all of his friends were also of opinion that, if Napoleon would throw himself upon the hospitality of England, he would meet from the nation a generous reception. Joseph Bonaparte had made sure of his departure from Bordeaux for the United States. He strikingly resembled his brother Napoleon. He entreated the Emperor to take advantage of the close resemblance and escape in his place, while Joseph should remain in the Emperor's stead. Napoleon would not listen to a proposition which exposed his brother to dangers which belonged to his own destiny. Others urged that it was expedient to renew the war. It was obvious to all that the Emperor had but to place himself upon the shore, and the army every where, and all the masses of the people, would rally around him. But to this the Emperor persisted in the reply :

“ Civil war can have no other result than that of placing me as Emperor in a better position to obtain arrangements more favorable to my personal interests. I can not consent to expose my friends to destruction for such a result. I can not allow myself to be the cause of the desolation of the provinces, and thus to deprive the national party of its true support, by which, sooner or later, the honor and independence of France will be established. I have renounced sovereignty, and only wish for a peaceful asylum.”

On the 14th the Emperor again sent Las Casas and Savary on board the *Bellerophon*. They returned with the report that Captain Maitland wished them to say to the Emperor, that “ if he decided upon going to England, he was authorized to receive him on board, and that he accordingly placed his ship at the Emperor's disposal.”

Under these circumstances, the Emperor assembled his friends in council. Nearly all were of opinion that it was best to confide in the honor and the hospitality of England. General Gourgaud and Count Montholon alone dissented. They urged that the generous feelings of the English *nation* would have but little influence over the aristocratic *ministry*; that the sympathy of the people of England and Ireland with Napoleon was a prominent reason why the Republican Emperor was thus dreaded by the cabinet of St. James.

Napoleon, in conclusion, replied, “ If there were a prospect of saving France, and not merely of promoting my personal safety, I might attempt a repetition of the return from Elba. As it is, I only seek for repose. Should I once more cause a single shot to be fired, malevolence would take advantage of the circumstances to asperse my character. I am offered a quiet re-

treat in England. I am not acquainted with the Prince Regent, but from all I have heard of him I can not avoid placing reliance in his magnanimity. My determination is taken. I am going to write to the prince. To-morrow, at daybreak, we will repair on board the English cruiser."

Napoleon immediately wrote, with the utmost rapidity, and apparently without devoting a moment to the choice either of words or thoughts, the following letter to George IV., then Prince Regent. It is couched in terms of calm, sorrowful, and majestic diction, worthy of the occasion and of the man. Its comprehensiveness, appropriateness, and dignity of expression have commanded universal admiration :

" Royal Highness,—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the principal powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to sit down at the fireside of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th. Las Casas and Gourgaud were dispatched on board the *Bellerophon* to announce the coming of the Emperor the next day. General Gourgaud was also commissioned to take the letter addressed to the Prince Regent to London. He received from the Emperor the following instructions :

" My aid-de-camp Gourgaud will repair on board the English squadron with Count de Las Casas. He will take his departure in the vessel which the commander of that squadron will dispatch either to the admiral or to London. He will endeavor to obtain an audience of the Prince Regent, and hand my letter to him. If there should not be found any inconvenience in the delivery of passports for the United States of America, it is my particular wish to proceed to that country. But I will not accept of passports for any colony. In default of America, I prefer England to any other country. I shall take the name of Colonel Muiron or of Duroc. If I must go to England, I should wish to reside in a country house, at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from London, and to arrive there in the strictest *incognito*. I should require a dwelling house sufficiently capacious to accommodate all my suite. I am particularly anxious to avoid London; and this wish must necessarily fall in with the views of the government. Should the ministry be desirous of placing a commissioner near my person, Gourgaud will see that this condition shall not seemingly have the effect of placing me under any kind of confinement, and that the person selected for the duty may, by his rank and character, remove all idea of an unfavorable or suspicious nature."

General Gourgaud was dispatched to England, but was not even allowed to land. His letter was sent by other hands to the court of St. James.

During the night, several French naval officers again entreated Napoleon not to trust to the British government. They expressed great confidence that they could escape along the shore, and implored him not to place himself in the power of an enemy, to whose honor and generosity it was in vain to make any appeal. While thus deliberating, General Becker arrived in all haste with the information that the Bourbons had sent some officers to

Rochefort to arrest the Emperor. Napoleon immediately dressed, and, just as the day was dawning, entered a small brig, the *Epervier*, to be conveyed to the British cruiser.

The whole party accompanying the Emperor, consisting of officers, ladies, children, and servants, amounted to fifty-nine persons.

"Sire," said General Becker, with deep emotion, "shall I accompany you to the *Bellerophon*?"

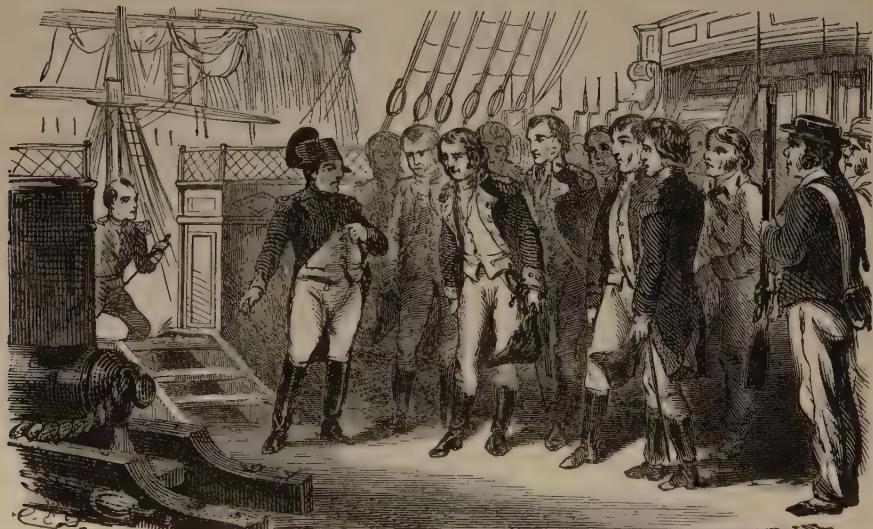
With that instinctive sense of delicacy, generosity, and honor which ever characterized the Emperor, he promptly replied, "By no means. We must be mindful of the reputation of France. Were you to accompany me, it might be thought that you had delivered me up to the English. It is entirely of my free will that I proceed to their squadron. I do not wish to expose France to the suspicion of such an act of treachery."

General Becker, like all who had been admitted to the familiar acquaintance of this extraordinary man, was entirely under the influence of that irresistible attraction which he exerted over all who approached him. The general, who had been sent by the provisional government to watch over Napoleon as a spy and a jailor, endeavored to reply; but, entirely overwhelmed with grief, he could not articulate a word, and burst into tears.

The Emperor cordially grasped his hand, and said, with that melancholy serenity of countenance which never forsook him, "Embrace me, general! I thank you for all the care you have taken of me. I regret that I have not known you sooner. I would have attached you to my person. Adieu, general! Adieu!"

Sobbing uncontrollably, General Becker could only reply, "Adieu, sire! May you be happier than we!"

As the boat approached the ship, the English sailors manned the yards, the marines were drawn up on deck, Captain Maitland and his officers awaited at the gangway, and the Emperor was received with all the respect



NAPOLEON CONFIDING IN THE HOSPITALITY OF ENGLAND.

and etiquette due to his rank, his history, and his misfortunes. As the Emperor placed his foot on board the *Bellerophon*, he said,

"Captain Maitland, I come on board your ship to place myself under the protection of the laws of England."

The captain only replied by a low bow. He then led the Emperor into his cabin, gave him possession of the room, and all the officers of the *Bellerophon* were presented. In the mean time the anchors were raised, the sails spread, and the ship was on her way for England. Early in the evening, the *Superb*, a seventy-four gun ship, bearing the flag of Admiral Hotham, hove in sight, and signaled the *Bellerophon* to cast anchor. The admiral came on board, and solicited permission to pay his respects to the Emperor, who had retired to his cabin. After a long and friendly interview, the Emperor was invited to breakfast the next morning on board the *Superb*. He was received with all the honors due to a sovereign. The admiral and all the officers of the squadron emulated each other in greeting their illustrious guest with a generous hospitality. The admiral invited the Emperor to take passage for England on board his ship, as more capacious and comfortable than the *Bellerophon*. The Emperor, with his usual kindness, replied,

"It is hardly worth while for a few days. Besides, I should be sorry to wound the feelings of Captain Maitland, especially if present circumstances are likely to forward him in his career."

As the Emperor was leaving the *Bellerophon* to visit the *Superb*, the guard was drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He stopped and requested them to perform several military movements, giving the word of command himself. Perceiving their manner to differ from that of the French, he advanced into the midst of the soldiers, pushed their bayonets aside with his hand, and, taking a musket from one of the rear rank, went through the exercise himself. The officers and the sailors gazed with unutterable amazement upon this exhibition of the Republican Emperor.

In consequence of light and contrary winds, nine days passed before the *Bellerophon* cast anchor in an English harbor. The Emperor, with intense interest, made himself familiar with every thing on board the ship. He had won golden opinions from all. His mind was relieved from a terrible burden of care, and his spirits were cheerful and buoyant. The discipline on board the ship charmed him, and he was never weary of expressing his admiration. "What I admire most," said he, "is the silence and orderly conduct of the men. On board a French ship, every one calls and gives orders, gabbling like so many geese."

An English officer on board the ship records, "He has stamped the usual impression on every one here, as elsewhere, of his being an extraordinary man. Nothing escapes his notice. His eyes are in every place and on every object, from the greatest to the most minute. All the general regulations of the service, from the lord high admiral to the seamen, their duties, views, expectations, pay, rank, and comforts, have been scanned with characteristic keenness and rapidity. The machinery of the ship, blocks, masts, yards, ropes, rigging, and every thing else, underwent similar scrutiny."

The kind reception given to the Emperor on board the ships had repelled all suspicions. He was now proceeding to England with perfect confidence,

soothed by cheerful thoughts, and unapprehensive of any hostile treatment there. During the whole passage the Emperor appeared tranquil, and, by his kind and gentle spirit, alleviated the sorrows of his grief-stricken companions. He showed to Captain Maitland the portraits of his wife and child: and tears flooded the eyes of the affectionate husband and father as he tenderly spoke of being separated from those whom he so dearly loved.

During the passage the officers and the crew adopted the etiquette of the Emperor's suite. They addressed him as *Sire* or *Your Majesty*; and whenever he appeared on deck, every one took off his hat. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 25th, the *Bellerophon* cast anchor in the harbor of Torbay. The moment it was announced that the Emperor was on board, the bay was covered with boats crowded with people, men and women of all ranks, eager to catch a glimpse of the man who had filled the wide world with his renown. The Emperor kindly came upon deck several times to gratify their curiosity by the exhibition of himself. All hearts seemed to turn toward him. The owner of a beautiful country-seat in sight of the ship sent Napoleon a present of various fruits. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and scarfs in attestation of sympathy.

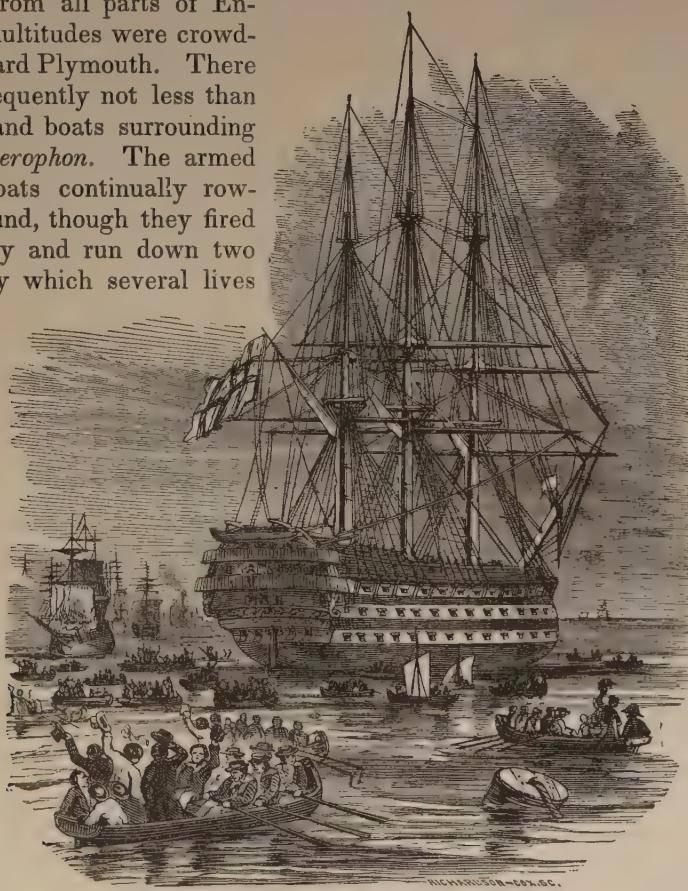
Admiral Keith, who was in command at Plymouth, but a few miles from Torbay, wrote to Captain Maitland, "Tell the Emperor that I shall be happy in being made acquainted with any thing which may be agreeable to him, and that I will do every thing in my power to comply with his wishes. Thank him in my name for the generous attention which he personally ordered to be shown to my nephew, who was brought a prisoner to him after being wounded at Waterloo."

In the night of the 25th the ship weighed anchor and sailed for Plymouth, where she arrived about noon the next day. Immediately the Emperor and his suite perceived a marked change in the manner in which they were treated. Captain Maitland appeared thoughtful, anxious, and extremely sad. A number of armed boats from the other line-of-battle ships and frigates in the harbor took their stations, like sentinels, around the *Bellerophon*, and no one was allowed to approach without a pass from the admiral. Two frigates were also placed as guard-ships off the *Bellerophon*. Had the British government been apprehensive that the English *people* would rise and seize Napoleon, and make him their king, they could not have adopted more rigorous precautions. Rumors, taken from the daily papers, passed through the ship, that the Privy Council were deliberating whether to deliver Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., to order him to be tried by a court-martial and shot, or to send him a prisoner for life to the dreary rock of St. Helena. The Duke of Wellington, England's proudest noble, who had unworthily allowed himself to cherish feelings of implacable hatred toward the illustrious Republican chief, "in his dispatches," says Count Montholon, "urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations."* The earnest and humanely intended expostulation of the Duke of Sussex induced the government to adopt the lingering execution of insult and privation instead of the more speedy agency of the bullet.

The harbor of Plymouth, still more than at Torbay, was covered with

* These facts are proved by the London Times of the 24th and 25th of July, 1815.

boats of all descriptions. The population from thirty miles around came in crowds to see and to greet the illustrious prisoner. In admiration of his greatness, and with an instinctive sense that he had ever been the friend of the *people*, they surrounded the ship with one continuous roar of acclamation and enthusiasm. The Emperor was never more cordially greeted even upon the banks of the Seine. His arrival had produced a delirium throughout all England. Notwithstanding the libels of the ministers, the returned soldiers had narrated in every cottage stories of his magnanimity, his kindness, his sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. He was the man of the people, and the people instinctively surrendered to him their love and homage. From all parts of England multitudes were crowding toward Plymouth. There were frequently not less than a thousand boats surrounding the *Bellerophon*. The armed guard-boats continually rowing around, though they fired musketry and run down two boats by which several lives



NAPOLEON AT PLYMOUTH.

were lost, could with great difficulty keep the eager crowd at the prescribed distance of three hundred yards. The enthusiasm was so intense and universal, that the English government became actually apprehensive that Napoleon might be rescued even on board a British line-of-battle ship and in a British harbor. "Two frigates were therefore," says Sir Walter Scott, "appointed to lie as guards on the *Bellerophon*, and sentinels were doubled and trebled both by day and by night."

The Emperor was firm, thoughtful, and silent. His friends were overwhelmed with consternation. On the evening of the 30th of July, Sir Henry Banbury, under secretary of state, came on board with Admiral Keith, and from a scrap of paper, without signature, read to the Emperor the following illegal and infamous decision :

“ As it may perhaps be convenient for General Bonaparte to learn, without further delay, the intentions of the British government, your lordship will communicate the following information :

“ It would be inconsistent with our duty toward our country and the allies of his majesty if General Bonaparte possessed the means of again disturbing the repose of Europe. It is on this account that it becomes absolutely necessary that he should be restrained in his personal liberty, so far as this may be required by the foregoing important object. The island of St. Helena has been chosen as his future residence. Its climate is healthy, and its local position will allow of his being treated with more indulgence than could be admitted in any other spot, owing to the indispensable precautions which it would be necessary to employ for the security of his person.”

It was then stated that *General Bonaparte* might select a surgeon and any three officers, excepting Savary and Lallemand, to accompany him, and also twelve domestics ; that these persons would be regarded and treated as prisoners of war ; and that Sir George Cockburn would sail in a few days to convey the captives to their prison.

Sir George received very rigorous instructions to recognize Napoleon, not as an *emperor*, but simply as a *general*. He was to examine every article in the possession of the Emperor, baggage, wines, provisions, plate, money, diamonds, bills of exchange, and salable effects of all kinds. Every thing thus seized was to be placed in the hands of the ministers, and the interest accruing from it was to be appropriated to defraying the expenses of his prison-house.

The members of the household of the Emperor, in the various capacities of household service, were also informed that, if they wished to accompany the Emperor, they must be subjected to all the restraints which might be deemed necessary for securing the person of the distinguished captive. “ This was regarded,” says Mr. Bussy, “ as an effort to deter his friends from accompanying the exile to his destination, by impressing them with an idea of punishment for vague and undefined offenses, and of having before them a life of disquietude from espionage and arbitrary control. If such were really the intention, however, it signally failed, its sole effect being to concentrate the affections of those whom it sought to terrify.”

Thus trampling upon the British Constitution, and in defiance of all justice and law, was an illustrious foreigner condemned to imprisonment for life, without trial, and even without accusation. The ministers were so fully conscious of the illegality of the measure that they did not venture even to sign their names to the act. The Emperor listened to the reading of this atrocious document in silence, with profound calmness, and without manifesting any emotion. He had obtained such wonderful control over his own spirit, that, in tones gentle and dignified, and with great mildness of manner and countenance, he simply yet eloquently replied,

“ I am the guest of England, not her prisoner. I have come, of my own accord, to place myself under the protection of the *British law*. In my case the government has violated the laws of its own country, the law of nations, and the sacred duty of hospitality. I protest against their right to act thus, and appeal to British honor.”

After the admiral and Sir Henry Banbury had retired, Napoleon, in anguish of spirit, remarked to his friends,

“ The idea of imprisonment at St. Helena is perfectly horrible. To be en chained for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing it contains that is dear to me! It is worse than Tamerlane’s iron cage. I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. They style me *General!* They might as well call me *Archbishop*. I was head of the Church as well as of the army. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or in one of the fortresses of England, though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people, I should not have had so much cause for complaint. But to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well sign my death-warrant at once. It is impossible that a man of my habit of body can exist long in such a climate.”

In the despair of this dreadful hour, in which Napoleon first confronted insult, separation from all his friends and from every earthly joy, life-long imprisonment upon the ocean’s most dreary rock, and the deprivations and sufferings of those faithful followers who still clung to him, he seemed, for an instant only, to have wavered in his usual fortitude. For a time he slowly paced the floor of the cabin, apparently perfectly calm, yet oppressed by the enormity of the doom descending upon his friends and upon himself. His first thoughts even then seemed to be for his companions. As he slowly walked to and fro, he said, in the absent manner of soliloquy,

“ After all, am I quite sure of going to St. Helena? Is a man dependent upon others when he wishes that his dependence should cease?”

Then turning to Las Casas, he added, “ My friend, I have sometimes an idea of quitting you. This would not be very difficult. It is only necessary to create a little mental excitement (*Il ne s’agit que de se montrer un tant soit peu la tête*), and I shall soon have escaped. All will be over, and you can then tranquilly rejoin your families.”

Las Casas, remonstrating warmly against such suggestions, replied, “ Sire, we will live upon the past. There is enough of that to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and of Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will reperuse yourself, sire!”

The cloud immediately passed away from the spirit of the Emperor. “ Be it so,” he promptly replied; “ we will write our memories. Yes, we must be employed, for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfill his destinies. This is my grand doctrine. Very well! Let mine be accomplished.” Instantly resuming his accustomed serenity and cheerfulness, he changed the topic of conversation.

The officers of the *Bellerophon* had all become attached to the Emperor. From the captain to the humblest sailors, they were all exceedingly mortified and chagrined at the treatment their illustrious guest was receiving from

the ministers.* Many English gentlemen in London also eagerly volunteered their efforts to place the outlawed Emperor under the protection of the British Constitution.

The French gentlemen composing the suite of the Emperor were in great consternation, since but four of them could be permitted to accompany him to St. Helena. Their attachment to Napoleon was so strong that all were anxious to share his dreary and life-long imprisonment. Dreadful as was this doom, "we did not hesitate to desire," says Las Casas, "that each of us might be among those whom the Emperor would choose, entertaining but one fear, that of finding ourselves excluded."

Two of the daily London papers generously and warmly espoused the cause of the Emperor. The voice of the *people* grew louder. The number of boats daily increased, and so crowded the *Bellerophon* that discharges of musketry were employed to keep them at a distance. Whenever the Emperor appeared upon deck, he was greeted with constantly increasing enthusiasm of acclaim. Napoleon began to be cheered by the hope that the despotism of the *government* would be compelled to yield to the pressure of *public opinion*.

The *Northumberland*, under the command of Admiral Cockburn, was to convey the Emperor to St. Helena. This ship was at Portsmouth, not quite ready for so long a voyage. The ministers were exceedingly uneasy in view of the public developments in favor of the Emperor. They consequently urged the utmost possible dispatch to hasten the departure of the ship. Under these circumstances, by the advice of an English lawyer, the Emperor wrote the following protest, to be forwarded to the English government :

PROTEST.

"I hereby solemnly protest, in the face of Heaven and mankind, against the violence that is done me, and the violation of my most sacred rights in disposing of my person and liberty. I voluntarily came on board the *Bellerophon*. I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. I came at the instigation of the captain himself, who said he had orders from the government to receive and convey me to England, together with my suite, if agree-

* The English government felt so embarrassed by conscious guilt, that a *year after* they passed a law to sanctify the crime. Mackintosh, in his "History of England," vol. iii., p. 133, drawing a parallel between Napoleon and Mary, Queen of Scots, says, "Neither of them was born a British subject, or had committed any offense within the jurisdiction of England; consequently, neither of them was amenable to English law. The imprisonment of neither was conformable to the law of England or the law of nations."

Still, Sir James Mackintosh justifies the crime upon the plea of necessity. In reference to the *subsequent act*, the *ex post facto* law, by which the government attempted to legalize an outrage already committed, he says, "Agreeably to this view of the matter, the detention of Napoleon was legalized by an act of the British Parliament.* By the bare passing of such an act, it was tacitly assumed that the antecedent detention was without warrant of law. This evident truth is more fully admitted by the language of the statute, which, in assigning the reason for passing it, alleges that 'it is necessary for the preservation of the tranquillity of Europe, and for the general safety, that Napoleon Bonaparte should be detained and kept in custody'; and it is still more explicitly declared by a specific enactment, which pronounces that he 'shall be deemed and taken to be, and shall be treated and dealt with as a prisoner of war'—a distinct admission that he was not so in contemplation of law until the statute had imposed that character upon him."

* 56 Geo. III., cap. 22, A.D. 1816.

able to me. I came forward with confidence to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. When once on board the *Bellerophon*, I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the government, in giving the captain of the *Bellerophon* orders to receive me, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honor and disgraced its flag. If this act be consummated, it will be in vain for the English henceforth to talk of their sincerity, their laws, and liberties. British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

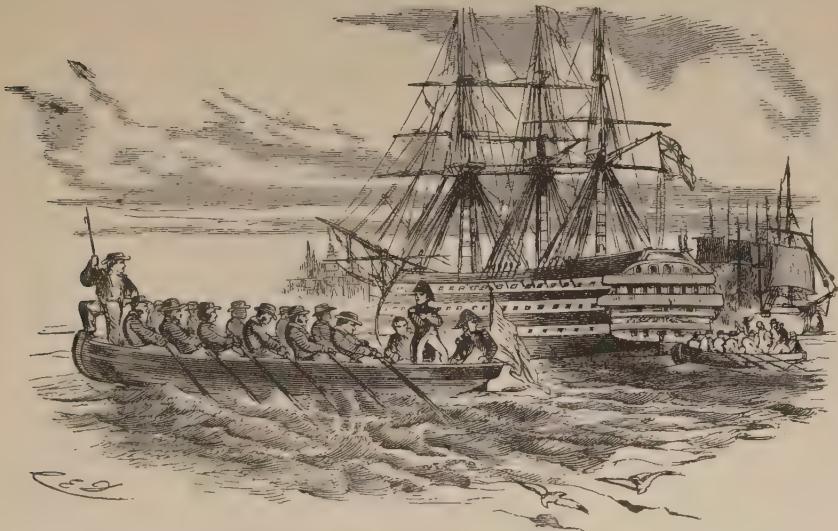
“I appeal to history. It will say that an enemy, who made war for twenty years against the English people, came spontaneously, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England reply to such an act of magnanimity? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to the enemy, and on giving himself up with confidence, he was immolated.

NAPOLEON.

“Bellerophon, at sea, August 4, 1815.”

In the evening of the next day, as the Emperor was slowly pacing the deck conversing with Las Casas, he quietly drew from under his waistcoat the valuable diamond necklace which Queen Hortense had pressed upon him, and, without slackening his pace, placed it in the hands of Las Casas, saying, “Take care of that for me.” He then continued his conversation upon a totally different subject, as if there had been no interruption.

Two plans were formed by legal gentlemen in London to rescue the Emperor from the despotic grasp of the ministers, and to place him under the protection of British law. One effort was to demand the person of Napoleon, through a writ of *habeas corpus*. An attempt was also made to cite him as a witness in an important trial, to prove the condition of the French navy. When the officer arrived to serve the writ on Lord Keith, the admiral contrived to keep the boat off until he had leaped into his twelve-oared barge.



ADMIRAL KEITH ELUDING THE EXECUTION OF THE LAWS.

Then there ensued a race, in which the admiral was of course a victor, but which provoked the mirth of all England, and also roused the indignation of many generous hearts.

The government, alarmed by these determined efforts to rescue their victim from a life-long imprisonment and a lingering death, ordered the *Bellerophon* immediately to put to sea, and to remain cruising off Torbay till she should be joined by the squadron from Portsmouth destined for St. Helena. It is greatly to the honor of the British nation that the ministers, while perpetrating this high-handed crime, could not, with safety, take Napoleon into any harbor in England. The wind was high and the sea rough, but the *Bellerophon* weighed anchor and pushed out into the stormy waves. Here the ship remained for several days, to the great discomfort of all on board, pitching and rolling on the restless billows.*

The Emperor chose as his companions the Grand Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon, and Count Las Casas. General Gourgaud was in such despair at being left, and pleaded so earnestly to be taken, that, notwithstanding the instructions allowed Napoleon to take but three officers, it was consented that Las Casas should be considered, not as an officer, but as private secretary. Thus Gourgaud was included.

On the evening of the 7th, the *Northumberland*, with two frigates, arrived at Torbay. Admiral Keith and Admiral Cockburn came on board the *Bellerophon*. Both seemed embarrassed and ashamed of the ignominious business they were called upon to perform. Admiral Keith was a gentleman of highly polished manners. He seemed to feel keenly the insults which his government was heaping upon the Emperor. With crimson cheeks and faltering speech he informed Napoleon that he was ordered to search his luggage and that of his suite, and to take away all the money that could be found. He, however, gave the kind assurance that the English government did not intend to rob *General Bonaparte*; but that they would act as guardians, and keep his money safely, that he might not squander it in attempts to escape. "When *General Bonaparte* dies," the government authorized the admiral to say, "he can dispose of his property by will, and he may be assured that his will shall be faithfully executed." The Emperor and his friends were also ordered to surrender their swords. *General Bonaparte* was also informed that, if he should make any effort to escape, he would expose himself to close confinement. A few months afterward an act of Parliament was passed subjecting to the penalty of *death* any of his suite who should attempt to facilitate his escape.

* "The friends of Napoleon in England, meanwhile—for, notwithstanding the odium which had been uniformly cast upon him by authority, his real character had gradually become known, and the revulsion, consequent upon the detection of falsehood, had naturally converted many, who had been unwitting dupes, into admiring friends, to say nothing of the number of intelligent persons who had never been deceived—used all their influence to soften the rigor of his sentence; and failing in their appeals to the clemency of the government, they had recourse to other, though certainly as inadequate means, to effect their purpose. It was first sought to procure his removal on shore by a writ of *habeas corpus*; but this process was found to be inapplicable to an alien; upon which a subpoena was issued, citing him to appear as witness in an action brought by a naval officer for libel. This proceeding seems to have alarmed and confounded both the Admiralty Board and its officer, Lord Keith."—*History of Napoleon*, by George M. Bussy, London, 1840.

Admiral Cockburn attended to this humiliating duty of searching the luggage. The French gentlemen refused to be present at an outrage so ignominious. The Emperor's valet, Marchand, opened the trunks for the search. The business was faithfully executed. Every article was examined, not even excepting the Emperor's body linen. About twenty thousand dollars were taken, in gold, from the trunks. Twenty-five hundred dollars, in gold, were left in the hands of Marchand, the Emperor's valet-de-chambre, for his master's present use in remunerating his servants. The admiral was, however, not willing to thrust his hand into the pockets of the Emperor, or to order him to take off his shirt. Thus some eight or nine hundred thousand dollars, in diamonds and letters of credit, were retained.*

The two admirals now came into the cabin where the Emperor, calm and sorrowful, was standing by the stern windows. Las Casas, Count Montholon, General Bertrand, and General Gourgaud, burning with unavailing indignation, were at his side. Lord Keith, in obedience to a command from which his soul revolted, in a voice tremulous with embarrassment and shame, said, "*England demands your sword!*"

The strange demand seemed to rouse the Emperor from a painful reverie. He looked up with a convulsive movement, placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and fixed upon the admiral one of those withering glances which few men had been able to withstand. Lord Keith could go no further. His head, silvered with gray hairs, fell upon his breast. His generous heart refused to inflict another pang upon the illustrious victim before him. Bowing profoundly and with deep emotion to the Emperor, without uttering a word he withdrew. The secretary of the admiral ventured to remind him that the command of the ministers was explicit that the sword of Napoleon should be surrendered. Lord Keith, turning upon his heel, indignantly replied, "Mind your own business!"

Napoleon then sent for Captain Maitland, and said, "I have requested this visit in order to return my thanks for your kindness and attention while I have been on board the *Bellerophon*, and also to beg that you will convey them to the officers and ship's company under your command. My reception in England has been far different from what I had anticipated. I have, however, no longer to learn that it is not fair to judge of the character of a *people* by the conduct of their *government*. It gives me great satisfaction to assure you that I feel your conduct to me throughout has been that of a gentleman and a man of honor."

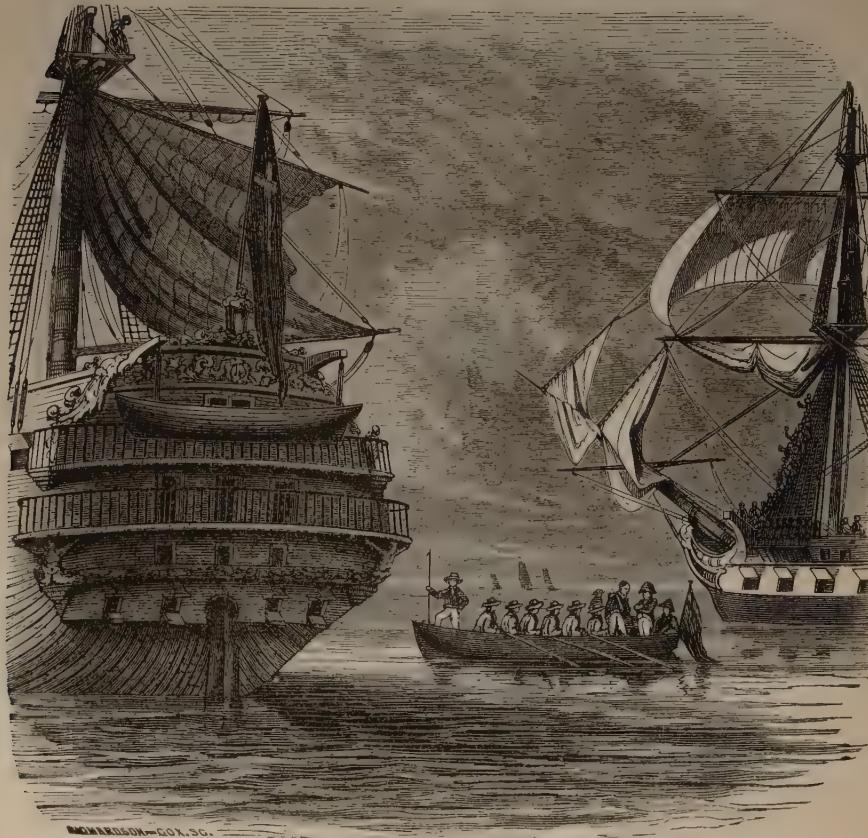
Napoleon took an affecting leave of his friends who were forbidden to accompany him. Their anguish was very great, and many of them wept bitterly. Las Casas, who left both wife and children to devote himself to the Emperor, said to Lord Keith, "You see, my lord, that the only persons who shed tears are those who remain behind." The Emperor affectionately embraced General Lallemand and the Duke of Rovigo after the French manner, clasping them in his arms and pressing his cheek to theirs. He had nerved himself to composure, but tears streamed copiously from their eyes.

The French government had excluded Savary and Lallemand from the amnesty, and now the British government prohibited them from accompan-

* See the *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv., p. 176; also Montholon and Las Casas.

ing Napoleon to St. Helena. Thus these distinguished men, whose only crime was their generous devotion to their sovereign, were consigned to almost inevitable death. Their subsequent perils and sufferings, while the victims of poverty, persecution, and exile, were awful. Piontkouski, a Polish officer who had been raised from the ranks, with tears implored Lord Keith to allow him to follow his beloved Emperor, even in the most menial character.

Mr. O'Meara was the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*. He with enthusiasm attached himself to Napoleon, and accepted the appointment of his physician. About eleven o'clock the barge appeared to convey the Emperor to the *Northumberland*. As Napoleon crossed the quarter-deck of the ship, the men presented arms, and three ruffles of the drum were beat, such as are used in a salute to a general officer. He uncovered his head, and said, "Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of thanking you for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the *Bellerophon*." Then turning to the officers who were standing by, he added, "Gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude for your attentions to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes." He then advanced to the gangway but, before descending, bowed two or three times to the crew, who were all



PASSING TO THE NORTHUMBERLAND.

assembled in the waist and on the forecastle. He was followed by the French officers with their ladies, and by Lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off and was a few yards from the ship, he rose, took off his hat, and bowed, first to the officers and then to the men. He then sat down, and, with perfect composure and politeness, entered into conversation with Lord Keith.

The household of the Emperor, as now composed, consisted of Count and Countess Montholon and child, Count and Countess Bertrand and three children, Baron Gourgaud, Count Las Casas, and Dr. Barry O'Meara. There were also three individuals in the various grades of servants, making in all twenty-four persons.

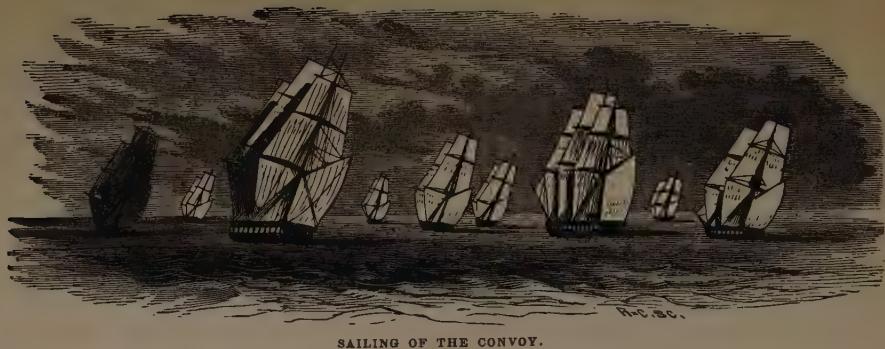
The orders given by the government to Sir George Cockburn were very explicit that Napoleon should not be recognized as *emperor*, but simply as *general*. They persisted to the last in the assumption that he was a *usurper*, and that the people of France who placed him upon the throne were rebels. When the Emperor was informed of this decree, he simply remarked, "They may call me what they please; they can not prevent me from being *myself*."

The *Northumberland* was manned by more than a thousand sailors. As the barge approached, every eye, of officers and seamen, was riveted upon the man whom the world has pronounced to be the most extraordinary recorded in the annals of time. Universal silence, adding almost religious awe to the solemnity of the ceremonial, prevailed, as the Emperor, with a slow step, ascended the gangway and stood upon the deck. The officers of the *Northumberland* were assembled in a group uncovered. The Emperor raised his hat when the guard presented arms and the drums rolled. After addressing a few words, with an air of the most affable politeness, to those near him, he retired to his cabin.

It is indeed whimsical to see the British ministers attach so much importance to withholding the title of Emperor from one who had governed so large a portion of Europe—who had been the creator of kings—and whose imperial title had been recognized by every Continental nation. Napoleon was so far superior to such weakness, that he intended to assume the name of Colonel Durrc or Muiron. The assumption, however, that the French nation were rebels, and had no right to elect him their emperor, roused his indignation, and incited him to an honorable resistance.

It can never be sufficiently deplored that England lost so glorious an opportunity of dignifying history by the record of a noble deed. Had the appeal of Napoleon met with a magnanimous response, it would have consigned much of the wrongs the English government had previously inflicted to oblivion. But now no friend of England, who is not lost to all sense of honor, can ever hear the words *Napolean* or *St. Helena* without feeling the cheek tingle with the blush of shame.

Two frigates and seven sloops of war, all with troops on board, were prepared for the voyage, and the next day, the 9th of August, the whole squadron, guarding *one man*, set sail for St. Helena. What a comment upon the grandeur of his character, and the powerful influence he had obtained over the hearts of the people of Europe, that it was deemed necessary to send him to a lonely rock two thousand miles from France, to place an army of



bayonets around his solitary hut, and to girdle the island with a squadron of armed ships. Surely Napoleon stands alone and unrivaled in his glory.

While these scenes were transpiring, Blucher and Wellington marched vigorously to Paris. Blucher, with savage barbarity, plundered and ravaged the country through which he marched. The French soldiers, disheartened by the loss of their Emperor, would not fight for the provisional government. A few despairing and bloody battles ensued, when Paris again capitulated, and the English and Prussians triumphantly encamped in the garden of the Tuilleries and in the Elysian Fields. France was humiliated. Her crime in choosing her own Emperor was unpardonable. Blucher, drunk with exultation and wine, was with the utmost difficulty restrained from blowing up the beautiful bridge of Jena, which spans the Seine, and the magnificent monument in the Place Vendôme.

The allied sovereigns soon arrived with their countless hosts. France was dismembered without mercy, her strong fortresses were surrendered to the Allies, the Louvre was stripped of all those treasures of art which had been surrendered to France by hostile nations, in recompense for perfidious attacks. The enormous sum of three hundred and seven million, five hundred thousand dollars was extorted from the people to pay the Allies for the expense incurred in crushing the independence of France. An army of one hundred and fifty thousand allied troops were stationed in all the French fortresses along the frontier, to be supported by the French people for from three to five years, to keep France in subjection. This scene of exultation was closed by a review of the whole *Russian army* in one field. The mighty host consisted of one hundred and sixty thousand men, including twenty-eight thousand cavalry and five hundred and forty pieces of cannon. They were assembled upon an immense plain at a short distance from Châlons. At the signal of a single gun fired from a height, three cheers were given by all the troops. The awful roar, never forgotten by those who heard it, reverberated through France, and fell upon the ear of the enslaved nation as the knell of death. It was despotism's defiant and exultant yell. Then did one and all, except the few partisans of the Bourbons, bitterly deplore that they had not adhered to the Emperor, and followed those wise counsels which alone could save France. Then did it become evident to every mind that the only government which could by any possibility be sustained against the encroachment of the Allies and the usurpation of the Bourbons, was the



FRANCE UNDER THE EMPIRE.*

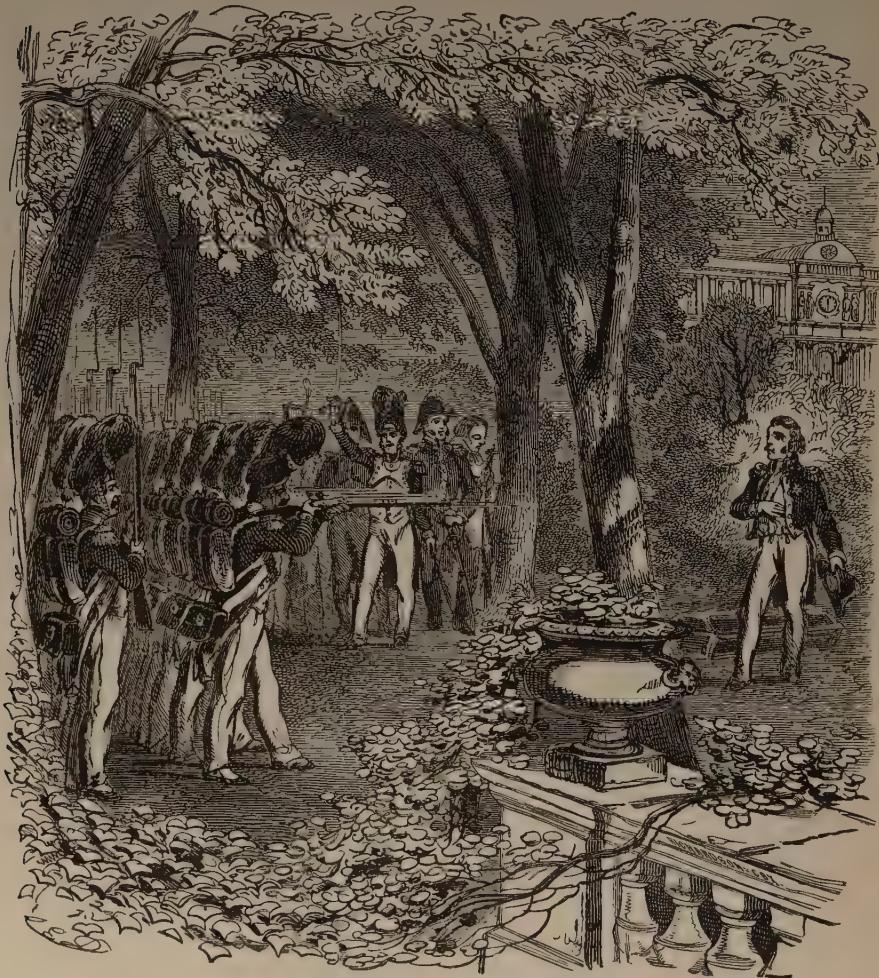
wise and efficient government which Napoleon had established. But it was too late to repent. Napoleon, a captive in a British ship, was passing far away to cruel imprisonment and to a lingering death. France, bound hand and foot, exhausted and bleeding from chastising blows, could resist no more.

By the capitulation of Paris it was expressly declared that "no person should be molested for his political opinions or conduct during the Hundred Days. Wellington and Blucher concluded the capitulation, and their sovereigns ratified it; but the Allies seem never to have paid any regard to their plighted faith. Fifty-eight persons were banished, and three condemned to death. Among these three was Marshal Ney, who had yielded to perhaps the most powerful temptation which had ever been presented to

* The shaded parts of the map show those portions of the Empire which were wrested from France by the Allies.

a generous soul. The magnanimity of Napoleon would with eagerness have pardoned such a crime. The noble marshal, who had fought a hundred battles for France and not one against her, was led out into the garden of the Luxembourg to be shot, like a dog in a ditch. In those days of spiritual darkness, he cherished a profound reverence for the Christian religion. He sent for a clergyman, and devoutly partook of the last sacraments of the Gospel, saying, "I wish to die as becomes a Christian."

He stood erect, but a few feet from the soldiers, with his hat in his left hand, and his right upon his heart. Fixing for a moment his eagle eye upon the glittering muskets before him, he calmly said, "*My comrades, fire on*



EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY.

me." Ten bullets pierced his heart, and he fell dead. A warmer heart never beat. A braver man, a kinder friend, a more devoted patriot never lived. His wife, upon her knees, had implored of Louis XVIII. the pardon of her husband, but was sternly repulsed. The tidings that he was no

more threw her into convulsions, and she, after long years of anguish, has recently followed her beloved companion to the grave.

Wellington can never escape condemnation for permitting such a violation of national honor. No matter how guilty Ney might have been deemed by the Allies, the capitulation which Wellington had signed pledged his safety. The weight of the world's censure has fallen upon Wellington rather than upon Blucher, for no one expected any thing but barbarism from "Prussia's debauched dragoon." But England's proud duke, unfortunately, at that time allowed his mind to be sadly darkened by angry prejudice.



MARSHAL NEY.

The following candid testimony from General Baron de Jomini, who had deserted the cause of Napoleon, and had become aid-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, will be read with interest, as the admission of a political enemy who was not dead to magnanimity :

"It has been thought that he (Napoleon) would have been treated very differently had he presented himself at the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander, trusting his fate to the magnanimity of his sentiments. Posterity will judge of the treatment he suffered. Prisoner in another hemisphere, nothing was left him but to defend the reputation history was preparing for him, and which was still being perverted, according to the passions of parties. Death surprised him while writing his commentaries, which have remained imperfect, and this was no doubt one of his greatest regrets. How-

ever he can repose in peace. Pigmies can not obscure his glory. He has gathered, in his victories of Montenotte, Castiglione, Arcola, Rivoli, the Pyramids, as well as in those of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Abensburg, Ratisbonne, Wagram, Borodino, Bautzen, Dresden, Champ-Aubert, Montmirail, and Ligny, laurels sufficient to efface the single disaster of Waterloo. His five codes will be titles not less honorable to the suffrages of posterity. The monuments erected in France and in Italy will attest his greatness to remotest ages.

“ His adversaries have reproached him with a tendency to an Oriental despotism. I shared this opinion with them for a long time. Only true statesmen should judge him in this respect. What seemed a crime to the eyes of Utopianists, will some day become, to the eyes of enlightened men, his most glorious title to wisdom and foresight. Experience will finally prove who best understood the interests of France, Napoleon, or the doctrinaires who undermined his power. The suffrages of sensible men will remain to him.”*

CHAPTER XXX.

ST. HELENA.

Adieu to France—The Voyage—St. Helena—Ride to Longwood—Description of “The Briers”—Mrs. Abel—Emperor’s mode of Life—Destitution of the Emperor—Earnest Protest—Petty Annoyances—Interesting Conversations—The Imperial Title refused—Anecdote—The Slave—The Social Character of the Emperor—His Candor—Poor Toby—Striking Remarks.

IT was on the 9th of August, 1815, that the *Northumberland*, with the accompanying squadron, set sail for St. Helena. The fleet consisted of ten vessels. As the ships were tacking to get out of the Channel, the Emperor stood upon the deck of the *Northumberland*, and watched, with an anxious eye, to catch a last glimpse of his beloved France. At last, a sudden lifting of the clouds presented the coast to view. “ France! France!” spontaneously burst from the lips of all the French on board.

The Emperor gazed for a moment in silence upon the land over which

* The calumniators of Napoleon have declared that “ his power rested upon the most extensive system of corruption ever established.” Colonel Napier, indignant that even an enemy should be so grossly slandered, exclaims,

“ Where is the proof, or even probability, of that great man’s system of government being internally dependent upon ‘the most extensive corruption ever established in any country?’ *The annual expenditure of France was scarcely half that of England.* Napoleon rejected public loans, which are the very life-blood of corruption. He left no debt. Under him no man devoured the public substance in idleness because he was of a privileged class.

“ His *Cadastre*, more extensive and perfect than the *Doomsday Book*, that monument of the wisdom and greatness of our Norman Conqueror, was alone sufficient to endear him to the nation. Rapidly advancing, under his vigorous superintendence, it registered and taught every man the true value and nature of his property, and all its liabilities, public and private. It was designed, and most ably adapted, to fix and secure titles to property, to prevent frauds, to abate litigation, to apportion the weight of taxes equally and justly, to repress the insolence of the tax-gatherer without injury to the revenue, and to secure the sacred freedom of the poor man’s home. The French *Cadastre*, although not original, would, from its comprehensiveness, have been, when completed, the greatest boon ever conferred upon a civilized nation by a statesman.”—*Napier’s Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 228.

he had so long and so gloriously reigned. He then, uncovering his head, bowed to the distant hills, and said, with deep emotion, “*Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France, farewell!*”



THE EMPEROR'S ADIEU TO FRANCE.

The effect upon all present was electric. The English officers, moved by this instinctive and sublime adieu, involuntarily uncovered their heads, profoundly respecting the grief of their illustrious captive.

The Emperor, with extraordinary fortitude, resigned himself to his new situation. Though, in self-respect, he could not assent to the insulting declaration of the English ministers that he had been but a *usurper*, and the French people *rebels*, he opposed the effect of these instructions with such silent dignity as to command general respect and homage. Such was the magical influence of his genius, as displayed in all his words and actions, that each day he became the object of more exalted admiration and reverence.

He breakfasted alone in his cabin, and passed the day, until four o'clock, in reading or conversing with those of his companions whom he invited to his room. At four o'clock he dressed for dinner, and came into the general cabin, where he frequently amused himself for half an hour with a game of chess. At five o'clock the admiral came and invited him to dinner. The Emperor, having no taste for convivial habits, had seldom, during his extraordinarily laborious life, allowed himself more than fifteen minutes at the dinner-table. Here the courses alone occupied over an hour. Then an hour or two more were loitered away at the wine. Napoleon, out of respect to the rest of the company, remained at the table until the close of the regular courses. His two valets stood behind his chair and served him. He ate very frugally, and of the most simple dishes, never expressing either censure or approbation of the food which was provided.

At the hour when ladies in England withdraw from the table, he invariably retired. As the Emperor left, the whole company rose, and continued standing until he had passed from the room. It was the instinctive homage of generous men to the greatest of mankind, resigning himself sublimely to unparalleled misfortunes. Some one of his suite, in turn, each day accompanied him upon deck. Here he walked for an hour or two, conversing cheerfully and cordially with his friends, and with any others whom he happened to encounter on board the ship. Without the slightest reserve, he spoke of all the events of his past career, of his conflicts, his triumphs, and his disasters. In these utterances from the fullness of the heart, he never manifested the least emotion of bitterness or of irritability toward those who had opposed him. Such was the Emperor's uniform course of life during the voyage of ten weeks.

"He had won," says Lamartine, "the admiration of the English crew by the ascendancy of his name, by the contrast between his power of yesterday and his present captivity, as well as by the calm freedom of his attitude. Sailors themselves are accessible to the radiance of glory and grandeur that beams from the captive. A great name is a universal majesty. The vanquished reigned over his conquerors."

There were several Italians on board the ship, and there were also some midshipmen and common sailors who spoke French fluently. Napoleon seemed pleased in calling these to him, and employing them as interpreters. One day he perceived the master of the vessel, who, as pilot, was responsible for her safe conduct, but who, not having the honor of an epaulette, was not admitted to the society of Admiral Cockburn and his suite. The Emperor entered into a long conversation with the man, was pleased with his intelligence, and, in conclusion, said, "Come and dine with me to-morrow."

The poor master, astonished and bewildered, stammered out in reply, "The admiral and my captain will not like a master to sit at their table."

"Very well," answered the Emperor; "if they do not, so much the worse for them; you shall dine with me in my cabin."

When the admiral rejoined the Emperor, and was informed of what had passed, he very graciously remarked that any one invited by General Bonaparte to the honor of sitting at his table was, by this circumstance alone, placed above all the ordinary rules of discipline and etiquette. He then sent for the master, and assured him that he would be welcome to dinner the next day.

This unaffected act, so entirely in accordance with the whole life of the Emperor, but so astounding on board an English man-of-war, was, with electric rapidity, circulated through the ship. Every sailor felt that there was a bond of union between him and the Emperor. The soldiers of the fifty-third regiment, who were on their passage to St. Helena to guard his prison, and the crew of the ship, were all apparently as devoted to him as French soldiers and French sailors would have been.

After walking for a time upon the deck, the Emperor usually took his seat upon a gun, which was ever after called the Emperor's gun, where, sometimes for hours, he would converse with great animation and cheerfulness. An interested group ever gathered around him. Las Casas was in the habit



THE EMPEROR'S GUN.

of recording in his journal these conversations. Napoleon, ascertaining this fact, called for his journal, read a few pages, and then decided to beguile the weariness of the voyage by dictating the history of his campaigns.

October 7th. The fleet met a French ship. An officer of the *Northumberland* visited her, and told the astonished captain that they had the Emperor on board, and were conveying him to St. Helena. The French captain sadly replied, "You have robbed us of our treasure. You have taken away him who knew how to govern us according to our taste and manners."

The Emperor continued to beguile the weary hours of each day in dictating the memoirs of his campaigns. "When he commenced his daily dictations," says Las Casas, "after considering for a few moments, he would rise, pace the floor, and then begin to dictate. He spoke as if by inspiration: places, dates, phrases—he stopped at nothing."

October 15th. Just as the evening twilight was fading away, a man at the mast-head shouted "Land." In the dim distance could be faintly discerned a hazy cloud, which was suspended as the pall of death over the gloomy prison and the grave of the Emperor. About noon of the next day, the *Northumberland* cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena. The Emperor, through his glass, gazed with an unchanged countenance upon the bleak and storm-drenched rock. Rugged peaks, black and verdureless, towered to the clouds. A straggling village adhered to the sides of a vast ravine. Every shelf in the rocks, every aperture, the brow of every hill, was planted with cannon. It was now about a hundred days since the Emperor had left France, and seventy days since sailing from England. The command of the British ministers was peremptory that the Emperor should not be permitted to land until his prison on shore was made secure for him. Admiral Cockburn, however, proudly refused to be the executioner of such barbarity. With unconcealed satisfaction, he informed the French gentlemen that he would take upon himself the responsibility of seeing them all landed the next day.



ST. HELENA.

St. Helena is a conglomeration of rocks, apparently hove, by volcanic fires, from the bottom of the ocean. It is six thousand miles from Europe, and twelve hundred miles from the nearest point of land on the coast of Africa. This gloomy rock, ten miles long and six broad, placed beneath the rays of a tropical sun, emerges like a castle from the waves, presenting to the sea, throughout its circuit, but an immense perpendicular wall, from six hundred to twelve hundred feet high. There are but three narrow openings in these massive walls by which a ship can approach the island. These are all strongly fortified. The island at this time contained five hundred white inhabitants, about two hundred of whom were soldiers. There were also three hundred slaves. The climate is very unhealthy, liver complaint and dysentery raging fearfully. "There is no instance," says Montholon, "of a native or a slave having reached the age of fifty years."

October 16th. Late in the afternoon, the Emperor, with some of his companions, entered a boat, and was conveyed on shore. Before leaving the ship, he sent for the captain, kindly took leave of him, and requested him to convey his thanks to the officers and crew. The whole ship's company was assembled on the quarter-deck and on the gangways to witness his departure. The tears of sympathy glistened in many eyes quite unused to weep. It was a funereal scene, and the sacred silence of the burial reigned as the Emperor passed from the ship and was conveyed by the strong arms of the rowers to his tomb.

The sun had sunk beneath the waves, and twilight had faded away as the Emperor landed and walked through the craggy street of Jamestown. In this miserable village, a small unfurnished room had been obtained for England's imperial captive. His friends put up his iron camp-bedstead, spread

upon it a mattress, and placed in the room a few other articles of furniture which they had brought from the ship. Sentinels, with their bayoneted muskets, guarded the windows and the door of the prisoner. All the inhabitants of Jamestown crowded around the house to catch a glimpse of the man whose name alone inspired all the combined despotisms of Europe with terror. Napoleon was silent, calm, and sad. He soon dismissed his attendants, extinguished his light, and threw himself upon his mattress for such repose as could then and there be found. Such was the first night of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

Upon this barren rock, about three miles from Jamestown, and fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, there was a ravine, situated in the midst of crags and peaks of rock which almost encircled it. In this wild and desolate chasm, almost destitute of verdure, and where a few dwarfed and storm-twisted gum-trees added to the loneliness of the scene, there was a dilapidated hut. It had been originally a cow-house. Subsequently it had received some repairs, and had occasionally been used as a temporary retreat from the stifling heat of Jamestown. This spot had been selected as the residence of the captive. It was detached from the inhabited parts of the island, was most distant from those portions of the coast accessible by boats, "which," says Admiral Cockburn, "the governor considers it of importance to keep from the view of General Bonaparte," and an extent of level ground presented itself suitable for exercise.

October 17th. At six o'clock this morning, the Emperor rode on horseback, accompanied by Admiral Cockburn and General Bertrand, to view the dismal gorge which was to be his prison and his tomb. When he gazed upon the awful doom prepared for him, his heart was smitten with dismay. But in dignified silence he struggled against the anguish of his spirit. The hut was so dilapidated and so small that it would require a month or two, at least, devoted to repairs, before it could be rendered in any degree habitable for the Emperor and his companions. In the admiral's next communication to the British government, he wrote :

"I am sorry to add that General Bonaparte, since he has landed here, has appeared less resigned to his fate, and has expressed himself more dissatisfied with the lot decreed him than he did before. This, however, I merely attribute to the first effects of the general sterile appearance of this island around where he now resides, and the little prospect it yields himself and followers of meeting with any of those amusements to which they have been accustomed."

At the same time, the admiral wrote that the force of men and ships which he had with him was not sufficient to hold the captive in security. He asked for two more vessels of war.

As Napoleon, in great dejection, was returning from Longwood, extremely reluctant again to occupy his narrow room in Jamestown, surrounded by sentinels and the curious crowd, he observed a little secluded farm-house, at a place called *The Briers*, and inquired if he could not take refuge there until Longwood should be prepared for his residence. A very worthy man, Mr. Balcombe, resided at this place with his family. The house was of one story, and consisted of but five rooms. Mr. Balcombe, however, cordially



THE BRIERS.

offered a room to the Emperor. At the distance of a few yards from the dwelling there was a small pavilion or summer house, consisting of one room on the ground floor and two small garrets above. Napoleon, not willing to incommod the family, selected this for his abode. The admiral consented to this arrangement; and here, therefore, the Emperor fixed his residence for two months. His camp-bed was put up in this lower room. Here he ate, slept, read, and dictated. Las Casas and his son crept into one of the garrets. Marchand, Napoleon's first valet-de-chambre, occupied the other. Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of himself, wife, and four children —two sons and two daughters. One of these daughters, Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Abell, has since recorded some very pleasing reminiscences of her childish interviews with the Emperor.

“The earliest idea,” says Mrs. Abell, “I had of Napoleon, was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the midst of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls. I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but if less childish, my terror of him was hardly diminished. The name of Bonaparte was still associated in my mind with every thing that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him; and if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet believed him to be the worst that had ever existed. Nor was I singular in these feelings. They were participated by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most

of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon. All those of his own country, who lived in England, were of course his bitter enemies ; and from these two sources we alone formed our opinion of him.

“ How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread, mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him, whom I had learned to fear so much. Napoleon’s position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briers. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had hitherto regarded him. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age than as the mighty warrior at whose name the world grew pale.

“ I never met with any one who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity or of his indulgence to me. I looked upon him, indeed, when with him, almost as a brother, or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality, were put to flight the moment I came within influence of his arch smile and laugh.”

The Emperor seemed to enjoy very much the society of these children. He showed them the souvenirs which he cherished. Among these was a miniature of his idolized son. The beautiful infant was kneeling in prayer, and underneath were the words, “ *I pray the good God for my father, my mother, and my country.*”

As night approached the Emperor retired to his solitary and unfurnished room. It had two doors facing each other, one on each of two of its sides, and two windows, one on each of the other sides. The windows had neither shutters nor curtains. One or two chairs were brought into the room, and the Emperor’s iron bedstead was adjusted by his valets. Night, with undisturbed silence and profound solitude, darkened the scene. The damp night wind moaned through the loose and rattling casement near the Emperor’s bed. Las Casas, after attempting to barricade the window to protect Napoleon from the night air, climbed, with his son, to the garret, the dimensions of which were but seven feet square. The two valets wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and threw themselves upon the ground before each of the doors. An English orderly officer slept in Mr. Balcombe’s house, and some soldiers were placed as sentinels around the pavilion to prevent the Emperor from escaping. Such was the situation of Napoleon the first night at the Briers.

October 18th. The Emperor breakfasted, without table-cloth or plates, upon the remains of the preceding day’s dinner. He immediately resumed the same mode of life which he had adopted on board the *Northumberland*.



NAPOLEON'S ROOM AT THE BRIERS.

Every hour had its appointed duty. In reading, dictation, and conversation with his French companions, all of whom were permitted to see him every day, even the captivity of St. Helena became for a time quite endurable. The Emperor had sufficient command over himself to appear cheerful, and bore all his privations and indignities in silence.

October 20th. The Emperor invited the son of Las Casas, about fourteen years of age, to breakfast with him. The lad displayed so much intelligence in reply to questions which were proposed to him respecting his teachers and his studies, that Napoleon, turning to Las Casas, said,

“What a rising generation I leave behind me. This is all my work. The merits of the French youth will be a sufficient revenge to me. On beholding the work, all must render justice to the workman; and the perverted judgment or bad faith of declaimers must fall before my deeds. If I had thought only of myself and continuing my own power, as has been continually asserted, I should have endeavored to hide learning *under a bushel*; instead of which, I devoted myself to the propagation of knowledge. And yet the youth of France have not enjoyed all the benefits which I intended that they should. My university, according to the plan I had conceived, was a master-piece in its combinations, and would have been such in its national results.”

October 24th. All the friends of the Emperor were assembled around him, and were finding a melancholy solace in narrating to each other their privations and sufferings.

Las Casas thus describes their situation: “The Emperor Napoleon, who but lately possessed such boundless power, and disposed of so many crowns, now occupies a wretched hovel, a few feet square, perched upon a rock, unprovided with furniture, and without either shutters or curtains to the windows. This place must serve him for bed-chamber, dressing-room, dining-

room, study, and sitting-room, and he is obliged to go out when it is necessary to have this one apartment cleaned. His meals, consisting of a few wretched dishes, are brought to him from a distance, as if he were a criminal in a dungeon. He is absolutely in want of the necessaries of life. The bread and wine are not such as we have been accustomed to, and are so bad that we loathe to touch them. Water, coffee, butter, oil, and other articles, are either not to be procured, or are scarcely fit for use. A bath, which is so necessary to the Emperor's health, is not to be had; and he is deprived of the exercise of riding on horseback.

"His friends and servants are two miles distant from him, and are not suffered to approach his person without being accompanied by a soldier. They are compelled to pass the night at a guard-house if they return beyond a certain hour, or if any mistake occur in the pass-word, which happens almost daily. Thus, on the summit of this frightful rock, we are equally exposed to the severity of man and the rigor of nature."

As each one told his tale of grievances, the Emperor, who thus far had borne his wrongs with an uncomplaining and a serene spirit, was roused. With warmth he exclaimed,

"For what infamous treatment are we reserved? This is the anguish of death! To injustice and violence they now add insult and protracted torment. If I were so hateful to them, why did they not get rid of me? A few musket balls in my heart or head would have done the business, and there would at least have been some energy in the crime. Were it not for you, and, above all, for your wives, I would receive from them nothing but the pay of a private soldier. How can the monarchs of Europe permit the sacred character of sovereignty to be violated in my person? Do they not see that they are, with their own hands, working their own destruction at St. Helena? I entered their capitals victorious, and, had I cherished such sentiments, what would have become of them? They styled me their brother; and I had become so by the choice of the people, the sanction of victory, the character of religion, and the alliance of their policy and their blood. Do they imagine that the good sense of nations is blind to their conduct? And what do they expect from it? At all events, make your complaints, gentlemen. Let indignant Europe hear them. Complaints from me would be beneath my dignity and character. I must command or be silent."

The next morning, the captain of one of the vessels of the squadron, who was about to return to Europe, called upon the Emperor. In glowing and rapid utterance Napoleon reiterated his protest against the cruel treatment to which he was subjected, requesting him to communicate his remonstrance to the British ministers. Las Casas immediately made a memorandum of his remarks, as nearly as he could catch the words, and placed it in the hands of the officer, who promised punctually to fulfill his mission. The memorandum was as follows:

"The Emperor desires, by the return of the next vessel, to receive some account of his wife and son, and to be informed whether the latter is still living. He takes this opportunity of repeating, and conveying to the British government, the protestations which he has already made against the extraordinary measures adopted toward him.

“ 1. The government has declared him a prisoner of war. The Emperor is not a prisoner of war. His letter to the Prince Regent, which he wrote and communicated to Captain Maitland, before he went on board the *Bellerophon*, sufficiently proves to the whole world the resolutions and the sentiments of confidence which induced him freely to place himself under the English flag. The Emperor might, had he pleased, have agreed to quit France only on stipulated conditions with regard to himself; but he disdained to mingle personal considerations with the great interests with which his mind was constantly occupied. He might have placed himself at the disposal of the Emperor Alexander, who had been his friend, or of the Emperor Francis, who was his father-in-law. But, confiding in the justice of the English nation, he desired no other protection than its laws afforded, and, renouncing public affairs, he sought no other country than that which was governed by fixed laws independent of private will.

“ 2. Had the Emperor really been a prisoner of war, the rights which civilized governments possess over such a prisoner are limited by the law of nations, and terminate with the war itself.

“ 3. If the English government considered the Emperor, though arbitrarily, as a prisoner of war, the rights of that government were then limited by public law, or else, as there existed no cartel between the two nations during the war, it might have adopted toward him the principles of savages, who put their prisoners to death. This proceeding would have been more humane and more conformable to justice than that of sending him to this horrible rock. Death, inflicted on board the *Bellerophon* in the Plymouth Roads, would have been a blessing compared with the treatment to which he is now subjected.

“ We have traveled over the most desolate countries of Europe, but none is to be compared to this barren rock. Deprived of every thing that can render life supportable, it is calculated only to renew perpetually the anguish of death. The first principles of Christian morality, and that great duty imposed on man to pursue his fate, whatever it may be, may withhold him from terminating with his own hand his wretched existence. The Emperor regards it as his glory to live in obedience to these principles. But if the British ministers should persist in their course of injustice and violence toward him, he would consider it a happiness if they would put him to death.”

Dreary days lingered away at the Briers, while multitudes of laborers were busy in repairing and enlarging Longwood for the Emperor and his companions. All the building materials had to be carried on the shoulders of the workmen up the steep sides of the rock. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the admiral, the work advanced very slowly. The Emperor, by his resignation to his dreadful fate, his cheerfulness, and his, at times, joyous companionship with the children, won the affection of all the Balcombe family.

“ At the end of the grapery,” says Mrs. Abell, “ was an arbor. To this spot, which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o’clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast

time in writing, and when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Casas. No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there. From this prohibition, I, however, was exempt, at the Emperor's own desire. Even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Casas, he would answer my call, 'Come and unlock the garden door,' and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile."

One evening, after minutely examining a little traveling cabinet he had with him, he presented it to Las Casas, saying,

"I have had it in my possession a long time. I made use of it on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz. It must go to your son Emanuel. When he is thirty or forty years old, we shall be no more. This will but enhance the value of the gift. He will say, when he shows it, 'The Emperor Napoleon gave this to my father at St. Helena.'"

He then spoke of the singular developments he found upon his return from Elba of the ingratitude of individuals who had formerly enjoyed his favor. Many letters from these individuals to the friends of the Bourbons were placed in his hands.

"My first impulse," said Napoleon, "was to withdraw protection from these persons, and to order their letters to be printed. A second thought restrained me. We are so volatile, so inconsistent, so easily led away, that, after all, I could not be certain that those very people had not really and spontaneously come back to my service. In that case, I should have been punishing them at the very time when they were returning to their duty. I thought it better to seem to know nothing of the matter, and I ordered all their letters to be burned."

October 31st. The Emperor had now been at the Briers a fortnight. His friends had made his situation a little more comfortable. A tent was spread, which prolonged his one apartment. His cook took up his abode at the Briers, so that it was no longer necessary to transport his food after it was cooked a mile and a half. Table linen and a service of plate were taken from the trunks. Still the hours dragged heavily. The Emperor spent most of his time within doors with his books, his pen, and his companions. He retired very late at night. Unless he did so, he awoke in the night, and then, to divert his mind from sorrowful reflections, it was necessary for him to rise and read.

Annoyances, however, were strangely multiplied. Almost every day some new rule of general surveillance was adopted. The English authorities seemed to be tormented with an insane dread of the Emperor's escape from a rock more than a thousand miles distant from any land, while sentinels by day and by night paced around his frail tent, and ships of war cruised along the shores. The grandeur of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than in the vigilance with which he was guarded by his foes. All the monarchies of Europe stood in dread of one single captive. They knew full well that the hearts of the oppressed people in all lands would beat with tumultuous joy at the sound of his voice. Every movement of the Emperor was watched. A telegraph signal was established, which reported in town every thing which occurred at the Briers. The French gentlemen could not communicate with Napoleon in his own room without being accompanied by an

English sergeant. This state of things led the Emperor to request Las Casas to direct a note to Admiral Cockburn, remonstrating against measures so harassing and so useless. General Bertrand was commissioned to convey the remonstrance to the admiral.

But General Bertrand, apprehensive that the note would but cause irritation and provoke more severe treatment, ventured not to fulfill his mission. At last the Emperor learned to his surprise that the note had not been delivered. He was much displeased, and said to the grand marshal,

“Your not delivering the note, if you were dissatisfied with its tenor, or if you regarded it as dictated by an impulse of anger, was a proof of your devotion to my interests. But this should only have been a delay of some hours. After this delay you ought to have spoken to me on the subject. You well know that I should have listened to you with attention, and should have agreed with your opinions, if you had proved to me that you were in the right. But to delay a fortnight, without telling me that you had not executed the mission with which I charged you, is inexplicable. What have you to reply?”

The grand marshal only answered that he thought that he had done well in not delivering the note, which he disliked both as to its intention and expression.

“Perhaps you are right, Bertrand,” said Napoleon. And then, after a few moments of profound thought, he added, “Yes, Bertrand, you are right. Let my friends here complain. But my dignity and my character require of me silence.”

General Bertrand then, in his own name, addressed a letter to Admiral Cockburn, recapitulating their grievances. In conclusion, he said :

“It is greatly to be desired that the authorities would so conduct themselves toward the Emperor as to banish from his mind all recollection of the painful position in which he is placed. I do not hesitate to say that it is such as barbarians even would be touched by, and have consideration for. It can not be feared that any escape can be effected from this rock, almost every where inaccessible. Why can they not, if it be deemed necessary, increase the guard on the coast, and allow us to ramble over the island without restraint? It were also much to be wished that we might be lodged near the Emperor, to bear him company.”

The admiral condescended to degrade himself by heaping insults upon misfortune and helplessness. He returned an answer containing the following expressions :

“*Northumberland*, St. Helena Roads, Nov. 6, 1815.

“Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday’s date, by which you oblige me officially to explain to you that I have no cognizance of any emperor being actually upon this island, or of any person possessing such dignity having come hither with me in the *Northumberland*. I do myself also the honor of stating to you, in reply to a part of your note, that it is incompatible with my instructions to permit of your passing beyond the established line of sentries without your being accompanied by an English officer.”

It was surely insult enough for the English to refuse to address Napoleon by his imperial title, thus stigmatizing him as a usurper. But to insist that the Emperor's personal friends and subjects, who for many years had recognized him as the most powerful sovereign in Christendom, should insult him in a similar way, and thus condemn themselves as the accomplices of a usurper, was a refinement of barbarity scarcely to be expected from a civilized man. It is impossible to refute the arguments used by the Emperor in defense of the imperial title. He had been constituted Emperor of France by a solemn act of coronation, and with the enthusiastic approval of the French people. It was as puerile in the English ministry to attempt to ignore this title as it would be to speak of *General Augustus Cæsar* or *Colonel Charlemagne*. The world has crushed the ignoble attempt in scorn. Who now thinks of calling the Emperor Napoleon *General Bonaparte*? And yet Sir George Cockburn carried this childish affectation so far as to pretend, in his official papers to the English ministry, to doubt who could be meant by *the Emperor* at St. Helena. He wrote to Earl Bathurst,

"I beg permission to remark to your lordship, upon this curious note, that although the tenor of it prevented my entering at all into the merits of M. de Bertrand's statement, yet *General Bonaparte*, if by the term 'Emperor' he meant to designate that person, inhabits his present temporary residence wholly and solely in compliance with his own urgent and pointed request. I will only detain your lordship, however, while I add, that since my arrival in this island, I have not ceased in my endeavors to render *these people* as comfortable as their situations and the existing circumstances would admit of."*

Captain Poppleton, as a spy and a guard, was placed in constant attendance upon the Emperor. His instructions contained the following directions :

"The officer charged with this duty is not to absent himself from the premises where General Bonaparte may be staying more than two hours at a time. He is to endeavor to prevent the slaves upon the island from approaching General Bonaparte, so as to render their being talked to by him likely. Whenever the general rides or walks beyond the boundaries where the sentries are placed, he is to be invariably attended by the officer. Should the general, during such rides or walks, approach the coast, the officer is requested to turn him in some other direction. He is likewise to be particular in informing the admiral whenever he observes any extraordinary movements

* That Napoleon was contending for an important principle, and that he was not influenced by puerile vanity, in claiming the title of Emperor, is proved beyond all controversy by his readiness to assume an incognito, and take the name of General Duroc or Colonel Meudon. But to this the English ministry would not consent. Even the editor of Sir Hudson Lowe's narrative pronounces the course of the English ministry upon this subject entirely unjustifiable. He says :

"It is, I think, difficult to refute the arguments used by Napoleon in favor of his right to be styled Emperor. We, indeed, had not recognized that title; but he was not the less Emperor of France. But there would have been no difficulty in calling him *ex-Emperor*, which would sufficiently have expressed the history of the past and the fact of the present. Or the English ministry might have promptly acceded to his own expressed wish to assume an incognito, and take the name of Baron Duroc or Colonel Meudon, which he himself more than once proposed; but Lord Bathurst, as it will be seen, threw cold water on the suggestion, when it was communicated to him by Sir Hudson Lowe."—*Journal of Sir Hudson Lowe*, vol. i., p. 47.



among any of the Frenchmen, and is also to keep a dragoon in attendance, ready to send off at a moment's warning. He is to take care that the general and all his attendants, after they are established at Longwood, are within the house at nine o'clock."

November 8th. The Emperor was fatigued and indisposed. Las Casas suggested a ride on horseback. Napoleon replied,

"I can never reconcile myself to the idea of having an English officer constantly at my side. I decidedly renounce riding on such conditions. Every thing in life must be reduced to calculation. If the vexation arising from the sight of my jailer be greater than the advantage I can derive from riding, it is, of course, advisable to renounce the recreation altogether."

November 9th. Las Casas, alarmed at the dejection of the Emperor, and his declining health from want of exercise, inquired, with every expression of respect and politeness, of the officer appointed as guard, if it were necessary for him literally to obey his instructions should the Emperor merely take a ride round the house, adverting to the repugnance the Emperor must feel in being every moment reminded that he was a prisoner.

The sympathies of the officer were moved, and he generously replied, "My instructions are to follow General Bonaparte. But I will take upon myself the responsibility of not riding beside him in the grounds around the house."

Las Casas eagerly communicated the conversation to the Emperor. He replied, "It is not conformable with my sense of duty to enjoy an advantage which may be the means of compromising an officer."

The Emperor judged with his accustomed wisdom as well as magnanimity; for soon the officer came hastening to Las Casas with the declaration that Admiral Cockburn had positively prohibited him from granting the captive such an indulgence. As this was mentioned to the Emperor, he did not appear at all surprised, but quietly remarked that the horses might as well be returned, as they should have no use for them. Las Casas, exasperated by such cruelty on the part of the admiral, said, with much warmth, "I will go immediately and order them returned to the admiral."

"No," said the Emperor, calmly, "you are now out of temper. It rarely

happens that any thing is done well under such circumstances. It is always best to let the night pass over after the offense of the day."

November 10th. The Emperor, with Las Casas, took quite a long walk. Returning, he met Mrs. Balcombe and Mrs. Stuart, a lady who was on her voyage to England from Bombay. While conversing with them, some slaves, with heavy burdens on their shoulders, came toiling up the narrow path. Mrs. Balcombe, in rather an angry tone, ordered them to keep back. But the Emperor, making room for the slaves, turned to Mrs. Balcombe, and said mildly,

"Respect the burden, madam!"



"RESPECT THE BURDEN, MADAM."

Mrs. Stuart, who had been taught to regard Napoleon as a monster, was inexpressibly amazed by this touching incident. In a low tone of voice, she exclaimed to her friend, "What a countenance, and what a character! How different from what I had been led to expect!"

November 13th. The life at the Briers was very regular. Every day the Emperor dictated to Las Casas. Between three and four o'clock he descended to the garden, and, walking up and down, dictated again to one of the gentlemen who came from town for that purpose, and who wrote in the little arbor which is seen on the left of the preceding view of "the Briers." At half past five he left the garden, and continued his walk in the path which passed through the lawn in front of Mr. Balcombe's house. In conversation with friends, he enjoyed this social promenade until dinner was announced.

After dinner he returned to the garden, when he had his coffee brought to him. He occasionally made a friendly call upon Mr. Balcombe's family, to whom he became much attached. He then continued his walk and conversation in the garden. When the evenings were serene and illumined by the moon, these conversations were continued until late in the night.

"The Emperor," says Las Casas, "was never more talkative, nor seemed more perfectly to forget his cares than during these moonlight walks. In

the familiarity of the conversations which I thus enjoyed with him, he took pleasure in relating anecdotes of his boyhood, in describing the sentiments and illusions which diffused a charm over the early years of his youth, and in detailing the circumstances of his private life, since he played so distinguished a part on the great theatre of the world."

"I had intended," said the Emperor, one evening, "in order to secure the suitable education of the King of Rome, the establishment of the '*Institute of Meudon*.' There I proposed to assemble the princes of the imperial house, particularly the sons of those branches of the family who had been raised to foreign thrones. In this institution I intended that the princes should receive the attentions of private tuition, combined with the advantages of public education. These children, who were destined to occupy different thrones and to govern different nations, would thus have acquired conformity of principles, manners, and ideas. The better to facilitate the amalgamation and uniformity of the federative parts of the empire, each prince was to bring with him from his own country ten or twelve youths of about his own age, the sons of the first families in the state. What an influence would they not have exercised on their return home! I doubted not but that the princes of other dynasties, unconnected with my family, would soon have solicited, as a great favor, permission to place their sons in the Institute of Meudon. What advantages would thence have arisen to the nations composing the European association! All these young princes would have been brought together early enough to be united in the tender and powerful bonds of youthful friendship; and they would, at the same time, have been separated early enough to obviate the fatal effects of rising passions, the ardor of partiality, the ambition of success, the jealousy of love."

November 14th. "The coffee," writes Las Casas, "that was served at our breakfast this morning, was better than usual. It might even have been called good. The Emperor expressed himself pleased with it. Some moments after, he observed, placing his hand on his stomach, that he felt the benefit of it. It would be difficult to express what were my feelings on hearing this simple remark. The Emperor, by thus, contrary to his custom, appreciating so trivial an enjoyment, unconsciously proved to me the effect of all the privations he had suffered, but of which he never complained."

November 16th. The Emperor conversed with much freedom respecting the individuals connected with him in the great events of his career. This induced Las Casas to make the following record:

"He invariably speaks with perfect coolness, without passion, without prejudice, and without resentment, of the events and the persons connected with his life. He speaks of his past history as if it had occurred three centuries ago. In his recitals and his observations he speaks the language of past ages. He is like a spirit conversing in the Elysian Fields. His conversations are true dialogues of the dead. He speaks of himself as of a third person, noticing the Emperor's actions, pointing out the faults with which history may reproach him, and analyzing the reasons and motives which might be alleged in his justification.

"In viewing the complicated circumstances of his fall, he looks upon things so much in a mass, and from so high a point, that individuals escape

his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of violence toward those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation, and I have had frequent occasions to notice it, is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are mentioned in his presence."

November 19th. All the French party were invited to dine with the Emperor. He appeared in cheerful spirits, and after dinner said, "Gentlemen, will you have a comedy, an opera, or a tragedy?" They decided in favor of a comedy. The Emperor then took Molière's *Avare*, and read to them for some time. After the party had withdrawn, the Emperor retired to the garden for a solitary walk.

November 25th. The Emperor had been for several days quite unwell, and, worn down by the dreadful monotony of his imprisonment, appeared quite dejected. Las Casas found him this morning seated upon a sofa, surrounded by a pile of books which he had been listlessly reading.

"Contrary to the general opinion," says Las Casas, "the Emperor is far from possessing a strong constitution. He is constantly laboring under the effects of cold. His body is subject to the influence of the slightest accidents. The smell of paint is sufficient to make him ill. Certain dishes, or the slightest damp, immediately takes a severe effect upon him. His body is far from being a body of iron. All his strength is in his mind.

"His prodigious exertions abroad, and his incessant labors at home, are known to every one. No sovereign ever underwent so much bodily fatigue. I have known the Emperor to be engaged in business, in the Council of State, for eight or nine hours successively, and afterward rise with his ideas as clear as when he sat down. I have seen him, at St. Helena, peruse books for ten or twelve hours in succession, on the most abstruse subjects, without appearing in the least fatigued. He has suffered, unmoved, the greatest shocks that ever man experienced. But these prodigious exertions are made only, as it were, in despite of his physical powers, which never appear less susceptible than when his mind is in full activity.

"The Emperor eats generally very little. He often says that a man may hurt himself by eating too much, but never by eating too little. He will remain four-and-twenty hours without eating, only to get an appetite for the ensuing day. But, if he eats little, he drinks still less. A single glass of wine is sufficient to restore his strength and to produce cheerfulness of spirits. He sleeps very little, and very irregularly, generally rising at day-break to read or write, and afterward lying down to sleep again.

"The Emperor has no faith in medicine, and never takes any. He had adopted a peculiar mode of treatment for himself. Whenever he found himself unwell, his plan was to run into an extreme the opposite of what happened to be his habit at the time. This he calls restoring the equilibrium of nature. If, for instance, he had been inactive for a length of time, he would suddenly ride about sixty miles, or hunt for a whole day. If, on the contrary, he had been harassed by great fatigues, he would resign himself to a state of absolute rest for twenty-four hours. He said Nature had endowed him with two important advantages: the one was, the power of sleeping whenever he needed repose, at any hour and in any place; the

other was, that he was incapable of committing any injurious excess either in eating or drinking. ‘If,’ said he, ‘I go the least beyond my mark, my stomach instantly revolts.’”

Conversing one day with Mr. Balcombe, the Emperor remarked,

“I have no faith in medicines. My remedies are fasting and the warm bath. At the same time, I have a higher opinion of the medical, or, rather, the surgical profession, than of any other. The practice of the law is too severe an ordeal for poor human nature. The man who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will, at last, hardly know right from wrong. So with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience. The ecclesiastics become hypocrites, since too much is expected of them. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers. But the mission of surgeons is to benefit mankind, not to destroy them or to inflame them against each other.”

November 28th. Six weeks had now passed away, during which the Emperor had been about as closely imprisoned at the Briers as when on board the ship. The workmen were busy repairing Longwood. The English soldiers were encamped at the Briers. There was a poor negro slave working in Mr. Balcombe’s garden, in whose history and welfare the Emperor became deeply interested. He was a Malay Indian, of prepossessing appearance. He had been stolen from his native land by the crew of an English vessel. The Emperor’s sympathies were deeply moved by the old man’s story, which bore every mark of truth. Poor Toby became very much attached to the Emperor, who often called at his little hut to talk with him. They were fellow-captives. Toby always called the Emperor the “Good Gentleman.”

“Poor Toby,” said the Emperor, one day, “has been torn from his family, from his native land, and sold to slavery. Could any thing be more miserable to himself or more criminal in others! If this crime be the act of the English captain alone, he is doubtless one of the vilest of men; but if it be that of the whole of the crew, it may have been committed by men perhaps not so base as might be imagined. Vice is always individual, scarcely ever collective.

“What, after all, is this poor human machine? Had Toby been a Brutus, he would have put himself to death; if an *Æsop*, he would now, perhaps, have been the governor’s adviser; if an ardent and zealous Christian, he would have borne his chains in the sight of God, and blessed them. As for poor Toby, he endures his misfortunes very quietly. He stoops to his work, and spends his days in innocent tranquillity.”

For a moment the Emperor remained in silence, calmly contemplating the humble slave, and then said, as he turned and walked away,

“Certainly there is a wide step from poor Toby to a King Richard; and yet the crime is not the less atrocious, for this man, after all, had his family, his happiness, and his liberty. It was a horrible act of cruelty to bring him here to languish in the fetters of slavery.”

Then turning to Las Casas and looking mildly upon him, he said,

“But I read in your eyes that you think he is not the only example of the sort at St. Helena. My dear Las Casas, there is not the least resemblance



THE TWO CAPTIVES.

here. If the outrage is of a higher class, the victims also present very different resources. We have not been exposed to corporeal sufferings; or, if that had been attempted, we have souls to disappoint our tyrants. Our situation may even have its charms. The eyes of the universe are fixed upon us. We are martyrs in an immortal cause. Millions of human beings are weeping for us. Our country sighs, and glory mourns our fate. The prayers of nations are for us.

“Besides, if I considered only myself, perhaps I should have reason to rejoice. Misfortunes are not without their heroism and their glory. Adversity was wanting to my career. Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of power, I should, to many, have remained a problem. Now, misfortune will enable all to judge me without disguise.”

The Emperor subsequently made efforts to purchase the freedom of Toby and to restore him to his native country. He commissioned Dr. O’Meara to arrange the affair with Sir Hudson Lowe, who was then in command. In reply to these overtures, Dr. O’Meara records Sir Hudson Lowe to have said,

“You know not the importance of what you ask. General Bonaparte wishes to obtain the gratitude of the negroes in the island. He wishes to do the same as in St. Domingo. I would not do what you ask for any thing in the world.”

Napoleon was disappointed and surprised at this refusal, and the poor slave was necessarily left to die in bondage.



THE HOUSE AT LONGWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

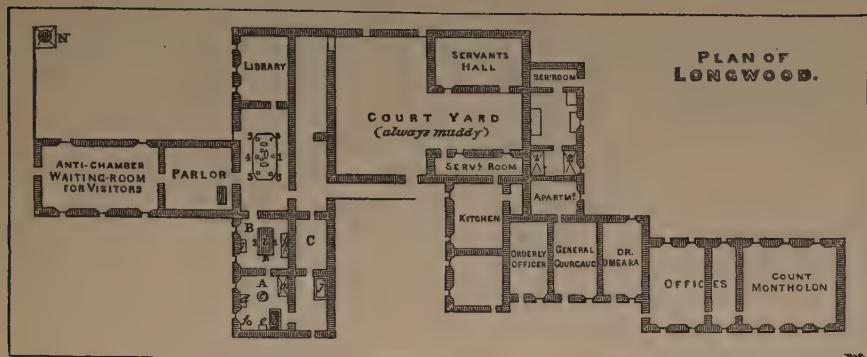
FIRST YEAR AT LONGWOOD.

Removal to Longwood—The dilapidated Hut—The Emperor's Household—Annoyances—Libels upon the Emperor—The New Year—Enthusiasm of the English Sailors—Serenity of the Emperor—The Emperor's Comments upon his Career—Arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe—His Atrocities—Increasing Wretchedness of the Emperor.

ON the 10th of December the Emperor was removed to Longwood. With a serene spirit he rode on horseback along the rugged path of barren volcanic rocks a distance of about two miles, until he arrived at his new prison-house. Here he found, in the midst of bleak, storm-washed crags, a long, low, one story house, rudely put together, but far too small for the accommodation of the few yet devoted friends who had come to share his captivity. The Emperor examined his prison with serenity, seeming to think more of the comfort of his companions than of his own. About a mile from Longwood, on the road to the Briers, there was a small hovel called Huts Gate, which General Bertrand, with his wife and son, was permitted to occupy. General Gourgaud and Count Las Casas eagerly solicited permission to sleep in tents rather than remain in Jamestown apart from the Emperor. Napoleon was much affected by this proof of attachment. A tent, under the windows of the Emperor, was pitched for General Gourgaud, and a room was hastily prepared for Las Casas. Dr. O'Meara, the English physician of the Emperor, was also under the necessity of dwelling in a tent. In process of time a room was prepared for each of these gentlemen. For the subsistence of the imperial captive and his exiled court the English government appropriated sixty thousand dollars a year. The French captives resolutely persisted in treating the Emperor with all that deference and respect which were due to his illustrious character and his past achievements.

The accompanying view of the house at Longwood, with the plan of the

rooms, will give an idea of the accommodations prepared for the exiled party, consisting of twenty-two individuals.



A. The Emperor's bed-room.—a. Small camp bedstead.—b. Sofa, where the Emperor sat a great part of the day.
—c. Small table.—d. Chest of drawers.—e. Fire-place.—f. Large silver ewer.

B. Cabinet or study.—g. Book-case.—h. Small bed. When the Emperor could not sleep, he moved from one to the other.—i. Table where the Emperor wrote and dictated.

C. Closet for the valet de chambre.—j. bath.

N. Tent, where the Emperor frequently breakfasted.

The household now consisted of the Emperor, General Bertrand, wife, and three children, Count Montholon, wife, and two children, Count Las Casas and son, General Gourgaud, and Dr. O'Meara. There were also four servants of the chamber, three grooms, and four servants of the table. These had all followed the Emperor to his dreary prison from their love for his person. Dr. O'Meara was an Irish gentleman, and was the surgeon on board the *Bellerophon*. As the Emperor's surgeon, in consequence of ill health, could not go to St. Helena, Dr. O'Meara had eagerly offered his services. A more dreary life can hardly be imagined than that of these captives upon a bleak and barren plain, eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, incessantly swept by ocean gales, where they were most of the time buried in clouds and fogs. A few miserable gum-trees, struggling for life in the midst of the blackened rocks, pained rather than cheered the eye.

The victims were every day harassed by the most senseless annoyances. Their walks were lined by sentinels with loaded muskets. They were not permitted to be out after a certain hour. They were forbidden to converse with the inhabitants of the island. They were not allowed to approach the sea-shore. Sentinels were placed under the Emperor's windows. Pass-words and orders were multiplied and incessantly changed. These annoyances were bitterly complained of by the companions of the Emperor. But the silent grandeur with which Napoleon encountered every wrong and every insult, forms one of the most brilliant pages of his history. His imperial character is nowhere more conspicuous than in his life at St. Helena. To each individual were assigned appropriate duties, and every hour had its allotted employments. Each day was like all the rest. The gloom of the prison was continually invaded by impertinence and insults, to which the Emperor could only oppose the silent dignity of his renown. His devoted friends, however, surrounded his humble abode with the respectful etiquette of royalty, and thus often shielded him from cruel indignities.

On one occasion, an Englishman, who had frequently called, and had become exceedingly attached to the Emperor, confessed to him with humility of heart, and, as it were, by way of expiation, that he had formerly believed all the horrible stories which had been related of him. "And how," said he, "could I help crediting this? Our English publications were filled with these statements. They were in every mouth. Not a single voice was raised to contradict them."

Napoleon smiled with perfect good nature, and said, "Yes; it is to your ministers that I am indebted for these favors. They inundated Europe with pamphlets and libels against me. I was repeatedly urged to adopt measures for counteracting this underhand work, but I always declined it. What advantage should I have gained by such a defense? It would have been said that I had paid for it, and that would only have discredited me more. Another victory, another monument—these, I said, are the best, the only answers I can make. Falsehood passes away, truth remains. The sensible portion of the present age, and posterity in particular, will form their judgment only from facts. Already the cloud is breaking. The light is piercing through, and my character grows clearer every day. It will soon become the fashion in Europe to do me justice."

"Those who have succeeded me possess the archives of my administration and the records of my tribunals. They hold in their pay and at their disposal those who have been the executors and the accomplices of my atrocities and crimes. Yet what proofs have they brought forward? What have they made known?

"The first moments of fury being passed away, all honest and sensible men will render justice to my character. None but rogues or fools will be my enemies. I may rest at ease. The succession of events, the disputes of opposing parties, their hostile productions, will daily clear the way for the correct and glorious materials of my history. And what advantage has been reaped from the immense sums that have been paid for libels against me? Soon every trace of them will be obliterated, while my institutions and monuments will recommend me to the remotest posterity. It is now too late to heap abuse upon me. The venom of calumny has been exhausted."

January 1st, 1816. All the companions of the Emperor assembled at ten o'clock to present him their kind wishes, in accordance with the custom of the day. The Emperor received them affectionately, and invited them to breakfast, and spend the day with him. "We are but a handful," said he, "in one corner of the world, and all our consolation must be our regard for each other."

During the day, Admiral Cockburn sent to the Emperor his fowling-pieces. It was kindly intended, though it seemed almost like mockery, since there was absolutely nothing to shoot upon the bleak rocks of Longwood. One or two fowling-pieces belonging to the Emperor's suite were also delivered, on condition that they should be sent every evening to the tent of the officer on duty. Such were the petty and humiliating annoyances to which these exiles were continually subjected. They very properly refused to receive the guns on such terms. As there was a whole regiment of British soldiers encamped at Longwood, the admiral at last consented to leave the dangerous weapons in their hands.

One afternoon the Emperor was walking in the garden with Las Casas. A young English sailor approached, with a countenance expressive of enthusiasm and joy, mingled with apprehensions of being perceived by the guard. Gazing earnestly upon the Emperor, he said to Las Casas, "I shall now die content. I pray to God that Napoleon may be one day more happy." Such incidents were not uncommon. The sailors of the *Northumberland* all loved the Emperor, and considered him their friend. At the Briers, where Napoleon was not so vigilantly guarded as at Longwood, they often hovered around on a Sunday, to get a last look of their shipmate. On another occasion, a sailor from one of the ships in the harbor suddenly presented himself, and, with tears of affection and admiration gushing from his eyes, said to Las Casas, "Tell that dear man that I wish him no harm, but all possible happiness. So do most of us. Long life and health to him."

The sailor had a bouquet of wild flowers in his hand for the Emperor, the only token he could give expressive of his kind feelings. These incidents deeply moved the warm and generous heart of Napoleon. With emotion he said, "See the effect of imagination. How powerful is its influence! Here are people who do not know me, perhaps have never seen me; they have only heard me spoken of, and what do they not feel? What would they not do to serve me? And the same caprice is found in all countries, in all ages, and in both sexes. Yes, imagination rules the world."

The grounds around Longwood which the Emperor was allowed to pass over without a guard admitted of but half an hour's ride. He was not permitted to traverse the whole of the little island unless accompanied by an English officer. This arrangement was so repugnant to the Emperor's feelings that he could not consent to ride thus attended. His friends made every effort to induce the admiral to mitigate this harsh and humiliating measure, by placing sentinels upon heights where the Emperor could be seen through his whole ride. The admiral, however, was inflexible. Napoleon, wounded and saddened, decided that he should not pass beyond his allotted limits. His spirit was oppressed by the indignity, and his health impaired by the deprivation.

January 15th. Las Casas borrowed of Dr. O'Meara "*The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte, by Goldsmith.*" Napoleon read the monstrous, impudent, and obscene libel with surprise. Sometimes he laughed heartily at its folly; again, he shrugged his shoulders, amazed at its shameless and horrid calumny. As he read the infamous attack upon his mother, he exclaimed,

"Ah, madam! poor madam! with her lofty character! If she were to read this! Great God!"

When he read the account of his own debaucheries, he said, "The author, it seems, wished to make me a hero in every respect. They are in the wrong, however, to attack me on the score of morals, since all the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They could not but know that I was not at all inclined by nature to debauchery. The multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it."

Just then Dr. O'Meara came in. Napoleon said to him, smiling, "Doctor, I have just read one of your fine London productions against me. It is a

very just remark that it is the truth only which gives offense. I have not been angry for a moment, but I have frequently laughed at it."

Some one mentioned the day of the month, the 11th of March. "Well," said the Emperor, with animation, "it is a year ago to-day. It was a brilliant day. I was at Lyons, on my return from Elba. I was again become a great power. I had founded the greatest empire in the world. What a fatality that my return from the island of Elba was not acquiesced in! that every one did not perceive that my reign was desirable and necessary for the balance and repose of Europe! But kings and people both feared me. They were wrong, and may pay dearly for it."

"What did the kings apprehend? Did they dread my ambition, my conquests, my universal monarchy? But my powers and resources were no longer the same. Besides, I had only defeated and conquered in my own defense. This is a truth which time will more fully develop every day. Europe never ceased to make war upon France, her principles, and upon me. We were compelled to destroy to save ourselves from destruction. The coalition always existed, openly or secretly, avowed or denied. It was permanent. It only rested with the Allies to give us peace. For ourselves, we were worn out. As to myself, is it supposed that I am insensible to the charms of repose and security when honor does not require it otherwise?

"Did they apprehend that I might overwhelm them with anarchical principles? But they knew by experience my opinions on that score. They have all seen me occupy their territories. How often have I been urged to revolutionize their states, give municipal functions to their cities, and excite insurrections among their subjects! However I may have been stigmatized by them as *the modern Attila, Robespierre on horseback*, they all knew better. Had I been so, I might, perhaps, still have reigned, but they, most certainly, would long since have been dethroned. In the great cause of which I saw myself the chief and the arbitrator, one of two systems was to be followed: to make kings listen to reason from the people, or to conduct the people to happiness by means of their kings. But it is well known to be no easy matter to check the people when they are once set on. It was more rational to reckon a little upon the intelligence and wisdom of their rulers. I had a right to suppose them possessed of sufficient intellect to see such obvious interests. I was deceived. They never calculated at all, and, in their blind fury, they let loose against me that which I withheld when opposed to them. They will see.

"Lastly, did the sovereigns take umbrage at seeing a mere soldier attain the crown? Did they fear the example? The solemnities, the circumstances which accompanied my elevation, my eagerness to conform to their habits, to identify myself with their existence, to become allied to them by blood and by policy, closed the door sufficiently against new comers. Besides, if there must needs have been the spectacle of an interrupted legitimacy, I maintain that it was much more for their interests that it should have taken place in my person, one risen from the ranks, than in that of a prince, one of their own family. For thousands of ages will elapse before the circumstances accumulated in my case draw forth another from among the crowd to reproduce the same spectacle; but there is not a sovereign

who has not, at a few paces distance in his palace, cousins, nephews, brothers, and relations to whom it would be easy to follow such an example, if once set.

“On the other hand, what was there to alarm the people? Did they fear that I should come to lay waste, and to impose chains upon them? But I returned the Messiah of peace and of their rights. This new maxim was my whole strength. To violate it would have been ruin. I repeat it, the people and the sovereigns were wrong. I had restored thrones and an inoffensive nobility; and thrones and nobility may again find themselves in danger. I had fixed and consecrated the reasonable limits of the people’s rights. Vague, peremptory, and undefined claims may again arise. Had my return, my establishment on the throne, my adoption, been freely acquiesced in by the sovereigns, the cause of kings and of the people would have been settled; both would have gained. Now they are again to try it; both may lose. They might have concluded every thing; they may have every thing to begin again. They might have secured a long and certain calm, and might have already begun to enjoy it; instead of that, a spark now may be sufficient to reproduce a universal conflagration. Poor, weak humanity!”

These, surely, are profound views. Candor will admit the Emperor’s sincerity. The aspect of Europe now, a restless, heaving volcano, attests their truth.

March 13th. General Bertrand, in accordance with the wish of Napoleon, sent a communication to Admiral Cockburn to inquire if a letter which the Emperor wished to write to the Prince Regent of England would be forwarded. The admiral replied that he did not know of any person upon the island by the title of emperor, and that he should not allow any paper to be dispatched to England without first reading it.

March 16th. About four o’clock the captain of the Ceylon, who was about to sail for England, was presented to the Emperor. Napoleon was languid and depressed. He was roused, however, when the captain inquired if they had any letters to send to Europe. The Emperor immediately inquired if he should see the Prince Regent. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he added,

“Inform him that the Emperor was desirous of writing to the Prince Regent, but that, in consequence of the observation of the admiral that he would open the letter, he had abstained from it, as being inconsistent with his dignity, and with that of the Prince Regent himself; that he had, indeed, heard the laws of England much boasted of, but that he could not discover their benefits any where; that he had only now to expect, indeed to desire, an executioner; that the torture they made him endure was inhuman, savage; that it would have been more open and energetic to have put him to death.”

April 3d. Napoleon was speaking of the terrible perplexity in which he was placed after the battle of Waterloo, at the time of his abdication.

“After all, am I certain,” said he, “that the French people will do me justice? Will they not accuse me of having abandoned them? History will decide. Instead of dreading, I invoke its decree. I have often asked myself whether I have done for the French people all they could expect of me.

Will they ever know all that I suffered during the night that preceded my final decision?

“In that night of anguish and uncertainty I had to choose between two great courses. The one was to endeavor to save France by violence, the other was to yield to the general impulse. The measure which I pursued was, I think, most advisable. Friends and enemies, the good and the evil-disposed, all were against me, and I stood alone. I surrendered, and my decision, once taken, could not be revoked. I am not one who takes half measures; besides, sovereignty is not to be thrown off and on like one's cloak.

“The other course demanded extraordinary severity. It would have been necessary to arraign great criminals and to decree great punishments. Blood must have been shed, and then who can tell where we should have stopped? What scenes of horror might not have been renewed? By pursuing this line of conduct, should I not have drowned my memory in the deluge of blood, crimes, and abominations of every kind, with which libelists have already overwhelmed me. If, after all, I could have saved France at such a price, I had energy sufficient to carry me through every difficulty. But is it certain that I should have succeeded?

“Yes, I hesitated long; I weighed every argument on both sides. At length I concluded that I could not make head against the coalition without and the Royalists within; that I should be unable to oppose the numerous sects which would have been created by the violence committed on the Legislative Body, to control that portion of the multitude which must be driven by force, or to resist that moral condemnation which imputes to him who is unfortunate every evil that ensues. Abdication was therefore absolutely the only step I could adopt. All was lost in spite of me. I foresaw and foretold this, but still I had no other alternative.”

Las Casas inquired if the Emperor thought he could have saved France *with the concurrence of the Legislative Body*.

“I would have undertaken it without hesitation,” the Emperor replied. “In less time than any considerable mass of the Allies could have assembled before Paris, I should have completed my fortifications, and have collected before the walls of the city upward of eighty thousand good troops, and three hundred pieces of horse artillery. After a few days' firing, the National Guard, the federal troops, and the inhabitants of Paris would have sufficed to defend the intrenchments. I should then have had eighty thousand disposable troops at my command. Paris would, in a few days, have become impregnable. The appeal to the nation, the magnitude of the danger, the excitation of the public mind, the grandeur of the spectacle, would have drawn multitudes to the capital. I could undoubtedly have assembled upward of four hundred thousand men, and I imagine the allied force did not exceed five hundred thousand. Thus the affair would have been brought to a single combat, in which the enemy would have had as much to fear as ourselves.

“Meanwhile, I should have surrounded myself with a national senate, men distinguished by national names and worthy of general confidence. I should have fortified my military dictatorship with all the strength of civil opinion. I should have had my tribune, which would have promulgated the talisman

of my principles through Europe. The sovereigns would have trembled to behold the contagion spread among their own subjects. They must have treated with me or have surrendered."

"But, sire," exclaimed Las Casas, "why did you not attempt what would infallibly have succeeded? Why are we here?"

"Now," resumed the Emperor, "you are blaming and condemning me; but were I to present to you the contrary chances, you would change your language. Besides, you forget that we reasoned in the hypothesis that the Legislative Body would have joined me; but you know what line of conduct it pursued. I might have dissolved it, to be sure. France and Europe, perhaps, blame me, and posterity will doubtless blame my weakness in not breaking up the Legislative Body after its insurrection. It will be said that I ought not to have separated myself from the destinies of a people who had done all for me; but, by dissolving the Assembly, I could, at most, have obtained only a capitulation from the enemy. In that case, I repeat, blood must have been shed, and I must have proved myself a tyrant."

April 10th. A ship arrived bringing European journals. As Napoleon read the accounts of the increasing agitation in France, and of the deluge of evils which was overwhelming all the departments, he became much excited, and, pacing the floor, he exclaimed,

"How unfortunate was I in not proceeding to America! From the other hemisphere I might have protected France against reaction. The dread of my reappearance would have been a check on their violence and folly. My name would have been sufficient to bridle their excess and to fill them with terror.

"The counter-revolution, even had it been suffered to proceed, must have been lost in the grand revolution. The atmosphere of modern ideas is sufficient to stifle the old feudalists, for henceforth nothing can destroy or efface the grand principles of our Revolution. These great and excellent truths can never cease to exist, so completely are they blended with our fame, our monuments, and our prodigies. We have washed away their first stains in the flood of glory, and henceforth they will be immortal. Created in the French tribune, cemented with the blood of battles, adorned with the laurels of victory, saluted with the acclamations of the people, sanctioned by the treaties and alliances of sovereigns, and, having become familiar to the ears as well as in the mouths of kings, these principles can never again retrograde.

"Liberal ideas flourish in Great Britain, they enlighten America, and they are nationalized in France; and this may be called the tripod whence issues the light of the world. Liberal opinions will rule the universe. They will become the faith, the religion, the morality of all nations; and, in spite of all that may be advanced to the contrary, this memorable era will be inseparably connected with my name; for, after all, it can not be denied that I kindled the torch and consecrated the principle, and now persecution renders me the Messiah. Friends and enemies, all must acknowledge me to be the first soldier, the grand representative of the age. Thus I shall forever remain the leading star."

April 17th. Sir Hudson Lowe, the new governor of St. Helena, arrived at

Longwood, and was presented to the Emperor. His personal appearance was very unprepossessing. After he had withdrawn, the Emperor remarked, "He is hideous. He has a most villainous countenance. But we must not decide too hastily. The man's disposition may, perhaps, make amends for the unfavorable impression which his face produces. This is not impossible."

April 18th. Sir Hudson Lowe presented a paper to all the companions and domestics of the Emperor, stating that they were at liberty to leave St. Helena and return to Europe if they wished to do so. If, however, they desired to remain upon the island, they were required to give a written declaration that such was their wish, and to submit to all the restrictions which might be imposed upon the Emperor. Though this document was understood to involve the necessity of remaining upon that dreary rock during the lifetime of Napoleon, all promptly signed it except General Bertrand. His hesitancy wounded the feelings of the Emperor. He simply remarked, however, "Bertrand is always the same. Although he constantly speaks of going, when the time comes he will not have the courage to leave. We must be able to love our friends with all their faults."

April 20th. Colonel Wilks, who had just resigned his office of governor to Sir Hudson Lowe, and who was on the eve of his departure for Europe, called, with his daughter, to take leave of the Emperor. The young lady was presented by Madam Bertrand. The Emperor conversed for some time with the ladies with much cheerfulness and affability. Governor Wilks was a man of extensive information, and the political condition of France soon became the topic of very animated discourse.

"England and France," said the Emperor, "held in their hands the fate of the world, and particularly that of European civilization. What injury did we not do each other? What good might we not have done? Under Pitt's system we desolated the world, and what has been the result? You imposed upon France a tax of five hundred millions of dollars, and raised it by means of Cossacks. I laid a tax of fourteen hundred millions of dollars on you, and made you raise it with your own hands by your Parliament. Even now, after the victory you have obtained, who can tell whether you may not, sooner or later, sink under the weight of such a burden? With Fox's system we should have understood each other, we should have accomplished and preserved the emancipation of nations, the dominion of principles. Europe would have presented but a single fleet and a single army. We might have ruled the world. We might every where have established peace and prosperity, either by dint of force or persuasion. Yes, I repeat, what mischief have we not done? What good might we not have effected?"

April 27th. There were two individuals in the Emperor's suite who, not possessing congenial dispositions, were frequently exposed to misunderstandings and altercations. The Emperor, who watched over his household with paternal fidelity, was deeply grieved at this, and meeting them both in the drawing-room just before dinner, thus addressed them:

"You followed me with the view of cheering my captivity. Be united, then; otherwise you but annoy me. If you wish to render me happy, be

united. You talk of fighting even before my very eyes. Am I no longer, then, the object of your attention? Are not the eyes of our enemies fixed upon Longwood? You have quitted your families, you have sacrificed every thing from love to me and in order to share my misfortunes; and yet you are now about to aggravate them, and to render them insupportable. Be brothers! I command you, I entreat you as a father. Let us share the few enjoyments that yet remain to us."

The announcement of dinner terminated this parental reprimand.

May 5th. For several days the Emperor had been sick and depressed. Sir Hudson Lowe, by various petty annoyances, seemed determined to make him listen to the clanking of his chains, and to feel their galling weight. The Emperor secluded himself in his chamber and saw no one. It was a damp, chill, gloomy day. As a dismal night darkened over the fog-enveloped rock, a fire was kindled upon the hearth. The Emperor, feverish and languid, was reclining in his dressing-gown upon the sofa, enjoying the pensive light of the flickering fire; no candles were admitted. General Bertrand and Count Las Casas were sitting by the side of the noble sufferer. The conversation turned upon the two great revolutions of England and France. The Emperor, in calm and quiet tones, gave utterance to the following discriminating and glowing parallel:

"Both in France and England the storm gathered during the two feeble and indolent reigns of James I. and Louis XV., and burst over the heads of the unfortunate Charles I. and Louis XVI. Both these sovereigns perished on the scaffold, and their families were proscribed and banished.

"Both monarchies became republics, and during that period both nations plunged into every excess which can degrade the human heart and understanding. They were disgraced by scenes of madness, blood, and outrage. Every tie of humanity was broken and every principle overturned.

"Both in England and France, at this period, two men vigorously stemmed the torrent and reigned with splendor. After these, the two hereditary families were restored. Both, however, pursued an erroneous course. They committed faults. A fresh storm suddenly burst forth in both countries, and expelled the two restored dynasties, without their being able to offer the least resistance to the adversaries who overthrew them.

"In this singular parallel, Napoleon appears to have been in France at once the Cromwell and the William III. of England. But as every comparison with Cromwell is in some degree odious, I must add, that if these two celebrated men coincided in one single circumstance of their lives, it was scarce possible for two beings to differ more in every other point."

May 11th. Every day the estrangement between the French gentlemen and Sir Hudson Lowe became more and more marked. The Emperor, however, seldom saw the governor. To-day a note was handed the Emperor by the grand marshal, inviting *General Bonaparte* to a dinner party at Plantation House. He glanced over the note, and replied, "This is too absurd. There is no answer."

After passing two hours in the bath, the Emperor took dinner with Las Casas at nine o'clock. He became so animated in conversation that he continued his remarks for two hours. He was much surprised when informed

that it was eleven o'clock. "How rapidly," said he, "has time slipped away! Why can I not always pass my hours thus agreeably? My dear Las Casas, you leave me happy."

May 14th. A large party of English gentlemen and ladies arrived at St. Helena by the East India fleet. They were presented to the Emperor in the garden at Longwood. At the close of the interview, one of the gentlemen remarked to one of his companions, "What grace and dignity of manner the Emperor displays! I can scarcely form a conception of the strength of mind necessary to enable Napoleon thus to endure such reverses." They all seemed mortified in contemplating the miserable abode in which the captive was confined. When Dr. O'Meara afterward mentioned to Napoleon the prejudices which those strangers had entertained, the Emperor smiled and said, "I suppose they imagined that I was some ferocious horned animal."

May 16th. Sir Hudson Lowe called at Longwood, and desired to see *General Bonaparte*. The Emperor received him in the drawing-room. The audience was long and angry. At its close, Napoleon said to Las Casas,

"We have had a violent scene. I have been thrown quite out of temper. They have now sent me worse than a jailer. Sir Hudson Lowe is a down-right executioner. I received him to-day with my stormy countenance, my head inclined, and my ears pricked up. We looked most ferociously at each other. My anger must have been powerfully excited, for I felt a vibration in the calf of my left leg. This is always a sure sign with me, and I have not felt it for a long time before. My dear Las Casas, they will kill me here, it is certain."

Abstracted and melancholy, he sat down to his dinner, but was unable to take any food. After a few unavailing attempts to rouse himself to engage in conversation, he yielded to the sadness which overpowered him, and retired to his solitary couch.

May 20th. The Emperor rode out in the calash. On his return he retired to his chamber, saying to Las Casas, "I am low-spirited, unwell, and fatigued. Sit down in that arm-chair, and bear me company."

"He then," says Las Casas, "threw himself upon his couch, and fell asleep, while I watched beside him. His head was uncovered, and I gazed upon his brow—that brow on which were inscribed Marengo, Austerlitz, and a hundred other immortal victories. What were my thoughts and sensations at that moment! They may be imagined, but I can not describe them.

"In about three quarters of an hour the Emperor awoke. He then took a fancy to visit the apartments of all the individuals of his suite. When he had minutely considered all the inconveniences of mine, he said, with a smile of indignation, 'Well, I do not think that any Christian on earth can be worse lodged than you are.'

May 21st. After dinner to-day, the Emperor took the Bible and read to all the company the book of Joshua, remarking, in connection with the places which were mentioned, incidents which he had witnessed in the same localities during the Syrian campaign.

May 28th. The Emperor took a ride. Returning, he passed near the En-

glish camp. The soldiers immediately abandoned their various occupations, and formed themselves in a line to salute the Emperor as he passed. "What European soldier," said Napoleon, "would not be inspired with respect at my approach?" He was well aware of the feelings with which he was regarded by the English regiment, and consequently avoided passing the camp, lest he might be accused of wishing to excite their enthusiasm.

May 31st. The governor came to-day, and took a rapid circuit around Longwood, but did not have an audience. The Emperor, after dinner, reverted to their last interview. "I behaved very ill to him, no doubt," said he, "and nothing but my present situation could excuse me; but I was out of humor and could not help it. I should blush for it in any other situation. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries, I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some atonement. Never, during the period of my power, did I speak harshly to any one without afterward saying something to make amends for it; but here I uttered not a syllable of conciliation, and I had no wish to do so. However, the governor proved himself very insensible to my severity. His delicacy did not seem wounded by it. I should have liked, for his sake, to have seen him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away. This would at least have shown that there was some spring and elasticity about him; but I found nothing of the kind."

June 13th. The Emperor read several numbers of the *Moniteur*. "These *Moniteurs*," said he, "so dangerous and terrible to many reputations, are uniformly useful and favorable to me. It is with official documents that men of sense and real talents will write history. Now these documents are full of the spirit of my government, and to them I make an earnest and solemn appeal."

June 18th. This day was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The circumstance was mentioned. A shade of anguish passed over the features of the Emperor. In slow and solemn tones he said, "Incomprehensible day! Concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Grouchy! Ney! was there treachery or misfortune? Alas, poor France!"

Here he covered his eyes with his hand, and remained for some time silent. He then added, "And yet, all that human skill could do was accomplished. All was not lost until the moment when all had succeeded. In that extraordinary campaign, thrice, in less than a week's space, I saw the certain triumph of France and the determination of her fate slip through my fingers.

"Had it not been for the desertion of a traitor, I should have annihilated the enemy at the opening of the campaign. I should have destroyed him at Ligny if my left had done its duty. I should have destroyed him again at Waterloo if my right had not failed me. Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered, nor the fame of the conqueror been increased! The memory of the one will survive his destruction; the memory of the other will, perhaps, be buried in his triumph."

June 22d. A package of books and journals arrived from Europe. This was a treasure to the Emperor. In his eagerness, he engaged in unpacking

them himself. He passed the whole night in reading. In Park and Horne-man's *Travels in Africa* he found generous testimony borne to the assistance he had rendered the travelers in prosecuting their enterprises in Egypt. It was very gratifying to the Emperor thus to find his name mentioned in an English publication, unaccompanied by insulting epithets.

June 27th. The Emperor was reading a review, in which it was mentioned that Lord Castlereagh had asserted in a public meeting that Napoleon, ever since his fall, had not hesitated to declare that, as long as he had reigned, he would have continued to make war against England, having never had any object but her destruction.

"Lord Castlereagh," exclaimed the Emperor, "must be much accustomed to falsehood, and must place great dependence upon the credulity of his auditors. Can their own good sense allow them to believe that I could ever make such a foolish speech, even if I had such intentions?"

It was also stated that Lord Castlereagh had said in Parliament that the reason why the French army was so much attached to Bonaparte was, that he made a kind of conscription of all the heiresses of the empire, and then distributed them among his generals.

"Here again," observed the Emperor, "Lord Castlereagh tells a willful falsehood. He came among us. He had an opportunity of seeing our manners and of knowing the truth. He must be certain that such a thing was quite impracticable. What does he take our nation for? The French were never capable of submitting to such tyranny."

"It is important to his policy to render me odious. He is not scrupulous about the means. He does not shrink from any calumny. He has every advantage over me. I am in chains. He has taken all precautions for keeping my mouth shut, and preventing the possibility of my making any reply, and I am a thousand leagues from the scene of action. His position is commanding; nothing stands in his way. But certainly this conduct is the *ne plus ultra* of impudence, baseness, and cowardice."

July 5th. Mr. Hobhouse, of England, the author of a book entitled "The Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon," sent a copy of his book to Sir Hudson Lowe, with the request that it might be delivered to the Emperor. The governor refused to deliver it, because there was imprinted upon the back, in gilt letters, "*To the Emperor Napoleon!*"

To avoid further difficulty with regard to his address, the Emperor requested General Bertrand to open a negotiation with the governor, and propose that, for the future, the Emperor should take the name of Colonel Duroc or Colonel Muiron.

"I wished," said the Emperor, "to come here *incognito*. I proposed it to the admiral, but the proposal was rejected. They persisted in calling me *General Bonaparte*. I am not ashamed of that name, but I do not wish to receive it from the British government. The governor and his government act absurdly upon this question, and do not understand it at all. I do not call myself Napoleon, the Emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon, which is a very different thing, because it is in accordance with the usage of sovereigns who have abdicated. It was thus that James II. preserved his title of King and majesty after having lost his crown; and King Charles of Spain

preserved his title of king after he had abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand VII. A pretension is in this case put forward that the French nation had not the right to make me its sovereign without the permission of the King of England. Never shall I yield to that."

July 16th. The governor called and had an audience, which lasted nearly two hours. The Emperor, in describing it to Las Casas, said, "I recapitulated all our grievances without falling into a passion. I addressed, by turns, his understanding, his imagination, his feelings, and his heart. I put it in his power to repair all the mischief he had done, and to recommence upon a plan altogether new. But it was quite in vain. That man has no fibres; nothing is to be expected from him."

July 22d. It was a delightful day. The inmates of Longwood all breakfasted together under the shade of some gum-trees. "The Emperor," says Las Casas, "took a view of our situation and our natural wants. 'You are bound,' said he, 'when you are one day restored to the world, to consider yourselves as *brothers* on my account. My memory will dictate this conduct to you.' He next described how we might be of mutual advantage to each other, the sufferings we had it in our power to alleviate. It was, all at once, a family and moral lesson, alike distinguished by excellent sentiment and practical rules of conduct. It ought to have been written in letters of gold. It lasted nearly an hour and a quarter, and will, I think, never be forgotten by any one of us. For myself, not only the principles and the words, but the tone, the expression, the action, and, above all, the entire affection with which he delivered them, will never be effaced from my mind."

August 18th. Sir Hudson Lowe again sought an interview with Napoleon. The conversation soon assumed an angry tone, and the Emperor, stung by oppression and insults, quite lost his temper. The governor demanded that Napoleon should furnish sixty thousand dollars a year toward defraying the expenses of Longwood, and also required a reduction in the expenses of the establishment. The Emperor replied with great warmth, reproaching the governor with all the needlessly vexatious regulations he had adopted. An angry interview ensued, and the jailer and his illustrious captive separated, each more exasperated than ever.

Sir Hudson Lowe, the next day, said to Dr. O'Meara, "Let General Bonaparte know that it depends entirely upon me to render his situation more agreeable, but if he continues to treat me with disrespect, I will make him feel my power. He is my prisoner, and I have a right to treat him according to his behavior. I will bring him to reason. He has been the cause of the loss of millions of men, and may be again, if he gets loose. I consider Ali Pashaw to be a much more respectable scoundrel than Bonaparte."

Afterward the Emperor said to Las Casas, "I have to reproach myself with this scene. I must see this officer no more. He makes me fly into a passion. It is beneath my dignity. Expressions escape me which would have been unpardonable at the Tuilleries. If they can be at all excused here, it is because I am in his hands and subject to his power. It would have been more worthy of me, more consistent, and more dignified, to have expressed all these things with perfect composure. They would, besides, have been more impressive."

August 27th. The conversation to-day led the Emperor to take a rapid review of the events of his reign. “The French and the Italians,” said he, “lament my absence. I carry with me the gratitude of the Poles, and even the late and bitter regrets of the Spaniards. Europe will soon deplore the loss of the equilibrium, to the maintenance of which my French empire was absolutely necessary. The Continent is now in the most perilous situation, being continually exposed to the risk of being overrun by Cossacks and Tartars. And the English—the English will deplore their victory of Waterloo. Things will be carried to such a length that posterity, together with every well-disposed and well-informed person among our contemporaries, will regret that I did not succeed in all my enterprises.”

September 3d. It was a dreary day of wind and rain. The Emperor sat in his room before a blazing fire. “To-day,” said he, “is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance, the massacres of September, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution—a bloody stain, which was the act of the commune of Paris, a rival power to the Legislature, which built its strength upon the passions of the dregs of the people. No political change ever takes place unattended by popular fury. The mass of the people never enter into action without committing disorders and sacrificing victims. The Prussian army had arrived within forty leagues of Paris; the famous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick was to be seen on all the walls of the city; the people had persuaded themselves that the first pledge of the safety of the Revolution was the death of the Royalists. They ran to the prisons, and intoxicated themselves with blood to the cry of ‘*Vive la Revolution!*’ Their energy had an electric effect, by the fear with which it inspired one party and the example which it gave to the other. One hundred thousand volunteers joined the army, and the Revolution was saved.

“I might have saved my crown by letting loose the people against the men of the Restoration. You well recollect, Montholon, when, at the head of your regiments, you wished to punish the treachery of Fouché, and to proclaim my dictatorship. But I did not choose to do so. My whole being revolted at the thought of being king of another mob.

“A revolution is always, whatever some may think, one of the greatest misfortunes with which Divine anger can punish a nation. It is the scourge of the generation which brings it about; and for a long course it is the misfortune of all. True social happiness consists in regular and peaceful order, in the harmony of every one’s relative enjoyments. I gave millions every year to the poor. I made immense sacrifices to aid and assist industry, and yet France has now more poor than in 1787. The reason is, that revolutions, however well conducted, destroy every thing instantaneously, and only reconstruct society after a considerable time. The French Revolution was a national convulsion, as irresistible in its effects as an eruption of Vesuvius. When the unperceived workings of the discontent of the people arrive at maturity, a revolution bursts forth.

“The Bourbons are greatly deceived if they believe themselves firmly seated on the throne of Hugh Capet. I do not know whether I shall ever again see Paris, but what I know is, that the French people will one day break the sceptre which the enemies of France have confided to Louis XVIII.

“My son will reign, if the popular masses are permitted to act without control. The crown will belong to the Duke of Orleans, if those who are called Liberals gain the victory over the people; but then, sooner or later, the people will discover that they have been deceived—that the white are always white, the blue always blue, and that there is no guarantee for their true interests except under the reign of my dynasty, because it is the work of their creation.

“I did not usurp the crown. I picked it from the gutter. The people placed it on my head. I wished the name of Frenchman to be the most noble and desirable on the earth. I was king of the people, as the Bourbons are kings of the nobles, under whatever color they may disguise the banner of their ancestors. When, full of confidence in the sympathy of the nation, I returned from Elba, my advisers insisted that I ought to take notice of some chiefs of the royal party. I constantly refused, answering to those who gave me this advice, ‘If I have remained in the hearts of the mass of the people, I have nothing to do with the Royalists. If not, what will some more or less avail me to struggle against the opinion of the nation?’”

Sir Hudson Lowe had informed the Emperor, through Count Montholon, that the expenses of Longwood must be greatly reduced, and the number of Napoleon’s household diminished. The expenditure, he said, must not exceed five thousand dollars a month, which would be equal to about one thousand dollars a month in England. Should *General Bonaparte* be averse to this reduction, he must pay the surplus himself. The Emperor promptly replied that he would cheerfully defray all the expenses of his establishment, if the ministers would permit any banking house in St. Helena, London, or Paris, *chosen by the British government itself*, to serve as intermediaries through whom the Emperor could send sealed letters and receive answers. He promised to pledge his honor that the letters should relate solely to pecuniary affairs, requiring a similar pledge, on the part of the banking house, that the correspondence should be held sacred. Sir Hudson Lowe refused his assent to this arrangement, stating that no sealed letters could be permitted to leave Longwood. He still, however, insisted upon the reduction, or that the Emperor should pay the surplus. The controversy was long and bitter, and the Emperor was exceedingly annoyed. Sir Hudson Lowe was inexorable, and Count Montholon informed him that, as the Emperor was not permitted by the English government to have access to his property, he had no other means left than to dispose of his plate; and that, accordingly, a portion would be broken up and sent to town for sale monthly, to provide the necessities of life. By dismissing six servants, and introducing rigid economy, the Emperor thought that he could bring the expenses of the establishment to about fifteen hundred dollars a month. Sir Hudson Lowe furnished one thousand. There was consequently five hundred left for the Emperor to raise, or to dismiss more of his friends.

September 7th. It was a dark and gloomy day. Napoleon, sick and dejected, did not leave his cheerless apartment. A stormy night settled down over the prisoners. Napoleon sent for Dr. O’Meara. “He was sitting,” records the doctor, “in his bed-room, with only a wood fire burning, the flames of which, alternately blazing and sinking, gave, at moments, a most singular and melancholy expression to his countenance, as he sat opposite to it, with

his hands crossed upon his knees, probably reflecting upon his forlorn condition." As Dr. O'Meara entered, the Emperor, after a moment's silence, said,

"Doctor, this is beyond your art. I have been trying in vain to procure a little rest. I can not comprehend the conduct of your ministers. They go to the expense of two hundred and forty thousand dollars in sending out furniture, wood, and building materials for my use, and, at the same time, send orders to put me nearly on rations, and oblige me to discharge my servants, and make reductions incompatible with the decency and comfort of the house. Then we have aids-de-camp making stipulations about a bottle of wine, and two or three pounds of meat, with as much gravity and consequence as if they were treating about the distribution of kingdoms. I see contradictions which I can not reconcile; on the one hand, enormous and useless expenditure; and, on the other, unparalleled meanness and littleness. Why do they not allow me to provide myself with every thing, instead of disgracing the character of the nation? They will not furnish my followers with what they have been accustomed to, nor will they allow me to provide for them, by sending sealed letters through a mercantile house even of their own selection; for no man in France would answer a letter of mine when he knew that it would be read by the English ministers, and that he would consequently be denounced to the Bourbons, and his property and person exposed to certain destruction. Moreover, your own ministers have not given a specimen of good faith in seizing upon the trifling sum of money that I had in the *Bellerophon*, which gives reason to suppose that they would do the same again if they knew where any of my property was placed. It must be to deceive the English nation. Seeing all this furniture sent out, and so much parade and show in the preparations made in England, they conclude that I am well treated here. If they knew the truth, and the dishonor which it reflects upon them, they would not suffer it."

September 16th. Las Casas records: "In the morning, my servant came to tell me that there was neither coffee, sugar, milk, nor bread for breakfast. Yesterday, some hours before dinner, feeling hungry, I asked for a mouthful of bread, and was told that there was none for me. Thus we are denied the very necessities of life. This fact will scarcely be credited, and yet I have stated nothing but the truth.

"In the course of three successive months, the whole of the Emperor's plate, with the exception of one silver-gilt bowl, was broken up and sold. Sir Hudson Lowe thought that the residents at Longwood had money secreted which he could thus extort. When the Emperor found himself reduced to ordinary ware, the physical effect upon him was such that he could eat nothing, and said to me, on leaving the dinner-table, 'It must be allowed, my son, that we are all great children. Can you conceive that I could not conquer my disgust at this badly-served dinner — I who, when I was young, ate from black dishes? In truth, I am ashamed of myself to-day.' "

Sir Hudson Lowe now yielded. He expressed much regret that he had pushed matters to such an extremity, and said that he only acted on the conviction that the captives had a great quantity of gold at Longwood, and "that he would not have allowed a single piece of plate to be broken, could he have

supposed that matters would go so far as to reduce *General Bonaparte* to eat off dishes like those of the lowest colonist in the island."

As soon as the Emperor's friends were informed of his destitution, they immediately placed their fortunes at his disposal. Napoleon's mother, Joseph, Hortense, Pauline, Eliza, Jerome, and Louis, all authorized him to draw freely upon them.

September 30th. The Emperor read in an English newspaper that Lord Castlereagh had again stated in an assembly in Ireland that Napoleon had declared at St. Helena that he never would have made peace with England but to deceive her, take her by surprise, and destroy her; and that if the French army was attached to the Emperor, it was because he was in the habit of giving the daughters of the richest families of his empire in marriage to his soldiers.

The Emperor, moved with indignation, dictated the following reply:

"These calumnies, uttered against a man who is so barbarously oppressed, and who is not allowed to make his voice heard in answer to them, will be disbelieved by all persons well educated and susceptible of feeling. When Napoleon was seated on the first throne in the world, then, no doubt, his enemies had a right to say whatever they pleased. His actions were public, and were a sufficient answer to them. At any rate, that conduct now belonged to public opinion and history. But to utter new and base calumnies against him at the present moment is an act of the utmost meanness and cowardice, and which will not answer the end proposed. Millions of libels have been, and are still published every day, but they are without effect. Sixty millions of men, of the most polished nations in the world, raise their voices to confute them; and fifty thousand Englishmen, who are now traveling on the Continent, will, on their return home, publish the truth to the inhabitants of the three kingdoms of Great Britain, who will blush at having been so grossly deceived."

Thus closed the first year of Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena. The recital of the numerous vexatious annoyances and insults to which he was exposed would be but painful to the feelings of our readers. Those who have a heart for the tragic story can find all the details in the several memorials of St. Helena, illustrated by the official documents of Sir Hudson Lowe.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECOND AND THIRD YEAR OF CAPTIVITY.

New Vexations from Sir Hudson Lowe—Napoleon's Views of Toleration—Remarks on the Rupture of the Treaty of Amiens—upon the Congress at Chatillon—upon Russia—The Removal of Las Casas—Vulgarity of Sir Hudson Lowe—Libels upon the Emperor—Dilapidated Condition of Longwood—Interview with Lord Amherst—Energetic Protest.

THE Emperor's health was rapidly failing, and gloom preyed heavily upon the spirits of all his companions. The Emperor could not ride or walk unless accompanied by an English officer. Guards, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, stood before his windows and at his door. He was prohibited from speaking to any inhabitant of the island unless in the pres-

ence of an English officer. Sir Hudson Lowe insisted that all the inmates of Longwood should sign the following declaration :

“I, the undersigned, hereby declare that I wish to remain at St. Helena, and to share the restrictions which are imposed on *Bonaparte* personally.”

The gentlemen at Longwood were unwilling to sign a paper which referred so disrespectfully to their Emperor. They, however, promptly signed the declaration, simply substituting the title Emperor instead of *Bonaparte*. The governor immediately sent back the paper, demanding that they should sign the one which he had sent. Dr. O’Meara told him that he did not believe that the French gentlemen would sign the declaration, worded as he wished.

“I suppose,” the governor replied, “that they are very glad of it, as it will give them a pretext to leave *General Bonaparte*, which I shall order them to do.”

All the members of the Emperor’s suite, in great perplexity, assembled in his room. “These insults,” said the Emperor, “which are daily heaped upon those who have devoted themselves to me—insults which there is every probability will be multiplied to a still greater extent, present a spectacle which I can not and must not longer endure. Gentlemen, you must leave me. I can not see you submit to the restrictions which are about to be imposed on you, and which will, doubtless, soon be augmented. I will remain here alone. Return to Europe, and make known the horrible treatment to which I am exposed. Bear witness that you saw me sink into a premature grave. I will not allow any one of you to sign this declaration in the form that is required. I forbid it. It shall never be said that hands which I had the power to command were employed in recording my degradation. If obstacles are raised respecting a mere foolish formality, others will be started to-morrow for an equally trivial cause. It is determined to move you in detail, but I would rather see you removed altogether and at once. Perhaps this sacrifice may produce a result.”

At eleven o’clock that night, Count Bertrand received a letter from Sir Hudson Lowe, informing him that, in consequence of the refusal of the French officers to sign the declaration he had presented, they and the domestics must all depart for the Cape of Good Hope *instantly*, in a ship which was ready for their reception. This brought them to terms. Overwhelmed with grief and consternation, they, in a body, waited upon Captain Poppleton after midnight, and signed the obnoxious paper, which was immediately transmitted to the governor.

October 16th. The Emperor sent for Dr. O’Meara, and requested him to call upon Sir Hudson Lowe again, to propose, in order to avoid further difficulty, that the Emperor should assume the name of Colonel Muiron or Baron Duroc. “If the governor consents,” the Emperor continued, “let him signify to Bertrand that he acquiesces in one of them, and such shall be adopted. It will prevent many difficulties and smooth the way.”

The governor coolly replied that it was a very important communication, which required serious reflection, and that he would lose no time in *forwarding it to the British government!* The Emperor, in conversation with Dr.

O'Meara, after his return from the interview with Sir Hudson Lowe, remarked,

"I abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of Emperor. Sovereigns generally retain their titles. Thus Charles of Spain retains the title of King and Majesty, after having abdicated in favor of his son. If I were in England I would not call myself Emperor. But they want to make it appear that the French nation had not a right to make me its sovereign. If they had not a right to make me Emperor, they were equally incapable of making me general.

"Your nation called Washington a leader of rebels for a long time, and refused to acknowledge either him or the Constitution of his country; but his successes obliged them to change and acknowledge both. It is success which makes the great man. It would appear truly ridiculous in me, were it not that your ministers force me to it, to call myself Emperor, situated as I am here, and would remind one of those poor wretches in Bethlehem in London, who fancy themselves kings amid their chains and straw."

He then spoke of the heroic attachment which his friends had manifested by remaining at St. Helena contrary to his desire. "They had," said he, "an excellent pretext to go, by refusing to sign *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and next because I ordered them not to sign. But no, they would have signed *the tyrant Bonaparte*, or any other opprobrious name, in order to remain with me in misery here, rather than return to Europe, where they might live in splendor. The more your government tries to degrade me, so much more respect will they pay to me. They pride themselves in paying me more respect now than when I was in the height of my glory."

October 18th. Las Casas records: "I did not see the Emperor until five o'clock, when he sent for me to attend him in his drawing-room. He continued indisposed, but he had, notwithstanding, been engaged all the morning in dictating to the grand marshal. He summoned all the individuals of his suite in succession. He was low-spirited and heavy. The weather has an effect on the nerves, and the persecutions which are heaped on us are still worse to bear. Every word uttered by the governor increases our misery. To-day he had signified his intention of removing four of our establishment, which has been the cause of general lamentation among the household. The individuals singled out for their removal regret their separation from their companions, while those who are to remain are tormented by the fear of speedily sharing the same fate." The next day these four companions of the captive were taken from Longwood, and sent in a ship to the Cape of Good Hope.

November 2d. Dr. O'Meara inquired why the Emperor had encouraged the Jews so much.

"I wanted," he replied, "to make them leave off usury and become like other men. There were a great many Jews in the countries I reigned over. By removing their disabilities, and by putting them upon an equality with Catholics, Protestants, and others, I hoped to make them become good citizens, and conduct themselves like the rest of the community. I believe that I should have succeeded in the end. Moreover, I wanted to establish a universal liberty of conscience. My system was to have no predominant relig-

ion, but to allow perfect liberty of conscience and of thought, to make all men equal, whether Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, Deists, or others, so that their religion should have no influence in getting them employments under government."

"Would you have permitted the re-establishment of the Jesuits in France?" inquired Dr. O'Meara.

"Never," the Emperor replied. "It is the most dangerous of societies, and has done more mischief than all others. Their doctrine is that their general is the sovereign of sovereigns, and master of the world; that all their orders from him, however contrary to the laws, or however wicked, must be obeyed. Every act, however atrocious, committed by them pursuant to orders from their general at Rome, becomes, in their eyes, meritorious. No, no, I would never have allowed a society to exist in my dominions under the orders of a foreign general at Rome."

"It is to be feared," Dr. O'Meara observed, "that the priests and the Jesuits will soon have great influence in France."

"Very likely," Napoleon replied. "The Bourbons are fanatics, and would willingly bring back the Jesuits and the Inquisition. In reigns before mine the Protestants were as badly treated as the Jews. They could not purchase land. I put them upon a level with the Catholics. They will now be trampled upon by the Bourbons, to whom they, and every thing else liberal, will always be objects of suspicion."

October 26th. The Emperor was very unwell. The day was cold and damp. He sat in his chamber by a fire, with a handkerchief bound around his throbbing brow. He was suffering severely from the toothache and ague chills. "What a miserable thing is man!" said he; "the smallest fibre in his body, assailed by disease, is sufficient to derange his whole system. On the other hand, in spite of all the maladies to which he is subject, it is sometimes necessary to employ the executioner to put an end to him. What a curious machine is this earthly clothing! And perhaps I may be confined in it for thirty years longer."

November 1st. The Emperor passed the day in a state of extreme debility. He alluded to the rupture of the peace of Amiens. "The sudden rupture," said he, "of the treaty of Amiens, on such false pretenses, and with so much bad faith on the part of the English ministry, and the seizure of several merchant ships even before war had been declared, roused my indignation to the utmost. To my urgent remonstrances, they coolly replied that it was a practice they had always observed. And here they spoke the truth. But the time was gone by when France could tamely submit to such injustice and humiliation. I had become the defender of her rights and glory, and I was resolved to let our enemies know with whom they had to deal. Unfortunately, owing to the reciprocal situation of the two countries, I could only avenge one act of violence by another still greater. It was a painful thing to be compelled to make reprisals on innocent men. But I had no alternative."

November 2d. In allusion to the conditions of peace proposed by the Allies at Chatillon, the Emperor remarked:

"I did right in refusing to sign the ultimatum, and I fully explained my

reasons for that refusal. Therefore even here, on this rock, amid all my misery, I have nothing to repent of. I am aware that few will understand me ; but, in spite of the fatal turn of events, even the common mass of mankind must be convinced that duty and honor left me no other alternative. If the Allies had thus far succeeded in degrading me, would they have stopped there ? Would they not have availed themselves of the immense advantages afforded them by the treaty to finish by intrigue what they had commenced by force of arms ? Then where would have been the safety, independence, and future welfare of France ? Where would have been my honor, my vows ? Would not the Allies have ruined me in the estimation of the people as effectually as they ruined me on the field of battle ? They would have found public opinion too ready to receive the impression which it would have been their aim to give to it. How would France have reproached me for suffering foreigners to parcel out the territory that had been intrusted to my care ! Could the French people, full of the recollections of their glory, have patiently endured the burdens that would inevitably have been imposed on them ? Hence would have risen fresh commotions, anarchy, and desolation. I preferred risking the last chances of battle, determining to abdicate in case of necessity. But, after all, the historian will perhaps find it difficult to do me justice, for the world is so overwhelmed with libels and falsehoods, my actions have been so misrepresented, my character so darkened and misunderstood."

Some one remarked that the clouds of detraction would disperse as his memory advanced in posterity.

"That is very true," the Emperor replied, "and my fate may be said to be the very opposite of others. A fall usually has the effect of lowering a man's character. But, on the contrary, my fall has elevated me prodigiously. Every succeeding day divests me of some portion of my *tyrant's skin*."

November 6th. The Emperor alluded to Russia. "Who can avoid shuddering at the thought of such a vast mass, unassailable either on the flanks or in the rear, descending upon us with impunity—if triumphant, overwhelming every thing in its course ; or if defeated, retiring amid the cold and desolation, that may be called its forces of reserve, and possessing every facility of issuing forth at a future opportunity ? Is not this the head of the Hydra, the Antæus of fable, which can only be subdued by seizing it bodily and stifling it in the embrace ? But where is the Hercules to be found ? France only could think of such an achievement, and it must be confessed we made but an awkward attempt. Should there arise an Emperor of Russia, valiant, impetuous, and intelligent—in a word, a Czar with a beard on his chin, Europe is his own."

November 14th. Some new vexation on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe arose. Las Casas remarked, "Ah, sire, this must, indeed, increase your hatred of the English !" Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and said, pleasantly, "That is an ignoble and a vulgar spirit. Say rather that, at most, it may increase my hatred of this or that particular Englishman. But, since we are on this subject, let me say that a man—truly a man—never hates. His anger or ill-humor never goes beyond the irritation of the moment—the

electric stroke. The man formed for high duties and authority never considers persons ; he sees only things, their weight and consequence."

Speaking of a man of powerful mind but of coarse habits, he remarked, "The fault is in his first education. His swaddling clothes have been neither fine nor clean."

November 16th. Las Casas records, "About three o'clock the Emperor sent for me. He wished to take the air. We were much impressed with his pallid cheek, his emaciation, and his debility. As we passed through the wood, the Emperor saw the fortifications with which we are about to be surrounded, and he could not forbear smiling at these useless and absurd preparations. He remarked that the ground in our neighborhood had been entirely disfigured by the removal of the kind of turf with which it was covered, and which had been carried away for the purpose of raising banks. In fact, for the last two months, the governor has been incessantly digging ditches, constructing parapets, planting palisades, &c. He has quite blockaded us in Longwood ; and the stable, at present, presents every appearance of a redoubt. We are assured that Sir Hudson Lowe often starts out of his sleep to devise new measures of security. "Surely," said the Emperor, "this seems something like madness. Why can not the man sleep tranquilly and let us alone ? Has he not sense enough to perceive that the security of our local situation here is sufficient to remove all his panic terrors?"

November 25th. A new calamity overwhelmed the Emperor. His faithful friend and constant companion was, without a word of warning, torn from him, and, after close imprisonment for a month, was sent, with his son, off the island to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to England. The pretext for this cruel arrest was that Las Casas had written a letter, describing the Emperor's situation, to Lady Clavering, and had intrusted it to a servant to be sent to Europe, without passing through the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe. This was a dreadful blow to the Emperor in these dreary hours of solitude and sickness. Las Casas was not permitted to see the Emperor to utter a word of adieu. The Emperor, however, wrote a letter to his agonized companion, containing the following sentiments :

" My dear Count Las Casas,—My heart is deeply affected by what you now experience. Torn from me fifteen days ago, you have been, since then, imprisoned, in close confinement, without my being able to communicate to you, or to receive from you any intelligence. Your conduct at St. Helena has been, like the whole of your life, honorable and irreproachable. I love to tell you this. A pretext was wanting to seize upon your papers. But your letter to your friend in London could not authorize a visit from the police to you, since it contained no plot, no mystery—since it was only the expression of a heart noble and sincere.

" Your papers, among which it was well known there were some belonging to me, were seized, without any formality, close to my apartment, and with expressions of ferocious joy. I was informed of this some few moments afterward. I looked through the window and saw them taking you away. A numerous staff pranced about you. I imagined I saw some South Sea Islanders dancing round the prisoners whom they were about to devour.

“ Your society was necessary to me. You alone could read, speak, and understand English. How many nights have you watched over me during my illness! Nevertheless, I request you, and, in case of need, command you, to require the governor to send you to the Continent. He can not refuse, because he has no power over you, except through the voluntary document which you signed. It would be a great consolation to me to know that you were on your way to more happy countries. When you arrive in Europe, whether you go to England or return to France, endeavor to forget the evils you have been called to endure, and be happy in the thought of the fidelity you have shown toward me, and of the affection which I feel for you. Should you see, some day, my wife and son, embrace them. For two years I have, neither directly nor indirectly, heard from them. There has been on this island for six months a German botanist, who has seen them in the garden of Schoenbrunn a few months before his departure. The barbarians have carefully prevented him from coming to give me any news respecting them.

“ In the mean time, be comforted, and console my friends. My body, it is true, is exposed to the hatred of my enemies. They omit nothing that can contribute to satisfy their vengeance; they make me suffer the protracted tortures of a slow death, but Providence is too just to allow these sufferings to last much longer. The insalubrity of this dreadful climate, the want of every thing that tends to support life, will soon, I feel, put an end to an existence whose last moments will be an opprobrium to the English character; and Europe will one day stigmatize with horror that perfidious and wicked man. All true Englishmen will disown him as a Briton.

“ As there is every reason to suppose that you will not be allowed to come and see me before your departure, receive my embraces, and the assurance of my esteem and friendship. May you be happy.

“ Yours affectionately,

NAPOLEON.

“ Longwood, 11th December, 1816.”

This letter, sealed and directed to Las Casas, was sent to Sir Hudson Lowe. He immediately returned it, with the observation that it could not be delivered until it should be read and approved by the governor. The Emperor was reclining on his sofa when the letter was brought back. He uttered not a word, but raising his hand over his head, took the letter, broke the seal, and returned it without even looking at the messenger. Las Casas was not permitted again to see the Emperor. On the 30th of December he left the island. His grateful heart throbbed with anguish as he was thus constrained to abandon the unhappy captive to his awful doom.

Napoleon said to O’Meara, “ The next to be removed will be Montholon, as they see that he is a most useful and consoling friend to me. I am less unfortunate than they. I see nobody. They can not stir out without submitting to degrading restrictions. I am sorry that two months ago they did not all depart. I have sufficient fortitude to stand alone against all this tyranny. It is only prolonging their agony to keep them here a few months longer. After they have been taken away, you will be sent off, and then the crime will be consummated.

"As to myself, I would never make a complaint if I did not know that, were an inquiry demanded by the nation, your ministers would say, 'He has never complained, and *therefore* he is conscious that he is well treated, and that there are no grounds for it.' Otherwise, I should conceive it degrading to me to utter a word; though I am so disgusted with the conduct of this *sbirro*, that I should, with the greatest pleasure, receive the intimation that orders had arrived to shoot me. I should esteem it as a blessing."

Napoleon continued to seclude himself entirely in his room, and endeavored to forget his woes in constant mental occupation. He saw no company. He would not go out and expose himself to the indignity of being followed and watched wherever he went.

"One day," says Count Montholon, "I was writing from dictation, when the valet-de-chambre on duty came to inform him that the governor had, for the last half hour, been insisting on entering the Emperor's room, in order to assure himself, with his own eyes, that he had not escaped; and that Sir Hudson Lowe declared that he would have the doors forced if they persisted in not opening them to him. The Emperor listened with contemptuous indifference, and turning round, said,

"Tell my jailer that it is in his power to change his keys for the hatchet of the executioner, and that, if he enters, it shall be over a corpse."

Sir Hudson Lowe heard this answer, and retired confounded.

Sir Thomas Strange, judge of the supreme court in Calcutta, landed at the island. Sir Hudson Lowe requested the Emperor to grant him an interview. "Tell the governor," said the Emperor, "that those who have gone down to the tomb receive no visits; and take care that the judge be made acquainted with my answer."

Count Montholon says, "On receiving this answer from General Bertrand, Sir Hudson Lowe was unable to restrain his anger, and gave way to violent passion. But the conduct of Sir Thomas Reade was, if possible, still more extravagant, and it has been said that, on this occasion, he made use of the following expressions: 'If I were governor, I would bring that dog of a Frenchman to his senses. I would isolate him from his friends, who are no better than himself. Then I would deprive him of his books. He is, in fact, nothing but a miserable outlaw, and I would treat him as such. By G—, it would be a great service to the King of France to rid him of such a fellow altogether. It was a great piece of cowardice not to have sent him at once to a court-martial instead of sending him here.' Such were the men by whom Sir Hudson Lowe was surrounded."

On another occasion, General Meade, who had arrived at the island, was invited to visit Longwood. The letter from the grand marshal was delivered unsealed to Sir Hudson Lowe, and by him handed to General Meade. He replied, "That he should have been very happy to have availed himself of the invitation, but that he understood restrictions existed, and that he must apply to the governor for permission; and that, moreover, the vessel was under weigh, and he could not well detain her."

"I saw," says Dr. O'Meara, "Sir Hudson Lowe afterward, who asked me if General Bonaparte had made any observations relative to General Meade's not having accepted the offer made to him. I replied, that he had said that

he was convinced that Sir Hudson had prevented General Meade from accepting it, and had desired me to tell him that such was his opinion. No sooner had I pronounced this than his excellency's countenance changed, and he exclaimed, in a violent tone of voice, 'He is a d—d lying rascal, a d—d black-hearted villain. I wished General Meade to accept it, and told him to do so. None but a black-hearted villain would have entertained such an idea. Tell *General Bonaparte* that the assertion that I prevented General Meade from going to see him is an infamous lie, and the person who said it is a great liar. Tell him my exact words.'** Dr. O'Meara, of course, declined conveying such a message to the Emperor.

January 12th. As Napoleon rose from the table and took his hat from off the side-board, a large rat sprang out of it and ran between his legs. The incident deeply impressed his friends, who painfully contrasted the rat-infested hovel which the Emperor now occupied with the splendors of the Tuilleries and St. Cloud.

February 18th. Dr. O'Meara records, "Saw Sir Hudson Lowe at Plantation House. Found him busied in examining some newspapers for Longwood. Sir Thomas Reade made a long harangue upon the impropriety of allowing Bonaparte any newspapers unless such as had been previously inspected by the governor. Sir Hudson Lowe put aside several papers as not being, in his opinion, proper to be sent to Napoleon, observing that, however strange it might appear, General Bonaparte ought to be obliged to him for not sending him newspapers indiscriminately, as the perusal of articles written in his own favor might excite hopes which, when not ultimately realized, could not fail to afflict him; that, moreover, the British government thought it improper to let him know every thing that appeared in the newspapers."

This irritable and vulgar governor, in a moment of passion, sent from his library to his captive an atrocious libel, called the "Secret Amours of Napoleon," and also a book entitled "Famous Impostors, or Histories of many Pitiful Wretches, of Low Birth, of all Nations, who have usurped the Office of Emperor, King, or Prince." "Perhaps General Bonaparte," said Sir Hudson, "may find some characters in it resembling himself."

February 28th. The Emperor, after a night of restlessness and pain, was deeply dejected. The botanist, who had conversed with the Empress and her son just before he left Germany, was on the eve of his departure from the island, without being permitted to see the Emperor. "In the most barbarous countries," said Napoleon to Dr. O'Meara, with deep emotion, "it would not be prohibited, even to a prisoner under sentence of death, to have the consolation of conversing with a person who had lately seen his wife and child. Even in that worst of courts, the revolutionary tribunal of France, such an instance of barbarity and of callousness to all feeling was never known. And your nation, which is so much cried up for liberality, permits such treatment! He must, indeed, be a barbarian who would deny to a hus-

* Sir Hudson Lowe appears to have been peculiarly fond of nervous Saxon English. On the 31st of January, 1817, he said to Dr. O'Meara, "General Bonaparte would be much better if he had not such liars as Montholon, and such a blubbering, whining son of a b—h as Bertrand about him." Indeed, the use of such ungentlemanly language seems to have become quite an epidemic with those hostile to Napoleon. It has invaded even the sacred precincts of the Church.

band and a father the consolation of discoursing to a person who had lately seen, spoken to, and touched his wife and child, from whose embrace he is forever separated by the cruel policy of the few. The Anthropophagi of the South Seas would not practice it. Previous to devouring their victims, they would allow them the consolation of seeing and conversing with each other. The cruelties which are practiced here would be disavowed by cannibals." As the Emperor uttered these words, his voice faltered, and he strove unavailingly to conceal the pangs with which his heart was lacerated.

March 2d. Napoleon was lying languidly upon the sofa. In conversation, he said to Dr. O'Meara, "In the papers they make me serve for all purposes, and say whatever suits their views. Your ministers have little scruple in having recourse to falsehood when they think it will forward any object they have in view. It is always dishonorable and base to belie the unfortunate, and doubly so when in your power, and when you hold a padlock upon the mouth to prevent a reply."

March 3d. The Emperor appeared quite cheerful and animated. As he paced the floor, he turned to Dr. O'Meara and said, "What sort of a man did you take me to be before you became my surgeon? What did you think of my character? Give me your real opinion, frankly."

"I thought you to be a man," O'Meara replied, "whose stupendous talents were only to be equaled by your measureless ambition; and although I did not give credit to one tenth part of the libels which I had read against you, still I believed that you would not hesitate to commit a crime when you found it to be necessary, or thought it to be useful to you."

"That is just the answer I expected," the Emperor replied, "and is, perhaps, the opinion of Lord Holland, and even of numbers of the French. Now the fact is, that I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always advanced with the opinion of great masses and with events. I have always thought but little of the opinion of individuals, but of that of the public a great deal. Of what use, then, would crime have been to me?"

"In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The good I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. My ambition was great, but it was caused by events and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was, *the career open to talents*, without distinction of birth or fortune; and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much."

March 10th. A ship arrived from England, bringing, with other things, a book written by a Mr. Warden in a friendly spirit, describing the appearance of the Emperor on board the *Northumberland*. The Emperor perused the book with interest, and remarked,

"The foundation of it is true, but he has badly understood what was said to him. Warden does not understand French. He has acted wrong in mak-

ing me speak in the manner he has done. Instead of having it stated that it had been conveyed through an interpreter, he puts down almost every thing as if I had been speaking to him all the time, and as if he could have understood me. Consequently, he has put into my mouth expressions unworthy of me, and not in my style. Any person who knows me will readily see that it is not my style."

March 19th. Dr. O'Meara records, "Saw Napoleon in his bath. He was reading the New Testament. I could not help remarking that many people would not believe that he would read such a book, as it had been asserted and credited by some that he was an unbeliever."

The Emperor smiled and replied, "Nevertheless, it is not true. I am far from being an Atheist. In spite of all the iniquities and frauds of the teachers of religion, I did every thing in my power to re-establish religion. But I wished to render it the foundation and prop of morality and good principles, and not a mere attaché of the human laws. Man has need of something wonderful. Moreover, religion is a great consolation and resource to those who possess it."

April 3d. "Before my reign," said the Emperor, "the oath taken by the French kings was *to exterminate all heretics!* At my coronation I swore to *protect all worships!*"

April 4th. Dr. O'Meara gives the following account of the condition of the Emperor's residence at Longwood: "The rats are in numbers almost incredible. I have frequently seen them assemble like broods of chickens round the offal thrown out of the kitchen. The floors and wooden partitions which separated the rooms were perforated with holes in every direction. It is difficult for any person who has not actually heard it to form an idea of the noise caused by these animals running up and down between the partitions, and galloping in flocks in the garrets. At night, when disturbed by their entrance into my chamber, and by their running over me in bed, I have frequently thrown my boots, the boot-jack, and every thing I could readily reach, at them, without intimidating them in the slightest degree, to effect which I have been at last obliged to get out of bed to drive them away.

"The wretched and ruinous state of the building, the roofs and ceiling of which were chiefly formed of wood and covered with brown paper smeared with a composition of pitch and tar, together with the partitions being chiefly of wood, greatly favored the introduction of those reptiles, and was productive of another great inconvenience, as the composition, when heated by the rays of the sun, melted and ran off, leaving a number of chinks open, through which the heavy tropical rains entered in torrents. Countess Montholon was repeatedly obliged to rise in the night to shift her own and her children's beds to different parts of the room, in order to escape being deluged. The construction of the roofs rendered this irremediable, as a few hours of sunshine produced fresh cracks. As this book may fall into the hands of some readers who may not credit the above description of Longwood House, I beg to call the attention of respectable persons who may touch at St. Helena to the state of the house in which the exiled sovereign of France breathed his last, after six years of captivity."

May 22d. An English gentleman spoke with contempt of Louis XVIII.

The Emperor replied, "You are badly acquainted with the course of events, and are unjust toward Louis XVIII. Neither he nor any of the princes of his family were deficient in courage during the events of the Hundred Days. They did all they could do. The whole people repudiated them, and merely regarded them as kings of the emigrants. The Bourbons have proved powerless in stopping the reaction provoked by the madness of some incorrigible emigrants, and the antipathy against them became a complete epidemic, which seized on all classes of the nation. Do greater justice to the Bourbons. They are a race of brave men. Their fault consisted in being only the representatives of superannuated interests, and they were consequently repulsed by all the interests of new France."

Again the Emperor remarked, "No people ever enjoyed a larger share of civil liberty than those of France under my reign. There is no state in Europe which has not had a greater number of individuals arrested and cast into prison under various titles or forms. If the criminal legislation of England be compared with that of France, who can doubt the superiority of the latter. As to the criminal legislation of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and the other states of Europe, suffice it to say that there is neither publicity nor the confrontation of witnesses. My laws are highly esteemed by the Italians, and there is no country into which they have been introduced whose inhabitants have not petitioned for their continuance as a favor. In short, let it be proved that any sovereign has shown himself more anxious than myself to do justice, or has better understood how to identify himself with the interests of his people, and then I shall repent of not having done more. I am, however, conscious that, while on the throne, I constantly made it my first thought and desire to realize my motto, '*Every thing for the French people.*'"

July 2d. Lord Amherst, on a homeward voyage, arrived at the island, and was presented to the Emperor. At the close of the general conversation, he offered to transmit to the Prince Regent any request which the Emperor might have to make. Napoleon, with dignity, but in tones of deep suffering, replied,

"Neither your king nor your nation have any right over me. England sets an example of twenty millions of men oppressing one individual. The bill of the 11th of April only serves the purpose of personal hatred. It will sooner or later be the shame of England. The Parliament which voted it forgot its sacred character, and, as a legislative body, committed a crime against English honor. I am not allowed to leave this unhealthy hut unless accompanied by a guard. I am forbidden to receive letters from my wife, my mother, or my family, except they have been read and commented on by my jailor.

"Of what use are these odious restrictions here? What man of sense can admit the possibility of my escape, when numerous cruising vessels hover around the island; when posts are established at all points; when there are signals always ready to correspond with each other; when no vessel can approach or leave St. Helena without having been visited by the governor's agents; and, finally, when hundreds of sentinels are posted around the limits of this place from six in the evening till six in the morning?

“ But they do still more, if possible. They wish me to deny a glorious fact—to acknowledge the shame of my country. They will have it that France had no right to place the imperial crown on my head, and pretend to wash away, by a decree of Sir Hudson Lowe, the holy oil with which the Vicar of Christ anointed my forehead. The name of *General Bonaparte* was the one which I bore at Campo Formio and at Luneville, when I dictated terms of peace to the Emperor of Austria. I bore it at Amiens when I signed the peace with England. I should be proud to bear it still, but the honor of France forbids me to acknowledge the right of the King of England to annul the acts of the French people. My intention was to take the name of Duroc. Your ministers, and their hired assassin, Sir Hudson Lowe, oblige me, by their ignoble intrigues on this subject, to retain the title of the Emperor Napoleon. If your government denies my right to this title, it acknowledges implicitly that Louis XVIII. reigned in France at the time when I signed the peace of Amiens, and when the Lords Lauderdale and Castle-reagh negotiated with my plenipotentiaries.

“ I always desired peace, and a sincere peace, with England. I wished to fill up the abyss of revolutions, and to reconstruct, without shaking, the European edifice, to the advantage of all, by employing kings to bestow on Continental Europe the blessings of Constitutions—a blessing which your country as well as mine only acquired at the price of a fearful social commotion. I repeat that I always desired peace. I only fought to obtain it. The Congress of Vienna thinks that it will secure this blessing to Europe. It is deceived. War, and a terrible war, is being hatched under the ashes of the empire. Sooner or later, nations will cruelly avenge me of the ingratitude of the kings whom I crowned and pardoned. Tell the Prince Regent—tell the Parliament, of which you are a principal member, that I want, as a favor, the axe of the executioner, to put an end to the outrages of my jailor.”

“ Lord Amherst,” says Montholon, “ heard with emotion these complaints of a great and deeply-wounded soul. He did not seek to conceal the interest he felt in them. He promised to tell all to the Prince Regent, and respectfully offered his services to intervene with Sir Hudson Lowe.

“ ‘ It would be useless,’ said the Emperor, interrupting him. ‘ Crime and hatred toward me are equally in this man’s nature. It is necessary to his enjoyment to torture me, like the tiger, who tears with his claws the prey whose agonies he takes pleasure in prolonging.’ ”

October 7th. The Emperor, in consequence of the cruel restrictions to which he was subjected, and the insults to which he consequently was exposed, had for several months refused to leave his room. His health was rapidly declining. To the entreaties of Dr. O’Meara that he would go out and take some exercise, he replied,

“ As long as the present system is in force, I will never stir out. Would you have me render myself liable to be stopped and insulted by a sentinel, as Madam Bertrand was some days ago? If I had been in her place it would have occurred, as the sentinel had orders to stop every body. To avoid the possibility of being insulted, I have shut myself up. By prohibiting me to speak to such persons as I might meet, he has offered to me the greatest in-

sult which could be given to a man. It is true that he has since taken it off; but, if he has the power to make restrictions as he pleases, he may renew it to-morrow upon some pretext. I shall be exposed to daily insults, and may be obliged to give an account of myself to every sentinel who thought it right to fulfill his duty properly."

Dr. O'Meara remarked, "The governor has insinuated that you wish to kill yourself, and for that purpose resort to this close confinement."

"Had I intended this," the Emperor replied, "I would have fallen on my sword long ago, and died like a soldier; but I am not foolish enough to attempt my death by the slow agonies of a lingering disease. I have never loved tedious warfare; but there is no death, however slow and painful, that I would not prefer to dishonoring my character. If I were to go out and be once insulted by a sentinel, it would have the effect of doing more injury to my health than six months' confinement. But this man is insensible to any moral feeling."

October 14th. The Emperor was casually informed that Dr. O'Meara was required to make out a daily bulletin of his health. He requested the doctor to show him one. Looking it over, he observed that he was styled *general*.

"I can never consent," said the Emperor, "to be so called by my physician. He must be in my confidence. I must also see these bulletins before they are sent to the governor. A physician is to the body what a confessor is to the soul, and is bound to keep such confession equally sacred, unless permitted to divulge it. If you send any more bulletins without showing them to me, you will be acting the part of a spy, which is what the jailor of St. Helena wishes. I can not consent that you should style me 'general' in reports which may be sent to France, where I have been once sovereign; as coming from me, it would appear an acquiescence on my part to such title, which I would rather die than consent to. Unless you agree to this arrangement, I can never see you again as my physician."

Dr. O'Meara communicated the above to Sir Hudson Lowe. He promptly refused to accede to the title Emperor, but was willing that he should be styled Napoleon Bonaparte. When, in the evening, the Emperor was informed of this answer made by the governor, he replied,

"I can not think of allowing myself to be treated with indignity by my physician. After the proposal I have made to assume the *incognito*, to which no answer has been given, it is the height of insult to insist upon naming me as they like. The more they endeavor to humiliate, the more tenacious shall I be of the title. I lost my throne for a point of honor, and I will lose my life a hundred times rather than allow myself to be debased by consenting to be denominated as my oppressors please."

After some further conversation, the Emperor suggested that the word *patient* (*le malade*) should be used. This proposal was communicated to Sir Hudson Lowe. He, however, unrelentingly refused, declaring that his prisoner should be called only, in any bulletins, *General Bonaparte*, or Napoleon Bonaparte. When this was reported to the Emperor, he replied,

"The governor wishes to destroy the confidence which exists between me and my physician. When a man has not confidence in his physician, it is

useless to have one. Treat me as if I were an Englishman. If I had not taken you, you know that I should have had a French physician, who would not have made bulletins without my permission. Would you, if you attended Lord Bathurst, write bulletins of the state of his complaints, to be printed, or sent to any other than members of his own family, without having first obtained his consent? I insist upon being treated in a similar manner."

Several days passed, during which the Emperor received Dr. O'Meara kindly as a friend, but refused to consult him in reference to his complaints. The Emperor was very unwell, and suffered severely from dejection and pain. At last Sir Hudson Lowe consented that, for the present, no more bulletins should be demanded, and the Emperor received back his physician. "He was never free," says Dr. O'Meara, "from a dull pain in the right side; his appetite was diminished; his legs still swelled, especially toward night; occasional nausea, and great want of sleep." Thus passed the second weary year of imprisonment and outrage.

October 28th. Sir Hudson Lowe had an angry interview with Dr. O'Meara. "Among other elegant expressions," records the doctor, "he said that he conceived me to be a jackal, running about in search of news for *General Bonaparte*. In a paroxysm of rage, he said that I was to consider myself as prohibited from holding any communication whatsoever with Napoleon Bonaparte, except upon medical subjects; that I was to have no sort of communication with him upon other points."

November 14th. Sir Hudson Lowe, with whom the Emperor had for a long time refused to have any intercourse whatever, passed by the windows of Longwood. The Emperor remarked, "I never look upon that governor without being reminded of the assassin of Edward II., in the castle of Berkley, heating the bar of iron which was to be the instrument of his crime. My nature revolts against him. In my eyes she seems to have marked him, like Cain, with the seal of reprobation. This does not arise from a prejudice against your nation, as Admiral Cockburn never inspired me with such feelings. I had unreserved confidence in him, and would willingly have received a surgeon or any thing else from his hands."

March 10th. Weary months passed away, during which Sir Hudson Lowe, whose name is embalmed in eternal infamy, daily added to the tortures of his dying victim. Dr. O'Meara, for his refusal to be an accomplice with the governor, was loaded with every indignity. At last the governor ventured to make O'Meara, though he was a British officer, a prisoner, and forbade him to leave the precincts of Longwood. This arbitrary act left the doctor no resource but to tender his resignation, which he immediately did. Sadly he called upon the sick and dying Emperor to take his leave.

"Well, doctor," said Napoleon, "you are about to leave us. Will the world conceive that they have been base enough to make attempts upon my physician? I thank you for your care. Quit, as soon as you can, this abode of darkness and crime. I shall expire upon that pallet, consumed by disease, and without any assistance; but your country will be eternally dishonored by my death."

Every one who befriended the Emperor was persecuted by Sir Hudson Lowe. Mr. Balcombe, who had kindly received Napoleon at the Briers, left

for Europe. The Emperor gave him a bill, drawn upon his friends in Europe, for fourteen thousand dollars, and also granted him a pension, from funds there, of twenty-four hundred dollars a year. In a kind note which accompanied this munificent expression of gratitude, he said,

“I fear that your resignation of your employment in this island is caused by the quarrels and annoyances drawn upon you by the relations established between your family and Longwood, in consequence of the hospitality which you showed me on our first arrival at St. Helena. I would not wish you ever to regret having known me.”

The commissioners of the Allies residing upon the island remonstrated so vehemently against the removal of Napoleon’s physician, that the governor was compelled to withdraw the restrictions he had imposed upon Dr. O’Meara; and, after having kept him in confinement twenty-seven days, permitted him to resume his place near the Emperor’s person.

May 16th. Sir Hudson Lowe issued a proclamation interdicting all officers, inhabitants, and other persons whatsoever, from holding any correspondence or communication with the foreign persons under detention on the island.

July 25th. As Dr. O’Meara was returning from the sick-bed of the Emperor, the following communication was placed in his hands :

“Plantation House, July 25th, 1818.

“Sir,—I am directed by Lieutenant-general Sir Hudson Lowe to inform you that, by an instruction received from Earl Bathurst, dated 16th of May, 1818, he has been directed to withdraw you from your attendance upon *General Bonaparte*, and to *interdict you all further interviews with the inhabitants at Longwood*. Rear-admiral Plampin has received instructions from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty as to your destination when you leave this island. You are, in consequence, to leave Longwood immediately after receiving this letter, without holding any further communication whatsoever with the persons residing there. I have the honor to be, &c.,

“EDWARD WYNYARD, Lieut. Col., Military Secretary.”

“Humanity,” says Dr. O’Meara, “the duties of my profession, and the actual state of Napoleon’s health, alike forbade a compliance with this unfeeling command. My resolution was adopted in a moment. I determined to disobey it, whatever might be the consequences. Napoleon’s health required that I should prescribe for him a regimen, and prepare the medicines which it would be necessary for him to take in the absence of a surgeon, as I was perfectly sure that he would accept of none recommended by Sir Hudson Lowe.”

After a melancholy interview, the Emperor said, “On your arrival in Europe, make inquiries about my family, and communicate to the members of it that I do not wish that any of them should come to St. Helena, to witness the miseries and humiliations under which I labor. Bear my affections to my good Louise, to my excellent mother, and to Pauline. If you see my son, embrace him for me. May he never forget that he was born a French prince. Testify to Lady Holland the sense I entertain of her kindness, and

the esteem which I bear to her. Endeavor to send me authentic intelligence of the manner in which my son is educated. Adieu, O'Meara. We shall never meet again. May you be happy."

For two months Sir Hudson Lowe unavailingly endeavored to force upon the Emperor an English physician, subject to the same restrictions which he had tried to impose upon Dr. O'Meara. At last, on the 28th of September, alarmed at the rapid decline of the Emperor, he withdrew some of his prohibitions, and the Emperor was again enabled to enjoy the luxury of a daily walk in his little garden. For six months the Emperor saw no physician, while his health was continually declining. Thus the third year of his captivity lingered slowly and sadly away.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH YEAR OF CAPTIVITY.

The Medical Attendance of Dr. Stockoe—New Vexations of Sir Hudson Lowe—Religious Conversations of the Emperor—Gardening—The Emperor's Apartments—Increasing Debility—Napoleon's Love for Children—The Fish Basin—Amusing Incident—The Emmets—The Emperor's Filial Affection—Traits of Domestic Character.

THE record of the two months of November and December, 1818, is but the record of the patient endurance of sickness, suffering, and insult. The year 1819 dawned gloomily upon the illustrious captive. His condition was now so deplorable, that on the 10th of January he consented that his friends should send for Dr. Stockoe, surgeon on board the English ship *Conqueror*.

Dr. Stockoe found the Emperor in a state of severe pain and utter prostration. He made one or two visits; but the authorities of the island were so resolved to make Napoleon yield to the humiliations they exacted, that the doctor was soon compelled to give up his visits. He wrote on the 19th of January: "From what has happened to me to-day, I have great reason to believe that my visits to Longwood will be suspended, either by an order from my superiors, or by this duty being made so disagreeable to me that I shall find myself obliged to decline the honor of fulfilling it." Dr. Stockoe wrote earnestly to Sir Hudson Lowe, but could excite no emotion of mercy, and on the 21st of January he reluctantly took leave of his patient, and the Emperor was again left to suffer and die unrelieved.

The reader who shrinks from the admission that such barbarity could have been practiced by a civilized man, will find the above narrative fully corroborated by the testimony of Las Casas, O'Meara, Montholon, and by the journal of Sir Hudson Lowe himself.

Nine months of solitude and woe lingered away, while Napoleon was descending in tortures to the tomb. There was no relenting of cruelty on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe and his accomplices. In the month of August of this year, Count Montholon was sick, and Sir Hudson Lowe refused to correspond with Count Bertrand, and insisted upon a direct correspondence with the Emperor, either by a visit of one of his officers twice a day to the captive, or by letter. Napoleon was at this time confined to his bed, and ordered his doors to be barred against the violence which was threatened. He

was deeply annoyed by the rude attempts which were made to invade the privacy of his sick chamber. These outrages led the Emperor to issue the following declaration :

"On the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th of August, 1819, attempts were made, for the first time, to violate the pavilion inhabited by the Emperor Napoleon, which, to this epoch, had been constantly respected. He resisted against this violence by shutting and locking the doors. In this situation, he reiterates the protestation which he has made, and caused to be made at several times, that the right of his door shall not be violated unless by walking over his corpse. He has given up every thing, and for three years has lived concentrated in the interior of six small rooms, in order to escape from insults and outrages. If baseness is carried to the degree of envying him this refuge, it has been determined to leave him no other than the tomb.

"Laboring for two years under a chronic hepatitis, a disease endemic in this place, and for a year deprived of the assistance of his physicians by the forcible removal of Dr. O'Meara in July, 1818, and of Dr. Stockoe in January, 1819, he has experienced several crises, during which he has been obliged to keep his bed, sometimes for fifteen or twenty successive days. At the present moment, in the midst of one of the most violent crises that he has yet experienced, confined to his bed for nine days, having only patience, diet, and the bath to oppose to the disease, for six days his tranquillity has been disturbed by threats of an attack and of outrages which the Prince Regent, Lord Liverpool, and all Europe well know he will never submit to."

In the year 1819, the British government consented that the friends of Napoleon should send to him from Europe another physician. On the 19th of September of that year, Dr. Antommarchi, who had been selected, arrived at St. Helena. Two ecclesiastics accompanied Dr. Antommarchi, as Napoleon had expressed reiterated and very earnest desires that the ordinances of religion might be regularly administered to his household. One of these, the Abbé Buonavita, was an aged prelate, who had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother at Elba, and also to the Princess Pauline at Rome. The other was a young man, the Abbé Vignali.

September 22d. Dr. Antommarchi had his first interview with Napoleon. He found him in bed in a small, dark room, very meanly furnished. It was a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon. The room was so dark that, when the doctor first entered, he could not see Napoleon. The Emperor, perceiving this, in gentle tones requested him to approach. He questioned him very minutely respecting his parentage, his past history, his motives for consenting to come to such a miserable rock, and his medical education. Satisfied with his replies, the Emperor entered into a frank and touching conversation respecting his friends in Europe.

He then saw the two abbés. At the close of a confiding and an affecting interview, the Emperor said, in the solemn accents of a man upon the verge of the grave,

"We have been too long deprived of the ordinances of religion not to be eager to enjoy them immediately, now that they are within our power. Hereafter we will have the communion service every Sabbath, and we will

observe the sacred days recognized by the Concordat. I wish to establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies which are celebrated in France. On these occasions we will erect a movable altar in the dining-room. You, Monsieur Abbé, are aged and infirm; I will select the hour which will be most convenient for you. You may officiate between nine and ten o'clock in the morning."

In the evening the Emperor was alone with Count Montholon. The count was not a religious man. He has frankly said, "In the midst of camps I forgot religion." Napoleon, with great joy, informed Montholon of his intention to attend mass the next day. He then uttered the following remarkable confession :

"Upon the throne, surrounded by generals far from devout—yes, I will not deny it—I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, '*I am a believer.*' I said *religion is a power—a political engine.* But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, '*Yes, I am a Christian.*' And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. Yes, I should have endured it rather than deny my religion! But, now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? Here I live for myself. I wish for a priest. I desire the communion of the Lord's Supper, and to confess what I believe. I will go to the mass. I will not force any one to accompany me there. But those who love me will follow me."

General Bertrand was an avowed unbeliever, and often displeased Napoleon by speaking disrespectfully of sacred things. The Emperor was one day, about this time, conversing with him upon the subject of Atheism.

"Your spirit," said he, "is it the same as the spirit of the herdsman whom you see in the valley below, feeding his flocks? Is there not as great a distance between you and him as between a horse and a man? But how do you know this? You have never seen his spirit. No, the spirit of a beast has the endowment of being invisible. It has that privilege equally with the spirit of the most exalted genius."

"But you have talked with the herdsman. You have examined his countenance. You have questioned him, and his responses have told you what he is. You judge, then, the cause from the effects, and you judge correctly. Certainly your reason, your intelligence, your faculties, are vastly above those of the herdsman. Very well; I judge in the same way. Divine effects compel me to believe in a divine cause. Yes, there is a divine cause, a sovereign reason, an infinite being. That cause is the cause of causes—that reason is the reason creative of intelligence. There exists an infinite being, compared with whom you, General Bertrand, are but an atom; compared with whom I, Napoleon, with all my genius, am truly nothing, a pure nothing: do you understand? I perceive him—God. I see him, have need of him, I believe in him. If you do not perceive him, if you do not believe in him, very well, so much the worse for you. But you will, General Bertrand, yet believe in God. I can pardon many things, but I have a horror of an Atheist and materialist. Think you that I can have any sympathies in common with the man who does not believe in the existence of the soul? who

believes that he is but a lump of clay, and who wishes that I may also be, like him, a lump of clay?"

General Montholon, after his return to Europe, said to M. de Beaurerne,

"Yes, the Emperor was a Christian. With him faith was a natural, a fundamental principle. The religious sentiment was immediately roused when in the slightest degree summoned by an exterior sensation or an incidental thought. When any thing cruel or irreligious presented itself, it seemed to do violence to his deepest feelings; he could not restrain himself. He protested, he opposed, and was indignant. Such was his natural character. I have seen it; yes, I have seen it; and I, a man of camps, who had forgotten my religion, I confess it, who did not practice it, I at first was astonished, but then I received thoughts and impressions which still continue with me the subjects of profound reflection. I have seen the Emperor religious, and I have said to myself, 'He died a Christian, in the fear of God!' I can not forget that old age is upon me, that I must soon die; and I wish to die like the Emperor. I do not doubt, even, that General Bertrand often recalls, as I do, the religious conversations and the death of the Emperor. The general, perhaps, may finish his career like his master and his friend."*

The conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the divinity of Christ. General Bertrand said,

"I can not conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, a face, mouth, and eyes. Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who has ever existed—I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brama. Jesus caused himself to be adored because his predecessors Isis and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendancy of Jesus over his time was like the ascendancy of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude, if he has revolutionized the world, I see in that only the power of genius and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, and Mohammed—with a sword."

Napoleon promptly replied,

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

"We can say to the authors of every other religion, you are neither gods nor the agents of Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin. Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

* Sentiment de Napoleon sur le Christianisme, Conversations Religieuses, Recueillies à Sainte Helene par M. le General Comte de Montholon : par M. le Chev. de Beaurerne, p. 21.

“Paganism was never accepted as truth by the wise men of Greece, neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. But, on the other side, the loftiest intellects since the advent of Christianity have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith in the mysteries and the doctrines of the Gospel; not only Bossuet and Fénelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

“Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals? these legislators, Greek or Roman? this Numa, this Lycurgus? these priests of India or of Memphis? this Confucius? this Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. They have made a perfect chaos of morals. There is not one among them all who has said any thing new in reference to our future destiny, to the soul, to the essence of God, to the creation. Enter the sanctuaries of Paganism—you there find perfect chaos, a thousand contradictions, war between the gods, the immobility of sculpture, the division and the rending of unity, the parceling out of the divine attributes, mutilated or denied in their essence, the sophisms of ignorance and presumption, polluted fêtes, impurity and abomination adored, all sorts of corruption festering in the thick shades, with the rotten wood, the idol, and his priest. Does this honor God or does it dishonor him? Are these religions and these gods to be compared with Christianity?

“As for me, I say no. I summon entire Olympus to my tribunal. I judge the gods, but am far from prostrating myself before their vain images. The gods, the legislators of India and of China, of Rome and of Athens, have nothing which can overaw me. Not that I am unjust to them; no, I appreciate them, because I know their value. Undeniably, princes whose existence is fixed in the memory as an image of order and of power, as the ideal of force and beauty, such princes were no ordinary men.

“I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mohammed only legislators who, having the first rank in the state, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself, foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

“It is not so with Christ. Every thing in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

“His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is, of those difficulties, the most admirable solution; his Gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms, every thing, is for me a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I can not

escape, a mystery which is there before my eyes, a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

“ The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, every thing is above me, every thing remains grand—of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in Him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles, and, from the commencement, his disciples worshipped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

“ In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the Spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his Gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At his voice every thing returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*faith*.

“ What a master and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray! He imposes his belief, and no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the Gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains, of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say *no* to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous, but no one can venture to say *it is not so*.

“ Moreover, consult the philosophers upon those mysterious questions which relate to the essence of man and to the essence of religion. What is their response? Where is the man of good sense who has ever learned any thing from the system of metaphysics, ancient or modern, which is not truly a vain and pompous ideology, without any connection with our domestic life, with our passions? Unquestionably, with skill in thinking, one can seize the key of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato; but to do this, it is necessary to be a metaphysician; and, moreover, with years of study, one must possess special aptitude. But good sense alone, the heart, an honest spirit, are sufficient to comprehend Christianity.

“ The Christian religion is neither ideology nor metaphysics, but a practical rule which directs the actions of man, corrects him, counsels him, and assists him in all his conduct. The Bible contains a complete series of facts and of historical men, to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. If this is not the true religion, one is very excusable

in being deceived, for every thing in it is grand and worthy of God. I search in vain in history to find the similar to Jesus Christ, or any thing which can approach the Gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor nature, can offer me any thing with which I am able to compare it or explain it. Here every thing is extraordinary. The more I consider the Gospel, the more I am assured that there is nothing there which is not beyond the march of events and above the human mind. Even the impious themselves have never dared to deny the sublimity of the Gospel, which inspires them with a sort of compulsory veneration. What happiness that book procures for them who believe it! What marvels those admire there who reflect upon it! Book unique, where the mind finds a moral beauty before unknown, and an idea of the Supreme superior even to that which creation suggests! Who but God could produce that type, that ideal of perfection, equally exclusive and original?

“ Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples.

“ ‘They are about to take me, and to crucify me,’ said he. ‘I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me, for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies, and I shall send to them from heaven a spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my Gospel. In fine, they will believe it, they will preach it, and they will convert the world.’

“ And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul the ‘foolishness of the cross;’ this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished, and the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

“ It is not a day nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles, and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy, individuals scattered here and there in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

“ What a mysterious symbol! the instrument of the punishment of the man-God. His disciples were armed with it. ‘The Christ,’ they said, ‘God has died for the salvation of men.’ What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the sufferings of the man-God! On the one side, we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence; on the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, the conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They

died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Every where Christians fell, and every where they triumphed.

“ You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander, of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers ; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory ? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power ! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

“ Can you conceive of Cæsar, the eternal emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome ? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians ; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of his Church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is then the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage and the hostility of ages ? Where is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it ?

“ In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections ! Where is the character which has not yielded vanquished by obstacles ? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions ? From the first day to the last, he is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

“ Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudice, the only one which proclaims the unity and the absolute brotherhood of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual—in fine, the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that he was the son of the Eternal by his disregard of *time*. All his doctrines signify one only and the same thing—*Eternity*.

“ It is true that Christ proposed to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, ‘ *I am God*.’ He declares it. What an abyss he creates by that declaration between himself and all the fabricators of religion ! What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true ! I say more ; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God himself, would be a plausible excuse and a reason for atheism.

“ Moreover, in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with Nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come ? whither do I go ? who am I ? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, every thing is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious ? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and the destiny of each individual. Christianity, at least, does not evade these

great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

“The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades every thing that opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this book surpassing all others” (here the Emperor solemnly placed his hand upon it); “I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

“Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which defile like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer’s night with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirit, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

“What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

“Christ speaks, and at once generations become his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ’s greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity.

“I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the means of perpetuating my name, and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

“Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my misfortune? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile.”

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued:

“Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the

gold gradually became dim. The ruin of misfortune and outrage with which I am daily deluged has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

“Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me! assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God.”

For a moment the Emperor was silent. As General Bertrand made no reply, he solemnly added, “If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well, then I did wrong to make you a general.”

September 22d. Dr. Antommarchi called at 10 o’clock, and found the Emperor still in bed. He had passed a night of sleeplessness and pain. In the course of the conversation, the Emperor inquired,

“Have you not brought me some books?”

“We have some, sire,” Antommarchi replied, “but I do not know what they are. It was not I who purchased them.”

“I give you warning,” rejoined the Emperor, “that I will see every one of them.”

“But, sire,” said Antommarchi, “some libels may have slipped in among them.”

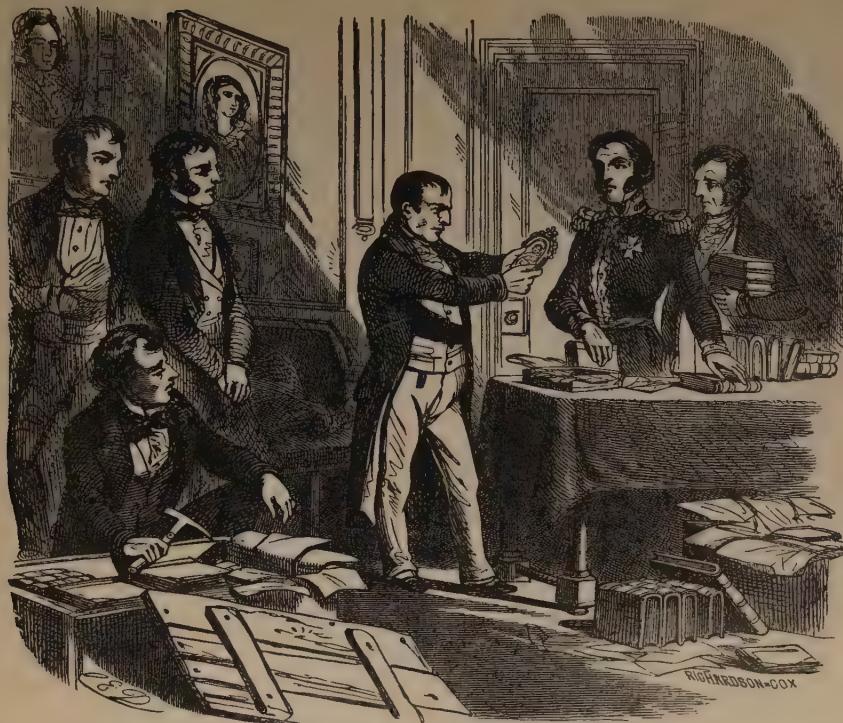
“Poh!” replied the Emperor, “the sun has no more spots. The herd of libelists has exhausted its pasture. Let me see every thing.”

Just then a cart approached Longwood containing the boxes of books. The boxes were brought in, broken open, and some books taken out and handed to the Emperor.

“No,” said he, earnestly, “that is not what I want. Look into the box. Examine it carefully. A package sent from Europe must contain something else. Books are not the first thing a father has to look for.”

The Emperor was not disappointed. Soon a picture was found of his idolized son, which had been put in by Eugene. Tears immediately gushed into the eyes of Napoleon. He gazed upon the beautiful lineaments of his son long, silently, and earnestly, and pressed them fervently to his lips. The attendants, moved by this outgushing of parental love, stopped their work, and stood in an attitude of heartfelt sympathy. “Dear boy!” exclaimed the Emperor; “if he does not fall a victim to some political atrocity, he will not be unworthy of his father.”

September 23d. The Emperor had passed the night reading the newspapers, and in the morning was restless and exhausted. He held in his hand the picture of his son, at which he was still looking. “Here,” said he to the doctor, “place this child by the side of his mother; there, nearer to the mantel-piece. That is Maria Louisa. She holds her son in her arms. The



NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE PORTRAIT OF HIS SON.

two others are portraits of Josephine. I loved her tenderly. The ornaments of my mantel-piece are, as you see, not very sumptuous. The bust of my son, two candlesticks, two gilt cups, two vials of Cologne water, a pair of scissors, and a small glass, are all it contains. This is no longer the splendor of the Tuileries. But no matter. If I am decayed in my power, I am not in my glory. I preserve all my recollections. Few sovereigns have immolated themselves for their people. A sacrifice so immense is not without its charms."

Dr. Antommarchi thus describes the room which Napoleon occupied: "At one end was a small camp-bed of iron, quite plain, with four silver eagles and silk curtains. Two small windows, both without ornament, gave light to the apartment. Between them stood a writing-desk, upon which was a large dressing-case, and before it was an arm-chair, in which Napoleon sat when he was studiously engaged. A second chair was placed to the left of it. On the right was the sword which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz. The door leading to the bath-room was concealed by an old screen, next to which was an equally old sofa, covered with calico. Upon this sofa it was that Napoleon usually reclined, and sought shelter from the dampness and the gnats, with his legs thrust into a sack of flannel, and with a shabby table by his side, on which were his books or his breakfast. The second room was quite as good as the first. Like it, it was built of mud. Its size was seven feet in height, fifteen feet in length, and twelve feet in breadth. It had one window. Its furniture consisted of a camp-bed, several guns, two



NAPOLEON'S APARTMENT AT LONGWOOD.

Chinese screens, a chest of drawers, two small tables, on one of which were books, and on the other bottles; a chair, and a magnificent wash-stand, brought from the Elysée. Such was the miserable habitation in which the Emperor was pent up; a noble specimen of British magnificence and sumptuousness!"

September 27th. The Emperor had passed a restless night. As the doctor entered about ten o'clock, he was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours by reading. "The dampness of the rooms," says Antommarchi, "was excessive. It attacked and destroyed every thing. The paltry nankeen, which served as tapestry, was hanging in rags against the walls. We took it down, and endeavored to place before the Emperor's eyes something more pleasing, by putting up in its stead some muslin we had purchased, and which we adorned with some fine birds of Egypt, of which we had a collection painted on paper. We grouped our paintings, and placed in the midst of them an eagle. Napoleon smiled on seeing that symbol of victory. "Dear eagle," said he, "it would still soar on high, if those whom it covered with its wings had not arrested its flight."

October 4th. The Emperor was very feeble, and deeply depressed in spirits. He walked out with the doctor, and seated himself upon a tuft of grass beneath some trees. After a few moments of silence, he said,

"Ah! doctor, where is the fine climate of Corsica? Fate has not permitted me to see once more those sights endeared to me by all the recollections of childhood. Had I retired to Corsica, perhaps I should not have thought of seizing again the reins of power. I should not have been vulnerable on every side. The promises made would not have been broken, and I should not be here."

"What recollections Corsica has left me! I still enjoy in imagination its meadows and its mountains. Methinks I still tread its soil, and know it by the odor it exhales." He then entered fully into his plans for the improve-

ment of the island, and added, "Such were my ideas ; but my enemies have had the art of making me waste my existence on the field of battle. They have transformed into the demon of war the man who desired only the blessings of peace. The nations have been deceived by the stratagem. All have risen, and I have been overpowered."

The pathos of these touching words moved the feelings of Antommarchi, and tears filled his eyes. Napoleon observed his emotion, and added, "Ah ! doctor, our country ! our country ! If St. Helena were France, I should love even this frightful rock !"

October 8th. The Emperor was better, and in cheerful spirits. He invited the children of General Bertrand into his room. The children were always delighted with this privilege. They came rushing to Napoleon with their playthings, shouting and laughing in a perfect tumult of joy, and appealing to him as the arbiter of their discussions. The Emperor entered heartily into their sports, and surrendered himself to all the fun and frolic of childhood. He kept them all to dine with him, and dismissed them with the promise that he would soon send for them again. After they had left, he said,

"How happy they are when I send for them or play with them ! All their wishes are satisfied. Passions have not yet approached their hearts. They feel the plentitude of existence. Let them enjoy it. At their age, I thought and felt as they do. But what storms since ! How much that little Hortensia grows and improves ! If she lives, of how many young *elegans* will she not disturb the repose ? I shall then be no more."

October 15th. The Emperor had passed a restless night, having suffered much acute pain in the liver. He also felt much solicitude respecting Madam Bertrand, who was sick. "We men," said he, "are accustomed to pains and privations, and can bear them ; but a woman, deprived all at once of every thing that tends to render life cheerful and agreeable, transported to a frightful rock, how much more is she to be pitied, and how much resignation she requires ! Madam Bertrand, in consequence of her illness, rises late. She can not attend mass, and yet she would, perhaps, be glad to hear it said. I did not reflect that she is an invalid when I fixed the hour of the service. I only considered the great age of the good old abbé. Tell her that I order Vignali to go and officiate at her house. Let her inform Vignali of the hour that suits her. He may construct a movable altar, or use ours. Any person may go to that mass whom the countess thinks proper to admit." He then expressed the wish that the abbés should be attentive to the instruction of the children.

Napoleon was much disappointed in finding that the two ecclesiastics whom Cardinal Fesch had sent out to him, though very worthy characters, were men of very limited understandings, and of no general information. The old man, Buonavita, remained but a short time upon the island. Napoleon was pleased with his younger chaplain, the Abbé Vignali, and, finding that his education had been neglected, recommended books to him, superintended his studies, and examined him as to his progress. One can not but be amused at the idea of the Emperor Napoleon occupying the chair of a theological professor at St. Helena. Buonavita once told Napoleon that

he resembled the most able of all the *Roman* generals, namely, Alexander the Great. It is said that, for this blunder, the Emperor condemned him to read ten pages of Rollin every morning, and to repeat the substance of his lesson to him.

Thus terminated the fourth year at St. Helena.

November 13th. The Emperor's symptoms began to assume a more serious character. Each day was accompanied with increasing pain and languor. To-day he was very weak, and with difficulty walked into the garden. He sat down, looked mournfully around upon the bleak and cheerless scene, and said, in melancholy tones,

"Ah! doctor, where is France and its cheerful climate? If I could but see it once more! If I could but breathe a little air that had passed over that happy country! What a specific is the soil that gave us birth! Antæus renewed his strength by touching the earth. I feel that this prodigy would be repeated in me, and that I should revive on perceiving our coasts. Our coasts! Ah! I had forgotten that cowardice has taken victory by surprise. Its decisions are without appeal."

November 18th. The Emperor seemed very comfortable, and, though very weak, was quite free from pain. He accompanied the doctor into the garden, and was surprised at the extreme lassitude he felt. "What am I to do, doctor?" said he.

"You must take some exercise," Antommarchi replied.

"What!" said Napoleon, "in the midst of the red-coats?"

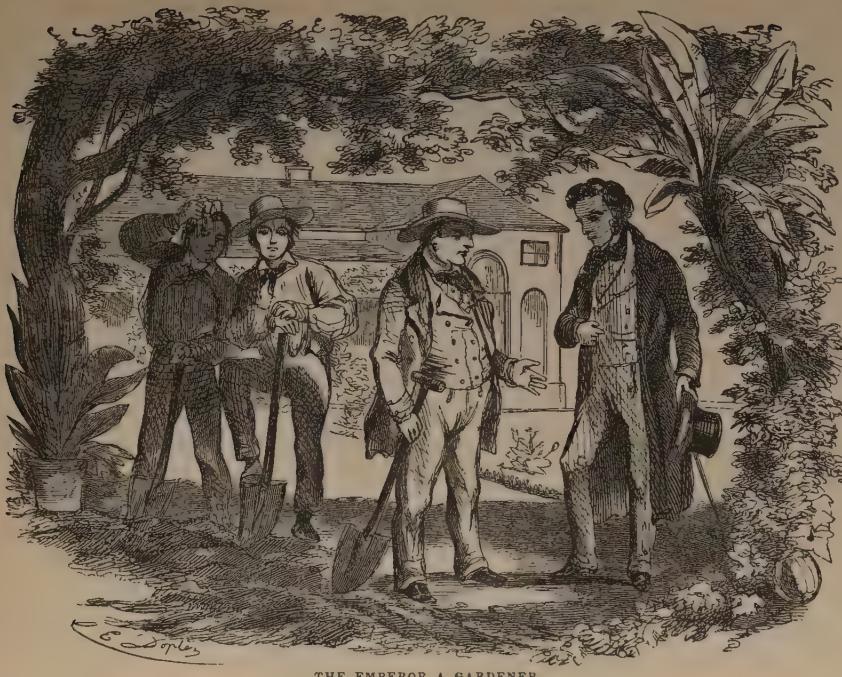
"No, sire," said the doctor. "You must dig the ground, turn up the earth, and thus escape from inactivity and insult at the same time."

"Dig the ground!" said the Emperor, thoughtfully. "Doctor, you are right. I will dig the ground."

"We returned," says Antommarchi, "in-doors. The Emperor made his arrangements, and the next morning he was already at work. He sent for me. Holding up his spade and laughing, he said, 'Well, doctor, are you satisfied with your patient? Is he obedient enough? This is better than your pills, doctor. You shall not physic me any more.' He then set to work again with new vigor; but, after a few minutes, he stopped, saying,

"This occupation is too laborious. I am exhausted. My hands conspire with my weakness. You are laughing. I see the cause of your merriment. You pity my fair hands. Never mind; I have always accustomed my body to bend to my will, and I shall bring it to do so now, and inure it to exercise."

"He did so," says Antommarchi, "and soon grew fond of it. He conveyed the mould from one spot into another, and pressed all Longwood into his service. The ladies alone escaped, though not without difficulty. He laughed at them, pressed them, entreated them, and used every art of persuasion. Things around soon assumed a different aspect. Here was an excavation, there a basin or a road. We made alleys, grottoes, cascades. We planted willows, oaks, peach-trees, to give a little shade around the house. Turning from the ornamental to the useful, we sowed beans and peas. The governor heard of our gardening, and looked upon it with a suspicious eye. He hastened to the spot. I was taking my usual walk. 'Is



THE EMPEROR A GARDENER.

't by your advice,' said he, 'that General Bonaparte takes this violent exercise?' I assented. He shrugged his shoulders, protesting that he could not see what we were about. 'It is labor lost,' said he; 'these trees will die. Not one will grow up.' I informed the Emperor of my having met the governor, and of our conversation.

"The wretch,' said he, 'envies me every minute that he does not embitter. He wishes my death. He calls for that moment. It comes too slowly to satisfy his impatience. But let him be comforted. This horrible climate is charged with the execution of the crime, and it will fulfill its trust sooner than he expects.'

"I broke the furrows," continues Antommarchi; "the Emperor threw the seed and covered it over. One day, as he was arranging a bed of French beans, he perceived some small roots, and began a dissertation upon the phenomena of vegetation. He analyzed them with his usual sagacity, and drew from them evidences of a Supreme Being, who presides over the wonders of nature.

"You do not believe all that," said he. "You physicians consider such belief a weakness. Tell me, you who have searched the human frame in all its windings, have you ever met with the soul under your scalpel? Where does the soul reside? In what organ? Why is it that physicians do not believe in God? *Mathematicians* are generally religious."

December 20th. A month had now passed away, during which the Emperor had enjoyed very comfortable health and tranquil spirits. The inhabitants of Longwood were, however, exposed to innumerable annoyances from the police regulations of Sir Hudson Lowe. Dr. Antommarchi was repeat-

edly arrested in his walks by the sentries. Napoleon escaped the insult by confining himself at home. Dr. Antommarchi at last wrote a remonstrance to the governor of the island, and also to the British ministry.

“I find myself,” said he, “in an almost uninhabitable island, and deprived of every kind of liberty. Telescopes pointed to our habitations pry even into our apartments; and telegraphs, very dexterously contrived, instantly convey a report of every thing that takes place in them. If I wish to stray beyond the narrow limits to which we are circumscribed, I am obliged to accept the company of an agent of the governor, who is ordered to give him a faithful account of every thing I may say or do in his presence. In order to escape from the danger of his communications, I find myself under the necessity of foregoing every kind of relaxation or social intercourse. After half past six in the afternoon, I am no longer allowed to walk, even in the park near my residence; and, what is worse, the inhabitants of Longwood, who happen to be out after that hour, are not at liberty to return home, as it has happened to me three times. Is it possible to conceive a measure more absurd and tyrannical, particularly in this burning climate?

“At half past six in the evening, the limits of Longwood, which comprise a circle of about two hundred feet in circumference, are surrounded by a great number of sentries, whose express orders are not to allow any person to go in or come out, and to stop every one that appears. At nine, these sentries narrow the circle they form, and are placed so near our habitations, that I can not leave my apartment to go to my laboratory, to Count Bertrand’s, or even to the stables, without being exposed to receive a thrust of a bayonet, from not knowing how to answer properly to the challenge of the soldiers, addressed to me in a language in which I am not conversant.”

Sir Hudson Lowe granted Dr. Antommarchi a little more liberty. But insolently speaking of Napoleon as *The Usurper*, he informed Antommarchi that he could receive no communications from him if he persisted in speaking of the *Emperor*.

A few days after this a scene occurred, which mirthfully varied, for a few hours, the monotony and gloom of Longwood. They had arranged to dig a basin. The Emperor was dressed in a large pair of trowsers and a jacket, with a broad-brimmed straw hat.

Some Chinese laborers, at work upon the basin, were apparently much amused at the Emperor’s dress. “What is that they say?” asked the Emperor. “It must be my costume that causes their mirth. It is, indeed, odd enough; but, with all their laughing, they must not be burned up by the heat. Every one of them shall also have a straw hat as a present from me.”

The Emperor mounted a horse, and rode up and down for a few moments, and then suddenly galloped off toward Deadwood. Reaching the summit of the mountain, he stopped, looked around with his glass, and swiftly came back again. The whole island was thrown into commotion. Intelligence was immediately communicated to Sir Hudson Lowe. The excited mind of this weak man regarded it as an indication of some fearful plot. Napoleon, being in the mood mischievously to increase his fears, requested the Abbé Vignali to put on a dress similar to his own, to mount his horse, take his glass, and ride rapidly, as if making observations. The telegraphs im-

mediately began to operate with nervous alarm. The tranquillity of St. Helena was disturbed. Sir Hudson Lowe, with his retinue, immediately hastened to Longwood. When he found that the whole commotion was occasioned by a peaceful priest riding harmlessly within the limits of his jail-yard, in confusion he withdrew.

"I met him," says Antommarchi, "as he was going away. He came to me; gave vent to his anger, declaring that the individual who thus laughed at his expense was *a usurper*. He continued to rave and swear, ending once more by the astounding statement that he was *a usurper*, and that I could not deny the fact."

"The Emperor," exclaimed Antommarchi, in indignant irony, "is indeed *a usurper*. He *usurped* the victory at Toulon, when he snatched the torch from the hands of the invader; and he has *usurped* the admiration of the world by the number and the rapidity of his victories."

"Well," said Napoleon to Antommarchi, as he returned, "what did Sir Hudson Lowe say to you? Is he afraid that I shall some day get wings and fly away, and escape the grave?"

"I know not, sire," Antommarchi replied. "I was relating to him how you *usurped* victory and public admiration. The sketch displeased him, and he retired."

"I pity the poor man," said Napoleon; "but for one day we have teased him too much." The Emperor then turned the conversation.

The works in the construction of the basin were continued for several weeks. One day, as they were laying down the pipes, the weather threatened rain. Napoleon, who ever manifested a parental interest in all who were in his employ, was unwilling that the Chinamen should be exposed. "It is useless," said he to Antommarchi, "that the people should get wet. There is no hurry for this basin. Let them rest. We will resume our task hereafter. I have, besides, some observations to make. Come, follow me. You will find them interesting."

The Emperor led his companion into his bed-room, and showed him some ants, whose habits he had been studying. These little insects had appeared in great numbers, and had climbed his table, on which there usually was some sugar. The ants had discovered this prize, and had established a regular chain of communication between the sugar-basin and their magazine of deposit. Napoleon, unwilling to disturb their plans, yet curious to study their developments of sagacity, now and then moved the barrier, admiring the industry and activity displayed until the sugar was again found.

"This is not instinct," said he; "it is much more; it is sagacity, intelligence, the ideal of civil association. But these little beings have not our passions, our cupidity. They assist, but do not destroy each other. I have vainly endeavored to defeat their purpose. I have removed the sugar to every part of the room. They have been one, two, or sometimes three days looking for it. The idea strikes me to surround the basin with water, and see whether that will stop them. Doctor, send for some."

Water was placed around the basin. The buoyant little insects passed over it unharmed. "Let us try vinegar," said the Emperor. The ants no longer ventured even to approach it.

"You see," the Emperor continued, "it is not instinct alone that guides them. They are prompted by something else, but by what I do not know. However, be the principle which directs them what it may, they offer to man an example worthy of reflection and observation. It is only by perseverance and tenaciousness that any object can be attained. Had we possessed such unanimity of views! But nations have also their moments of forgetfulness and lassitude. Allowance must be made for the weakness of human nature. All, however, had not yielded to the storm. A host still preserved the fire and energy which mark the early steps in a career. Europe might have been beaten, and those sovereigns, now so proud of no longer having for their equal a man of the people, would have been eclipsed in my presence."

The Emperor then turned to the discussion of the dogmas of what is called *Legitimacy*. "What ridiculous pretensions!" said he, "what contradictions! Are these principles of legitimacy in conformity with the Scripture—with the laws and maxims of religion? Are nations simple enough to believe themselves the property of a family? Was David, who dethroned Saul, a legitimate? Had he any other rights than those he derived from the consent of his nation? In France, various families have succeeded each other on the throne, and have formed several dynasties, either by the will of the people, represented in their assemblies, or by the votes of the Parliaments, composed of barons and bishops, who at that period represented the nation.

"How many families have also successively occupied the throne of England! The house of Hanover, which succeeded the prince it dethroned, now reigns, because such was the will of the ancestors of the present race of these touchy people, who thought this change of government absolutely necessary to the preservation of their interests, and of their political and religious rights. Some of the old men still living have witnessed the efforts made by the last branch of the Stuarts to land in Scotland, where they were seconded by those whose ideas and sentiments were conformable to their own. The attempt was opposed, and the Stuarts expulsed by an immense majority of the people, whose new interests and opinions were opposed to those of that degenerate family."

The Emperor's health now again rapidly declined, and weary months of monotony, languor, and pain passed sadly away. On the 26th of July, 1820, as he was reclining upon the sofa, in his dilapidated, damp, and darkened chamber, his thoughts reverted to Rome, where his revered mother still resided. With emotion he recalled her affection and tender care bestowed on him in his early years.

"You, doctor," said he, "are strongly attached to me. You regard not contrarieties, pain, and fatigue, when you can relieve my sufferings; yet all that is not maternal solicitude! Ah! Mamma Letitia!" he exclaimed. Weakened by sickness, and overcome by the gush of affectionate feelings, he buried his face in his hands, and remained for a long time absorbed in silent sorrow.

July 31st. It was a bright and cheerful day. The basin was completed and filled with water. Some fishes had been obtained, and Napoleon was

desirous of placing them in the basin with his own hand. He wished all the children of Longwood, whom he had not seen for several days, to accompany him, that he might enjoy their happiness. The little group, buoyant with hope and joy, were soon gathered around the Emperor, whom they so dearly loved. The gloom of Longwood was relieved by this gleam of sunshine, as Napoleon, with his retinue of artless prattlers, went to the water and watched the arrowy movements of the fishes in its crystal depths.



THE FISH-BASIN.

Before returning, he caught in his arms the beautiful little Hortense Bertrand, and taking from his pocket a very pretty pair of coral ear-rings, he said, "Where is Doctor Antommarchi? I want his ministry. He must bore these pretty little ears." They sat down under the shade of an oak tree. Count Montholon supported the patient. Napoleon looked on. Little Arthur Bertrand was greatly alarmed at these formidable preparations. He clinched his fist, and stamped with indignation, declaring that he would not allow his sister to be hurt.

"You little rogue," said Napoleon, "if you are not quiet, I will have your ears bored also. Come, be obedient." The operation was soon over, and the rings adjusted. Napoleon took the lovely and amiable child in his arms, and kissed her, saying, with a smile,

"Go and show your ears to mamma. If she does not approve of the operation, tell her that it was not I, but that it was the doctor who did it."

"Yes, sire," said Hortense, gayly; and she bounded away to find her mother. The spirit of Arthur had struck the Emperor. "Observe the firm-

ness of that little urchin," said he; "I was just as resolute at his age. I was noisy and quarrelsome, and feared nobody. But the affection of Mamma Letitia was tempered by severity. She punished and rewarded without partiality. Nothing we did, either good or evil, was lost. She watched over her children with unexampled care; discarding, and stamping with disgrace, every ignoble sentiment and affection, and only allowing our young minds to imbibe impressions of what was great and elevated. She abhorred falsehood, punished disobedience, and did not allow any fault to pass unnoticed."

The middle of September now arrived, and the Emperor was manifestly, though slowly, sinking. The doctor, finding him one day upon his bed, endeavored to rouse him from his lethargy. "Ah! doctor," said Napoleon, "forbear! We are happy when we sleep. Wants, privations, cares, and anxiety are then no more." Falling back, he surrendered himself again to the oblivion of his pillow.

Many days of dismal weather now detained the Emperor in his cheerless room; and each day was accompanied by languor, weariness, and pain. A deathly pallor overspread his cheek. Chills shook his frame. His debility was so great that he could with difficulty leave his bed. The fourteenth of October arrived, and thus terminated the fifth year of this unrelenting, lawless, despotic imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

Remarks of the Emperor upon his Career—The Death of the Fishes—Tidings of the Death of the Princess Eliza—Remarks upon Spain and Italy—Cruelty of Sir Hudson Lowe—Anecdotes—The Emperor's Letter to his Son—Receives the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—His Will—The Dying Scene—Death and Burial.

THE Emperor had now entered upon the sixth year of his cruel captivity, but God, in mercy, had decreed to him but six months more of suffering. Days and weeks, dark and dreary, still came and went, while fogs enveloped the blackened rock, and storms of wind and rain swept over its bleak and barren heights. On the 22d of October there was a lull in the disease, and the Emperor transiently revived.

"When my health is once established," he said to Dr. Antommarchi, "I shall restore you to your studies. You shall proceed to Europe and publish your works. I will not suffer you to waste your existence on this horrible rock. You have told me, if I recollect rightly, that you do not know France. You will then see that country. You will see those canals, those monuments with which I covered it during the time of my power. The duration of that power has been like that of a flash of lightning. But no matter; it is filled with useful institutions.

"I have hallowed the Revolution by infusing it into our laws. My code is the sheet-anchor which will save France, and entitle me to the benedictions of posterity. The plan of leveling the Alps was one of the first, formed at the commencement of my career. I had entered Italy, and, finding that the

communications with Paris occupied a considerable time, and were attended with much difficulty, I endeavored to render them quicker, and resolved to open them through the valley of the Rhone. I also wished to render that river navigable, and blow up the rock under which it ingulfs and disappears. I had sent engineers on the spot. The expense would have been inconsiderable, and I submitted the plan to the Directory. But we were carried away by events. I went to Egypt, and no one thought any more about it.

"On my return I took it up again. I had dismissed the lawyers, and, having no more obstacles in my way, we applied our hammers to the Alps. We executed what the Romans had not dared to try, and traced, through blocks of granite, a solid and spacious road, capable of resisting the efforts of time."

October 26th. The Emperor was seized with shiverings in all his frame, accompanied by intense thirst. The weather was chill and damp, and he had a large fire lighted, at which he vainly endeavored to warm himself. His strength seemed quite exhausted. "This is not life," said he; "it is mere existence. Death will soon terminate my sufferings. In what a state am I, doctor! Every thing seems to weigh upon me to fatigue me. I can scarcely support myself. Have you not, among the resources of art, any means of reviving the play of the machine?"

November 6th. The Emperor, though so weak that he could hardly support himself, walked out to the basin which he had constructed. Upon a bench, by the side of the water, he had been in the habit of spending hours, amusing himself by watching the motions of the fishes, tossing them crumbs of bread, and studying all their habits. Some strange disease attacked them. One after another they perished, and floated upon the top of the water. Napoleon was deeply affected by the death of his little favorites. As he gazed upon one or two floating upon the surface, he said, sadly,

"You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Every thing I love, every thing that belongs to me, is immediately struck."

"From that moment," says Antommarchi, "neither weather nor sickness could prevent him from going daily to visit them himself, and he urged me to see if there were no means of assisting them. I could not conceive whence proceeded this singular mortality, and examined whether it was caused by the water; but the examination was too slow for the Emperor's impatience, and he sent for me several times every day, and dispatched me to ascertain whether others had perished. At last I discovered the cause of this accident which grieved Napoleon so much. We had cemented the bottom of the basin with a mastic containing a great proportion of copper, which had poisoned the water and destroyed the fishes. We took out those which were still alive, and put them in a tub."

November 19th. For many nights the Emperor had enjoyed no refreshing sleep, and a constant pain in the liver tortured him every hour. He had no longer any strength or energy left.

"Doctor," said he, "what a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become for me a place of luxury. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world. What an alteration! How fallen am I! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged in a lethargic

stupor, and must make an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated upon different subjects to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered ; but then I was Napoleon, now I am no longer any thing. My strength, my faculties forsake me. I do not live. I merely exist."

A fortnight now passed away, during which the Emperor was so weak, and was plunged in such profound melancholy, that he did not leave his room, and scarcely uttered a word. To the entreaties of the doctor that he would take some medicine, he replied,

" What hopes can I entertain ? What beneficial effects can I expect from medicines ? Doctor, nothing useless should be done."

December 16th. The Emperor continued exceedingly weak and dejected. After a night of sleeplessness and pain, he endeavored to walk about the drawing-room, but his limbs bent beneath his weight, and he was obliged to sit down. " They are exhausted," said he, in melancholy tones. " See, there is nothing left—mere skeletons ! Every thing must have an end. I am fast approaching mine ; and I do not regret it, for I have, indeed, no reason to be attached to life."

December 26th. Some newspapers arrived from Europe. The Emperor perused them with the greatest avidity. In them he read the account of the death of his sister Eliza. " This intelligence," says Antommarchi, " threw him into a state of stupor. He was in an arm-chair, his head hanging down upon his breast, motionless, like one a prey to violent grief. Deep sighs escaped him at intervals. He raised his eyes, cast them down again, fixing them alternately upon me and upon the ground, and looking fixedly at me, without uttering a single word. At last he extended his arm toward me, and I felt his pulse. It was weak and irregular. I wished him to take a little orange-flower water, but he did not seem to have heard me. I entreated him to go out and breathe the open air in the garden."

" Do you think," said Napoleon, in a low and altered tone of voice, " that it can relieve me from the state of oppression under which I am laboring ? "

" I do, sire," Antommarchi replied ; " and, at the same time, again I entreat your majesty to use also the beverage I have proposed to you."

Napoleon drank of the orange water, and said, " You wish me to go into the garden. Be it so." He rose with difficulty, and, leaning upon the doctor's arm, said, " I am very weak. My trembling legs can hardly support me."

It was a beautiful day. The Emperor, assisted by his physician, tottered along as far as the summer-house, where his strength entirely failed him, and he was obliged to sit down upon a bench. He was silent for a few moments, and then said,

" The papers announce that the Princess Eliza died of a nervous fever, and that she has appointed Jerome guardian of her children." After an affectionate eulogium upon her character, he continued, " I know not how far the news of her death is to be credited in the manner related in the papers ; but I think that she can not have appointed Jerome guardian of her children. To render that admissible, it must be supposed that her husband, Bacciochini, is either dead or absent ; otherwise he is their guardian by the right of law and nature."

The Emperor rose, leaned upon the arm of the doctor, and, looking him steadfastly in the face, said, "You see, doctor, Eliza has just shown us the way. Death, which seems to have overlooked our family, now begins to strike it. My turn can not be far distant. I have no longer any strength, activity, or energy left. I am no longer Napoleon. You endeavor in vain to revive hope—to recall life upon the point of escaping. Your care is without avail against Fate. Its decrees are immutable, its decisions without appeal. The first person of our family who will follow Eliza to the grave is that great Napoleon who here drags on a miserable existence—who sinks under its weight, but who, however, still keeps Europe in a state of alarm. As for me, all is over. My days will soon end on this miserable rock."

They returned to the house, and the Emperor, exhausted and dejected, threw himself upon his bed. He spoke of his son, whom he could never hope to see again, and of Maria Louisa. The doctor endeavored to turn his thoughts from these painful recollections. "I understand you, doctor," said the Emperor, sadly. "Well, be it so. Let us forget, if indeed the heart of a father can forget."

January 26th. Intelligence arrived at St. Helena of the revolutionary movements in Spain and Naples. "Ferdinand of Spain," said the Emperor, "is a man incapable of governing himself, and, of course, he is incapable of governing the Peninsula. As for the revolution in Naples, I must confess that I did not expect it. Who would ever have supposed that a set of Maccheronai would ape the Spaniards, proclaim their principles, and rival them in courage? No doubt that, of the two Ferdinands, one is not better than the other. But the question does not turn upon them—it is upon their respective nations; and between these there is so great a difference in point of energy and elevation of sentiment, that either the Neapolitans are mad, or this movement of theirs is a forerunner of a general insurrection. In the presence, as they are, of the rulers of Italy, what can they do if they are not supported by some great nation? If they are thus supported, I applaud their patriotism; but if it be otherwise, how much I pity my good and dear Italians! They will be immolated, and the sacrifice of their generous blood will not benefit the beautiful soil which gave them birth. I pity them. Unfortunate people! they are distributed in groups, divided, separated among a parcel of princes who only serve to excite aversions, to dissolve the ties which unite them, and to prevent them from agreeing together and co-operating with each other for the attainment of their common liberty. It was that *tribe-like* spirit I was endeavoring to destroy. It was with a view to gain this object that I annexed part of Italy to France, and formed a kingdom of the other part. I wished to eradicate local habits, partial and narrow views, to model the inhabitants after our manners, to accustom them to our laws, and then to unite them together, and restore them to the ancient glory of Italy.

"I proposed to make of all these states thus agglomerated a compact and independent power, over which my second son would have reigned, and of which Rome, restored and embellished, would have been the capital. I should have removed Murat from Naples. From the sea to the Alps only one sway would have been acknowledged. I had already begun the execu-

tion of that plan which I had formed with a view to the interest of Italy. Workmen were already engaged in clearing Rome of its ruins, and in draining the Pontine Marshes. But war, the circumstances in which I was placed, and the sacrifices I was obliged to ask of the people, did not allow me to do for them what I wished. Such, my dear doctor, were the motives which stopped me.

"Ah! doctor, what recollections, what epochs that beautiful Italy recalls to my mind! Methinks the moment is only just gone by when I took the command of the army which conquered it. I was young, like you. I possessed your vivacity, your ardor. I felt the consciousness of my powers, and burned to enter the lists. I had already given proof of what I could do. My aptitude was not contested, but my youth displeased those old soldiers who had grown gray on the field of battle. Perceiving this, I felt the necessity of compensating the disadvantage by an austerity of principles from which I never departed. Brilliant actions were required to conciliate the affection and confidence of the military, and I performed some. We marched, and every thing vanished at our approach. My name was soon as dear to the people as to the soldiers. I could not be insensible to this unanimity of homage, and became indifferent to every thing that was not glory. The air resounded with acclamations on my passage. Every thing was at my disposal. But I only thought of my brave soldiers, of France, and of posterity."

During the months of January and February, 1821, the Emperor's health was most deplorable, and his sufferings were extreme. Amid the fluctuations of pain and disease, confined to his cheerless chamber, buried in fogs, and with an incessant continuance of storms of wind and rain, the dismal weeks lingered along.

March 4th. The conversation in the Emperor's sick-chamber turned upon the fine arts. One present held music in very little estimation, and did not conceal his opinion. "You are wrong," said the Emperor. "Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits."

March 17th. The aged Abbé Buonavita was completely broken down by the dismal climate of St. Helena. To save his life, Napoleon sent him to Europe, settling upon him a pension of six hundred dollars.

"Accompany this good old man to Jamestown," said the Emperor, "and give him all the assistance and advice which so long a voyage requires. I should like to know that the good ecclesiastic were already arrived at Rome, and safe from the dangers of the passage. What kind of a reception do you think he will meet with at Rome? Do you not suppose it will be a favorable one? At any rate, they owe it to me to treat him well, for, after all, without me, what would have become of the Church?"

March 20th. Madam Bertrand came in to see the Emperor. She was in very feeble health, but tried to appear cheerful. Napoleon, in a serene frame of mind, said to her, "We must prepare for the fatal sentence. You, little

Hortense, and myself are doomed to meet our fate on this miserable rock. I shall go first, you will come next, and Hortense will follow. We shall all three meet again in Paradise." He then repeated the following lines from Voltaire :

" Mais à revoir Paris, je ne dois plus prétendre ;
Vous voyez qu'au tombeau je suis prêt à descendre.
Je vais au Roi des rois demander aujourd'hui
Le prix de tous les maux que j'ai soufferts pour lui."

Zaïre, Act II., Scene 3.

March 29th. The disease preying upon the Emperor was evidently making rapid progress. Napoleon was willing to submit to any external applications, but said to the doctor, in a tone of voice expressive of the excessive repugnance he felt, "It is, perhaps beyond my power to take medicines. The aversion I feel for them is almost inconceivable. I exposed myself to dangers with indifference. I saw death without emotion; but I can not, notwithstanding all my efforts, approach my lips to a cup containing the slightest preparation. True it is that I am a spoiled child, who has never had any thing to do with physic." Then turning to Madam Bertrand, he said, "How do you manage to take all those pills and drugs which the doctor is constantly prescribing for you?"

"I take them," she replied, "without thinking about it, and I advise your majesty to do the same."

He shook his head, and addressed the same question to General Montholon, from whom he received a similar answer.

"I am, then," said Napoleon, "the only one who rebels against medicine. I will do so no longer. Give me the stuff." He seized the cup eagerly, as if afraid that his resolution would forsake him, and swallowed the dose.

March 31. The orderly officer, whose duty it was to certify the presence of Napoleon, was ordered to make a report to Sir Hudson Lowe every day, stating that he had that day seen "General Bonaparte." The Emperor had now been confined to his bed since the 17th of March. The officer, possessing gentlemanly feelings, could not summon brutality enough to force his way into the chamber of the dying victim. All that Napoleon now asked was that he might be permitted to die in peace, no longer tortured by the hateful presence of his jailers. Sir Hudson Lowe was enraged. He came to Longwood with his suite, walked all around the house, and threatened the officer with the severest punishment if he did not obey the order.

The officer was greatly embarrassed. He applied to General Montholon and Marchand. They, feeling for his perplexity, arranged matters so that the officer could obtain a view of the Emperor without Napoleon being conscious of his presence. At a moment when the Emperor had occasion to rise from his bed in the darkened room, while Montholon and Antommarchi stood by the languid sufferer, Marchand slightly opened one of the curtains, as if to look out into the garden. The agent of the governor, who stood outside, peeped in, and was thus able to make his report.

Still this did not satisfy Sir Hudson Lowe. He declared that if his agent was not permitted daily to see *General Bonaparte*, he would come to Longwood with his staff and force his way into the house, regardless of conse-

quences. General Montholon endeavored to dissuade him from the insulting and cruel deed. He represented to him the respect due to misfortune, and how much his unwelcome appearance would discompose and agitate the dying Emperor. Sir Hudson was incapable of appreciating such arguments, and turned a deaf ear to them. Just at this moment Dr. Antommarchi made his appearance, almost suffocated with indignation at this inhuman treatment of his revered patient.

“Where is *General Bonaparte*?” said the governor, haughtily.

“There is no *General Bonaparte* here,” Antommarchi as haughtily replied.

“When did he disappear?” rejoined the governor.

“I do not recollect precisely,” said Antommarchi. “The last battle at which *General Bonaparte* commanded was that of Aboukir. He fought for civilization; you were protecting barbarism. He defeated your allies, and threw them into the sea. His victory was complete. I have not heard of *General Bonaparte* since. But hasten and fill up the measure of your indig-
nities by depriving the Emperor of the short remains of his existence.”

“*The Emperor!*” said Sir Hudson Lowe, scornfully; “what emperor?”

“He who made England tremble,” replied Antommarchi, “and placed in the hands of the Continent the weapon which will sooner or later give the death-blow to your aristocracy.”

“That soul,” says Antommarchi, with generous indignation, “must be formed of the mud of the Thames who can come and watch for the last breath of the dying man. The resolution taken by the Calabrian was too firm, and his own temper too savage, to permit any hope that the rules of decorum or the dictates of humanity would be attended to. Count Bertrand and General Montholon, therefore, sought some other means to appease the storm. They were fortunate enough to persuade Napoleon to consent to calling in a consulting physician. He chose Dr. Arnott, whom the governor made responsible for the presence of the Emperor, and who was obliged to make every day a report, which was transmitted to Plantation House.”

April 2d. The British government had now finished a more comfortable residence for Napoleon than the miserable, dilapidated, rat-infested cabin where the Emperor had thus far been confined. Sir Hudson’s Lowe’s physician, Dr. Arnott, urged his being removed. The dying Emperor listened to him without answering a word, and then turning to his friend, Dr. Antommarchi, said, “Is that your opinion, doctor?”

“No, sire,” Antommarchi replied. “The fever is too violent. The removal from one house to another might be attended with the most serious consequences.”

“You have heard,” said the Emperor to Dr. Arnott. “We must think no more about it.”

Dr. Arnott still ventured to urge the removal, but the Emperor made no reply.

April 5th. The Emperor passed a night of extreme suffering. He was heard, in a moment of anguish, to exclaim, “Ah! since I was to lose my life in this deplorable manner, why did the cannon balls spare it?”

April 6th. It was now twenty days since the Emperor had been able to



THE NEW HOUSE.

shave. The doctor had often endeavored to persuade him to order one of his servants to shave him, but he had always eluded the subject. At last the inconvenience became so great, that he expressed a wish to be shaved. The doctor proposed to send for a barber. The Emperor pondered the subject for a moment, and then said,

"I have always shaved myself. Nobody has ever put his hand on my face. I am now without strength, and must, of necessity, resign and submit to that against which my nature has always revolted. But no, doctor," he added, "it shall not be said that I have thus suffered myself to be touched. It is only you whom I will allow to shave me."

The doctor pleaded inexperience, and urged the Emperor to employ a more skillful hand.

"Very well," said the Emperor, "it shall be as you like; but certainly no one but yourself shall ever boast of having put his hands on my face."

April 7th. The Emperor was a little more comfortable. Summoning his strength, he rose, shaved himself, dressed, and sat down in his arm-chair. As he was reading one of the European journals, he came to an offensive anecdote in reference to two of his generals. He remarked,

"No doubt faults were committed. But who is exempt from faults? The citizen, in the quiet tenor of his easy life, has his moments of weakness and strength. And it is required that men, grown old in the midst of the hazards of war, who have constantly had to contend with all kinds of difficulties, should never have been inferior to themselves at any moment—should have always exactly hit the mark."

April 15th. The Emperor devoted the whole morning to writing his will. It commenced as follows: "1. I die in the Apostolical Roman religion, in the midst of which I was born, more than fifty years ago. 2. It is my wish that my ashes may repose upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well. 3. I have always had reason to be pleased with my dearest wife, the Empress Maria Louisa, and retain for her, to my last moments, the most tender sentiments. I beseech her to watch over my son, in order to preserve him from the snares which yet environ his infancy. 4. I recommend to my son never to forget that he was born a French prince, and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirs who oppress the nations of Europe. He ought never to fight against France, or to injure her in any manner. He ought to adopt my motto, *Every thing for the French people.*"

He then remembered, in kind and munificent bequests, all of his old friends who were still living, and the widows and the children of those who were dead. No one escaped his grateful memory.

April 17th. At three o'clock in the afternoon Napoleon sent for Count Montololon. His face was flushed, and his eye beamed with peculiar lustre. "My mind has been roused," said he, "in talking with General Bertrand about what my executors should say to my son when they see him. I wish, in a few words, to give you a summary of the counsels which I bequeath to my son. You will thus be more easily enabled to detail my ideas to him. Write." The Emperor then rapidly dictated the following extraordinary letter :

"My son should not think of avenging my death. He should profit by it. Let the remembrance of what I have done never leave his mind. Let him always be, like me, every inch a Frenchman. The aim of all his efforts should be to reign by peace. If he should recommence my wars out of pure love of imitation, and without any absolute necessity, he would be a mere ape. To do my work over again would be to suppose that I had done nothing. To complete it, on the contrary, would be to show the solidity of the basis, and explain the whole plan of an edifice which I had only roughly sketched. The same thing is not done twice in a century. I was obliged to daunt Europe by my arms. In the present day, the way is to convince her. I saved the revolution which was about to perish. I raised it from its ruins, and showed it to the world beaming with glory. I have implanted new ideas in France and in Europe. They can not retrograde. Let my son bring into blossom all that I have sown. Let him develop all the elements of prosperity inclosed in the soil of France, and by these means he may yet be a great sovereign.

"The Bourbons will not maintain their position after my death. A reaction in my favor will take place every where, even in England. This reaction will be a fine inheritance for my son. It is possible that the English, in order to efface the remembrance of their persecutions, will favor my son's return to France. But in order to live in a good understanding with England, it is necessary, at any cost, to favor her commercial interests. This necessity leads to one of these two consequences—war with England, or a sharing of the commerce of the world with her. This second condition

is the only one possible in the present day. The exterior question will long take precedence, in France, of the interior. I bequeath to my son sufficient strength and sympathy to enable him to continue my work, with the single aid of an elevated and conciliatory diplomacy.

“ His position at Vienna is deplorable. Will Austria set him at liberty unconditionally? But, after all, Francis I. was once in a more critical position, and yet his French nationality was nothing impaired by it. Let not my son ever mount the throne by the aid of foreign influence. His aim should not be to fulfill a desire to reign, but to deserve the approbation of posterity. Let him cherish an intimacy with my family, whenever it shall be in his power. My mother is a woman of the old school. Joseph and Eugene are able to give him good counsel. Hortense and Catharine are superior women. If he remains in exile, let him marry one of my nieces. If France recalls him, let him seek the hand of a Princess of Russia. This court is the only one where family ties rule policy. The alliance which he may contract should tend to increase the exterior influence of France, and not to introduce a foreign influence into its councils. The French nation, when it is not taken the wrong way, is more easily governed than any other. Its prompt and easy comprehension is unequalled. It immediately discerns who labors for and who against it. But then it is necessary always to speak to its senses, otherwise its uneasy spirit gnaws; it ferments and explodes.

“ My son will arrive after a time of civil troubles. He has but one party to fear, that of the Duke of Orleans. This party has been germinating for a long time. Let him despise all parties, and only see the mass of the people. Excepting those who have betrayed their country, he ought to forget the previous conduct of all men, and reward talent, merit, and services wherever he finds them. Chateaubriand, notwithstanding his libel, is a good Frenchman.*

“ France is the country where the chiefs of parties have the least influence. To rest for support on them is to build on sand. Great things can be done in France only by having the support of the *mass of the people*. Besides, a government should always seek for support where it is really to be found. There are moral laws as inflexible and imperious as the physical ones. The Bourbons can only rely for support on the nobles and the priests, whatever may be the Constitution which they are made to adopt. The water will descend again to its level, in spite of the machine which has raised it for a moment. I, on the contrary, relied on the whole mass of the people, without exception. I set the example of a government which favored the interests of all. I did not govern by the help of, or solely for, either the nobles, the priests, the citizens, or tradesmen. I governed for the whole community, for the whole family of the French nation.

“ My nobility will afford no support to my son. I required more than one generation to succeed in making them assume my color, and preserve, by tradition, the sacred deposit of my moral conquests. From the year 1815, all the grandes openly espoused the opposite party. I felt no reliance either

* Nothing can more strikingly show the exalted character of Napoleon than his readiness to forgive the atrocious libel of Chateaubriand. We have but few examples of a spirit so magnanimous and self-forgetful.

on my marshals or my nobility, not even on my colonels; but the whole mass of the people, and the whole army, up to the grade of captain, were on my side. I was not deceived in feeling this confidence. They owe much to me. I was their true representative. My dictatorship was indispensable. The proof of this is that they always offered me more power than I desired. In the present day there is nothing possible in France but what is necessary. It will not be the same with my son. His power will be disputed. He must anticipate every desire for liberty. It is, besides, easier in ordinary times to reign with the help of the Chambers than alone. The Assemblies take a great part of your responsibility, and nothing is more easy than always to have the majority on your side; but care must be taken not to demoralize the country. The influence of the government in France is immense; and if it understands the way, it has no need of employing corruption in order to find support on all sides. The aim of a sovereign is not only to reign, but to diffuse instruction, morality, and well-being. Any thing false is but a bad aid.

“In my youth I too entertained some illusions; but I soon recovered from them. The great orators, who rule the Assemblies by the brilliance of their eloquence are, in general, men of the most mediocre political talents. They should not be opposed in their own way, for they have always more noisy words at command than you. Their eloquence should be opposed by a serious and logical argument. Their strength lies in vagueness. They should be brought back to the reality of facts. Practical arguments destroy them. In the Council there were men possessed of much more eloquence than I was. I always defeated them by this simple argument, *two and two make four*.

“France possesses very clever practical men. The only thing necessary is to find them, and to give them the means of reaching the proper station. Such a one is at the plow who ought to be in the Council; and such another is minister who ought to be at the plow. Let not my son be astonished to hear men, the most reasonable to all appearance, propose to him the most absurd plans. From the agrarian law to the despotism of the grand Turk, every system finds an apologist in France. Let him listen to them all; let him take every thing at its just value, and surround himself by all the real capacity of the country. The French people are influenced by two powerful passions, the love of liberty and the love of distinction. These, though seemingly opposed, are derived from one and the same feeling. A government can only satisfy these two wants by the most exact justice. The law and action of the government must be equal toward all. Honors and rewards must be conferred on the men who seem, in the eyes of all, to be most worthy of them. Merit may be pardoned, but not intrigue. The order of the Legion of Honor has been an immense and powerful incitement to virtue, talent, and courage. If ill employed, it would become a great evil, by alienating the whole army if the spirit of court intrigue and coterie presided at its nominations or in its administration.

“My son will be obliged to allow the liberty of the press. This is a necessity in the present day. In order to govern, it is not necessary to pursue a more or less perfect theory, but to build with the materials which are under

one's hand ; to submit to necessities, and profit by them. The liberty of the press ought to become, in the hands of the government, a powerful auxiliary in diffusing, through all the most distant corners of the empire, sound doctrines and good principles. To leave it to itself would be to fall asleep on the brink of a danger. On the conclusion of a general peace, I would have instituted a Directory of the Press, composed of the ablest men of the country, and I would have diffused, even to the most distant hamlet, my ideas and my intentions. In the present day, it is impossible to remain, as one might have done three hundred years ago, a quiet spectator of the transformations of society. Now one must, under the pain of death, either direct or hinder every thing.

“ My son ought to be a man of new ideas, and of the cause which I have made triumphant every where. He ought to establish institutions which shall efface all traces of the feudal law, secure the dignity of man, and develop those germs of prosperity which have been budding for centuries. He should propagate, in all those countries now uncivilized and barbarous, the benefits of Christianity and civilization. Such should be the aim of all my son's thoughts. Such is the cause for which I die a martyr to the hatred of the oligarchs, of which I am the object. Let him consider the holiness of my cause. Look at the regicides ! They were formerly in the councils of a Bourbon. To-morrow they will return to their country, and I and mine expiate in torture the blessings which I desired to bestow on nations. My enemies are the enemies of humanity. They desire to fetter the people, whom they regard as a flock of sheep. They endeavor to oppress France, and to make the stream reascend toward its source. Let them take care that it does not burst its bounds.

“ With my son, all opposite interests may live in peace ; new ideas be diffused and gather strength, without any violent shock, or the sacrifice of any victims, and humanity be spared dreadful misfortunes. But if the blind hatred of kings still pursues my blood after my death, I shall then be avenged, but cruelly avenged. Civilization will suffer in every way if nations burst their bounds, and rivers of blood will be shed throughout the whole of Europe ; the lights of science and knowledge will be extinguished amid civil and foreign warfare. More than three hundred years of troubles will be required in order to destroy in Europe that royal authority which has, but for a day, represented the interests of all classes of men, but which struggled for several centuries before it could throw off all the restraints of the Middle Ages. If, on the other hand, the North advances against civilization, the struggle will be of shorter duration, but the blows more fatal. The well-being of nations, all the results which it has taken so many years to obtain, will be destroyed, and none can foresee the disastrous consequences. The accession of my son is for the interest of nations as well as of kings. Beyond the circle of ideas and principles for which we have fought, and which I have carried triumphantly through all difficulties, I see naught but slavery and confusion for France and for the whole of Europe.

“ You will publish all that I have dictated or written, and you will engage my son to read and reflect upon it. You will tell him to protect all those who have served me well, and their number is large. My poor soldiers, so

magnanimous, so devoted, are now, perhaps, in want of bread. What courage, what good sense is there in this French people! What buried riches, which will, perhaps, never again see the light of day! Europe is progressing toward an inevitable transformation. To endeavor to retard this progress would be but to lose strength by a useless struggle. To favor it is to strengthen the hopes and wishes of all.

“There are desires of nationality which must be satisfied sooner or later. It is toward this end that continual progress should be made. My son’s position will not be exempt from immense difficulties. Let him do by general consent what I was compelled by circumstances to effect by force of arms. When I was victorious over Russia in 1812, the problem of a peace of a hundred years’ duration was solved. I cut the Gordian knot of nations. In the present day it must be untied. The remembrance of the thrones which I raised up, when it was for the interest of my general policy so to do, should be effaced. In the year 1815 I exacted from my brothers that they should forget their royalty, and only take the title of French princes. My son should follow this example. An opposite course would excite just alarm.

“It is no longer in the North that great questions will be resolved, but in the Mediterranean. There, there is enough to content all the ambition of the different powers; and the happiness of civilized nations may be purchased with fragments of barbarous lands. Let the kings listen to reason. Europe will no longer afford matter for maintaining international hatreds. Prejudices are dissipated and intermingled. Routes of commerce are becoming multiplied. It is no longer possible for one nation to monopolize it. As a means by which my son may see whether his administration be good or the contrary, whether his laws are in accordance with the manners of the country, let him have an annual and particular report presented to him of the number of condemnations pronounced by the tribunals. If crimes and delinquencies increase in number, it is a proof that misery is on the increase, and that society is ill governed. Their diminution, on the other hand, is a proof of the contrary.

“Religious ideas have more influence than certain narrow-minded philosophers are willing to believe. They are capable of rendering great services to humanity. By standing well with the Pope, an influence is still maintained over the consciences of a hundred millions of men. Pius VII. will be always well disposed toward my son. He is a tolerant and enlightened old man. Fatal circumstances embroiled our cabinets. I regret this deeply. Cardinal Fesch did not understand me. He upheld the party of the *Ultra-montanes*, the enemies of true religion in France. If you are permitted to return to France, you will still find many who have remained faithful to my memory. The best monuments which they could raise to me would be to make a collection of all the ideas which I expressed in the Council of State for the administration of the empire; to collect all my instructions to my ministers, and to make a list of the works which I undertook, and of all the monuments which I raised in France and Italy. In what I have said in the Council of State, a distinction must be made between the measures good only for the moment, and those whose application is eternally true.

“Let my son often read and reflect on history. This is the only true

philosophy. Let him read and meditate on the wars of the greatest captains. This is the only means of rightly learning the science of war. But all that you say to him, or all that he learns, will be of little use to him if he has not, in the depth of his heart, that sacred fire and love of good which alone can effect great things. I will hope, however, that he will be worthy of his destiny."

April 19th. After several days and nights of very severe suffering, the Emperor appeared a little better. He spoke of distinguished military chieftains. "Marlborough," said he, "was not a man whose mind was narrowly confined to the field of battle. He fought and negotiated. He was at once a captain and a diplomatist. Has the 20th regiment his campaigns?"

"I think not," answered Dr. Arnott.

"Well," added the Empérör, "I have there a copy of them, which I am glad to offer to that brave regiment. Take it, doctor, and you will place it in their library as coming from me."

Sir Hudson Lowe censured the doctor for receiving the book. He would not allow it to be presented to the regiment, fearing that it would increase the love which those English soldiers already manifested for Napoleon. "Doctor Arnott," says Lord Holland, in the noble spirit characteristic of his nature, "was ordered by his superiors to return the book, first, because it had not been transmitted through the Government House, and, secondly, because it was in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, not of *General Bonaparte*. Pitiful, narrow-minded malignity, disgraceful alike to the government and its agents!"

April 20th. The Emperor enjoyed a temporary respite from pain. He was in cheerful spirits. Seeing that some of his friends hoped that he was permanently better, he looked at them with a placid smile, and said,

"My friends, you are mistaken. I am better to-day, but I feel, nevertheless, that my end is approaching. After my death, every one of you will have the consolation of returning to Europe. Some of you will see your relations again, and some your friends, and I shall join my brave companions in the Elysian Fields. Yes, Kleber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, will all come to meet me. They will speak to me of what we have done together, and I will relate to them the last events of my life. On seeing me again, they will all become once more animated with enthusiasm and glory. We will talk of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick. There will be pleasure in that, unless," he added, smiling, "it should create an alarm in the spirit world to see so many warriors assembled together."

At this moment Dr. Arnott came in. The Emperor received him with much affability, and, after a few moments' conversation, said, "It is all over with me, doctor. The blow is struck. I am near my end, and shall soon surrender my body to the earth. Bertrand, approach, and translate to this gentleman what you are going to hear. It is the relation of a series of indignities worthy of the hand which has bestowed them. Express my full meaning. Do not omit a single word."

"I had come to seek the hospitality of the British people. I asked for a generous protection. To the subversion of every right held sacred upon

earth, chains were the reply I received. I should have experienced a different reception from Alexander. The Emperor Francis would have treated me with more respect and kindness. Even the King of Prussia would have been more generous. It was reserved for England to deceive and excite the sovereigns of Europe, and give to the world the unheard-of spectacle of four great powers cruelly leagued against one man. Your ministers have chosen this horrible rock, upon which the lives of Europeans are exhausted in less than three years, in order to end my existence by assassination. And how have I been treated since my arrival here? There is no species of indignity or insult that has not been eagerly heaped upon me. The simplest family communications, which have never been interdicted to any one, have been refused to me. No news, no papers from home have been allowed to reach me. My wife and son have no longer existed for me. I have been kept six years in the tortures of close confinement. The most uninhabitable spot on this inhospitable island, that where the murderous effects of a tropical climate are most severely felt, has been assigned to me for a residence; and I, who used to ride on horseback all over Europe, have been obliged to shut myself up within four walls, in an unwholesome atmosphere. I have been destroyed piecemeal by a premeditated and protracted assassination. The infamous Hudson Lowe has been the executor of these atrocities of your ministers. You will end like the proud republic of Venice; and I, dying upon this dreary rock, far from those I hold dear, and deprived of every thing, bequeath the opprobrium and horror of my death to the reigning family of England."

At one o'clock at night the Emperor expressed a desire to converse with the Abbé Vignali. He remained in private communication with his spiritual adviser for an hour. When the abbé retired, Montholon returned to the room. He found the Emperor serene and thoughtful. After a few moments of religious conversation, Napoleon turned upon his pillow and fell asleep.

April 21st. Though the Emperor was exceedingly feeble, he passed much of the day dictating and writing. In the afternoon he sent for the Abbé Vignali, and said to him,

"Abbé, I wish you to officiate in my chamber after my death." He then entered minutely into the subject, describing the religious solemnities which he wished to have observed. Dr. Antommarchi was a skeptic, and had often displeased Napoleon by his irreverent remarks. Perceiving a contemptuous expression upon the countenance of the doctor, the Emperor turned to him with severe and indignant rebuke.

"You are an Atheist, sir," said he. "You are a physician. Physicians believe in nothing, because they deal only in matter. You are above these weaknesses; but I am neither a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. Be an Atheist if you will, sir; but as for me, I was born a Catholic, and I will fulfill all the duties which religion imposes, and seek all the solace which it administers. It is not every one who *can* be an Atheist.

"I wish you, Monsieur Abbé," he continued, turning to Vignali, "to say mass in the chapel every day, and to continue to say it after my death. You

will not cease until I am buried. As soon as I am dead, I wish you to place a crucifix upon my bosom, and your altar at my head ; and you will not omit solemnizing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and offering daily prayers until I am buried.

"How can you," said Napoleon to Antommarchi, after the abbé had taken his leave, "carry your incredulity so far? Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

On another occasion Antommarchi coolly records : "Napoleon spoke of different kinds of worship, of religious dissensions, and of the plan he had formed to reconcile all sects. Reverses, however, occurred too soon to allow him to carry that plan into execution ; but he had, at least," the unbelieving Antommarchi continues, "re-established religion, and that was a service the results of which were incalculable ; for, after all, if men had no religion, they would murder each other for the best pear or the finest girl."

April 24th. "The Emperor," says Montholon, "has again spoken to me of his will. His imagination is unceasingly employed in seeking to find resources from which to gratify his liberality. Each day brings to his mind the remembrance of some other old servant whom he would wish to remunerate."

April 25th. The Emperor slept quietly most of the night. Count Montholon sat at his bedside. At four o'clock in the morning Napoleon started up, and exclaimed in dreamy delirium, "I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms. She was seated there. It seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening. She is not changed. She is still the same, full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part. Did you see her?" He soon again fell asleep.

In the morning General Bertrand read to him from an English journal. He happened to fall upon a very atrocious libel against Caulaincourt and Savary, as being peculiar culprits in what the English called the *assassination* of the Duke d'Enghien. The magnanimity of Napoleon revolted at the idea of allowing the odium of any of the unpopular acts of his reign to be laid upon his friends. "This is shameful!" said the Emperor ; and then turning to Montholon, continued, "Bring me my will." Without saying another word, he opened the will and interlined the following declaration :

"I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest, and honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances, I would act in the same way."

Having written these few lines, without adding a word, he handed back the will to Montholon. There is something very remarkable in this declaration. In the first place, Napoleon solemnly assumes all the responsibility of the act. He takes upon himself whatever may be attached to it which is blameworthy. In the second place, he is very accurate in his statement. He says, "I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be *arrested and tried*." The evidence is very conclusive that Napoleon, notwithstanding the proof of his

treason, intended to have pardoned him. His *execution* Napoleon deeply deplored. He, however, would ask for no abatement of the censure on that score, but held himself answerable for the acts which occurred under his reign.

He afterward called his valet, Marchand, to take the inventory of the contents of some caskets. He took from one of them a diamond necklace and gave it to Marchand, saying, "Take this. I am ignorant in what state my affairs may be in Europe. The good Hortense gave me this, thinking that I might have need of it. I believe it to be worth forty thousand dollars. Hide it about your person. When you reach France, it will enable you to await the provision which I make for you in my will. Marry honorably. Make your choice among the daughters of the officers or soldiers of my Old Guard. There are many of those brave men who are happy. A better fate was reserved for them, had it not been for the reverse of fortune experienced by France. Posterity will acknowledge all I would have done for them, had circumstances been different."

The Emperor then dictated the following letter, which Montholon was to write to Sir Hudson Lowe to announce his death.

"Monsieur le Gouverneur,—The Emperor Napoleon breathed his last on the —, after a long and painful illness. I have the honor to communicate this intelligence to you. The Emperor has authorized me to communicate to you, if such be your desire, his last wishes. I beg you to inform me what are the arrangements prescribed by your government for the transportation of his remains to France, as well as those relating to the persons of his suite. I have the honor to be, &c.,

"COUNT MONTHOLON."

April 28th. The prostration of the Emperor was extreme. He spoke of his death with great composure. "After my death," said he, "which can not be far distant, I desire that you will open my body. I insist, also, that you promise that no English medical man shall touch me. If, however, the assistance of one should be indispensable, Dr. Arnott is the only one whom you have permission to employ. I further desire that you will take my heart, put it in spirits of wine, and carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louisa. You will tell her that I tenderly loved her—that I never ceased to love her. You will relate to her all you have seen, and every particular respecting my situation and death. I particularly recommend to you carefully to examine my stomach, and to make a precise and detailed report of the state in which you may find it, which report you will give to my son. The vomitings, which succeed each other almost without interruption, lead me to suppose that the stomach is, of all my organs, the most diseased. I am inclined to believe that it is attacked with the same disorder which killed my father—I mean, a scirrhosis in the pylorus. I began to suspect that such was the case as soon as I saw the frequency and obstinate recurrence of the vomitings. I beg that you will be very particular in your examination, that, when you see my son, you may be able to communicate your observations to him, and point out to him the most proper medicines to use. When I am no



THE EMPEROR DICTATING HIS LAST LETTER.

more, you will go to Rome. You will see my mother and my family, and will relate to them all you may have observed concerning my situation, my disorder, and my death upon this dreary and miserable rock."

From this effort he soon sank down in complete exhaustion, and deliriously murmured broken and incoherent sentences.

April 29th. The Emperor was rapidly sinking. His sufferings depriving him of sleep, at four o'clock in the morning he requested Montholon to bring a table to his bedside, and he occupied himself for two hours in dictating two projects, one on the use to which the Palace of Versailles should be appropriated, and the other on the organization of the National Guard for the defense of Paris.

In the morning, Dr. Antommarchi found the Emperor, though fast sinking, calm and rational. To his suggestion that a blister should be applied to the stomach, the Emperor replied, "Since you wish it, be it so. Not that I expect the least effect from it; but my end is approaching, and I am desirous of showing, by my resignation, my gratitude for your care and attention."

The feverish state of his stomach induced him to drink much cold water. With characteristic gratitude, he exclaimed, "If Fate had decreed that I should recover, I would erect a monument upon the spot where the water flows, and would crown the fountain, in testimony of the relief which it has afforded me. If I die, and my body, proscribed as my person has been, should be denied a little earth, I desire that my remains may be deposited in

the Cathedral of Ajaccio, in Corsica. And if it should not be permitted me to rest where I was born, let me be buried near the limpid stream of this pure water."

May 2d. The Emperor was in a raging fever during the night, and quite delirious. His wandering spirit retraced the scenes of the past, visited again his beloved France, hovered affectionately over his idolized son, and held familiar converse with the companions of his toil and his glory. Again the lurid storms of war beat upon his disturbed fancy as his unrelenting assailants combined anew for his destruction. Wildly he shouted, "Steingel, Desaix, Massena! Ah! victory is declaring. Run! hasten! press the charge! They are ours!" Suddenly collecting his strength, in his eagerness he sprang from the bed, but his limbs failed him, and he fell prostrate upon the floor.

At nine o'clock in the morning the fever abated, and reason returned to her throne. Calling the doctor to his bedside, he said to him earnestly, "Recollect what I have directed you to do after my death. Proceed very carefully to the anatomical examination of my stomach. I wish it, that I may save my son from that cruel disease. You will see him, doctor, and you will point out to him what is best to be done, and will save him from the cruel sufferings I now experience. This is the last service I ask of you."

At noon the violence of the disease returned, and Napoleon, looking steadfastly and silently upon the doctor for a few moments, said, "Doctor, I am very ill; I feel that I am going to die." He immediately sank away into insensibility. All the inmates of Longwood were unremitting in their attentions to the beloved sufferer. He was to them all, from the highest to the lowest, a father whom they almost adored. The zeal and solicitude they manifested deeply moved the sensibilities of the Emperor. He spoke to them in grateful words, and remembered them all in his will. As he recovered from this insensibility, he spoke faintly to his companions, enjoining it upon them to be particularly careful in attending to the comfort of the humble members of his household after he should be gone. "And my poor Chinese," said he, "do not let them be forgotten. Let them have a few scores of Napoleons. I must take leave of them also." It is refreshing to meet such recognitions of the brotherhood of man.

May 3d. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor revived for a moment, and said to those who were appointed the executors of his will, and who were at his bedside,

"I am going to die, and you to return to Europe. You have shared my exile, you will be faithful to my memory. I have sanctioned all good principles, and have infused them into my laws and my acts. I have not omitted a single one. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and to postpone the execution of my plans. Our reverses occurred. I could not unbend the bow, and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence. She feels grateful for my intentions. She cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her example. Be faithful to the opinions we have defended, and to the glory we have acquired. Any other course can only lead to shame and confusion."

He then sent for the Abbé Vignali. A movable altar was placed at the Emperor's bedside. All retired except the Abbé. Napoleon then, in silence and in solitude, upon his dying bed, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After the solemn ordinance, Count Montholon returned to the room. The tranquil tones of the Emperor's voice, and the placid expression of his countenance, indicated the serenity of his spirit. He conversed for a few moments on religious subjects, and peacefully fell asleep.



THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

“Open the window, Marchand,” said the Emperor, as he awoke in the morning, to his valet; “open it wide, that I may breathe the air, the good air which the good God has made.”

May 5th. The night of the 4th of May, dark, cheerless, and tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents. A tornado of frightful violence swept the bleak rocks. Every tree which Napoleon had cherished was torn up by the roots, and laid prostrate in the mud. The dying Emperor, unconscious of every thing which was passing around him, tossed restlessly upon his pillow. And now occurred the most affecting scene which had yet been witnessed in this chamber of suffering. The children of the family were introduced, to look, for the last time, upon their friend, now insensible and breathing heavily in death. They had not seen him for more than a month. Shocked at the change which had taken place in that countenance, which had ever been accustomed to contemplate them with so much benignity and affection, they for a moment gazed upon the pallid and emaciate features with hesitation and terror. Then, with

flooded eyes and loud sobs, they rushed to the bedside, seized the hands of the Emperor, and covered them with kisses and with tears. All present were overpowered with emotion, and the deep respiration of the dying was drowned in the irrepressible lamentations of the mourners. Young Napoleon Bertrand was so overcome by the heart-rending spectacle that he fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. In the midst of this tragic scene, one of the servants, who had been sick for forty-eight days, rose from his bed, and, emaciate, pallid, delirious, and with disordered dress, entered the room. In fevered dreams he imagined that the Emperor was in trouble, and had called to him for help. The delirious and dying servant stood tottering by the side of his dying master, wildly exclaiming, "I will die for him."

The hours of the night passed slowly away, while the expiring monarch, insensible and motionless upon his pillow, breathed heavily, and occasionally disturbed the solemn silence of the scene by inarticulate murmurs. "Twice I thought," says Count Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words '*France, Army, Head of the Army, Josephine.*'" This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six o'clock in the evening, he was lying upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and peaceful expression was spread over his face. Just as the sun was sinking behind the clouds of that sombre and tempestuous day, the spirit of Napoleon passed the earthly veil, and entered the vast unknown. "*Isle of Elba, Napoleon,*" were the last utterances of the loving



THE DYING SCENE.

and forgiving Josephine. “*France, the Army, Josephine*,” were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor.

Napoleon had earnestly expressed the wish that his remains might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well; but if that privilege were denied him, he prayed that his body might be taken to his native island, and deposited in the tomb of his fathers at Ajaccio; but if the English government declined also granting that request, he entreated his friends to bury him in a secluded spot which he had selected at St. Helena, beneath a weeping willow which overshadowed the limpid spring from which he had received so many refreshing draughts of cold water. With his glowing affections, he loved this spring as if it had been a personal friend.

Application was immediately made to Sir Hudson Lowe for permission to remove the remains to Europe. He, in reply, informed the friends of Napoleon that the orders of his government were imperative that the body was to remain at St. Helena. He, however, stated that it was a matter of indifference to him in what part of the island *General Bonaparte* was buried. They entreated, almost with tears, permission to take the revered remains home to his relatives and friends. But Sir Hudson, obedient to the requisitions of his government, was necessarily inexorable. The aristocrats of Europe feared Napoleon even in his grave. The governor could not consent, notwithstanding the most affecting supplications and entreaties on the part of Madame Bertrand, to allow even the stomach and the heart to be removed.

After a very careful *post mortem* examination, the body was prepared for burial. The *valet de chambre* dressed the Emperor as he was usually dressed in life, with white waistcoat and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat. He was thus placed upon the bed in his small bed-room, which was dressed in black. The cloak which Napoleon had worn at Marengo was spread over his feet. A silver crucifix was placed upon his chest. Behind his head was an altar, where the Abbé Vignali stood, reciting the prayers of the Church.

Napoleon had won the affections of all the inhabitants of the bleak rock. Rapidly the tidings of his death spread to every individual. An immense crowd was soon assembled at Longwood. During the afternoon of the 6th and the whole of the 7th, an unending procession passed slowly and solemnly through the room, gazing in silent and religious awe upon the lifeless remains. Even Sir Hudson Lowe said, in this sad hour, “He was England’s greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him.”

The morning of the 8th of May dawned with unusual brilliance upon the blackened cliff of St. Helena. A perfect calm had succeeded the storm, and not a cloud floated in the resplendent skies. An invigorating sea breeze passed gently over the island, and all the inhabitants were assembled at Longwood, to pay their last token of respect to the remains of the captive who had rendered their island immortal. At half past twelve o’clock at noon, the grenadiers placed the heavy triple coffin, of tin, lead, and mahogany, upon the hearse. It was drawn by four horses. Twelve grenadiers

walked by the side of the coffin to take it upon their shoulders where the bad state of the road prevented the horses from advancing. The Emperor's household, dressed in deepest mourning, followed immediately the hearse. Their hearts were stricken with grief, deep and unaffected. The admiral and the governor, with the officers of the staff, respectfully joined the procession on horseback. All the inhabitants of St. Helena, men, women, and children, in a long, winding train, reverently followed. The English garrison, which had been stationed upon the island to guard the Emperor, two thousand five hundred strong, lined the whole of the left side of the road nearly to the grave. Bands of music, stationed at intervals, breathed their requiems upon the still air. The soldiers, as the procession passed, fell into the line and followed to the grave.



NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

At length the hearse stopped. The grenadiers took the coffin on their shoulders, and carried it along a narrow path which had been constructed on the side of the mountain to the lonely place of burial. The coffin was placed on the verge of the grave. The Abbé Vignali recited the burial service, while all were overpowered by the unwonted solemnity and sublimity of the scene. During the funeral march, the admiral's ship in the harbor had fired minute guns, and as the coffin descended to its chamber of massive masonry, deep in the earth, three successive volleys, from a battery of fifteen guns, discharged over the grave, reverberated along the cliffs and crags.

of St. Helena. The willows which overhung the tomb were immediately stripped of their foliage, as each one wished to carry away some souvenir of the most extraordinary man the world has ever known.

The officers of the household of the Emperor, upon the day of his death, had ordered a stone to be prepared, to rest upon his grave, with this simple inscription :

“NAPOLEON,
Born at Ajaccio
the 15th of August, 1769,
Died at St. Helena
the 5th of May, 1821.”

The graver had already cut this inscription, when Sir Hudson Lowe informed the friends of the Emperor that the orders of the British government were imperative that no inscription could be allowed on the tomb but simply the words *General Bonaparte*. It was a cruel insult thus to pursue their victim even into the grave. Remonstrances were unavailing. The French gentlemen at last obtained the poor boon of having a stone cover the grave without any inscription whatever.

On the 27th of May the devoted household of Napoleon sadly embarked for Europe. The day before their departure, they went in a body to the tomb of the Emperor, and covered it with flowers, and did homage to the memory of their revered friend with tears which could not be repressed. They then embarked in an English ship, and waved a last adieu to that dreary rock where they had endured five and a half years of exile and of woe, but where they had also won the homage of the world by their devotion to greatness and goodness in adversity. One of their number, however, Sergeant Hubert, in the enthusiasm of his deathless devotion, refused to abandon even the grave of the Emperor. For nineteen years he continued at St. Helena, daily guarding the solitary tomb ; and when, at the united voice of France, that tomb gave up its sacred relics, and they were removed to repose on the banks of the Seine, beneath the dome of the Invalides, among the people he had loved so well, this faithful servant followed them to their final resting-place.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FRANCE DEMANDS THE REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR.

Rejection of the Bourbons—Petitions from the People—The Emperor's Statue—France applies to the British Government—The Response—Frigates dispatched for the Remains—The Exhumation—The Return Voyage—Triumphal Ascent of the Seine—The Reception in Paris—Entombed at the Invalides.

THE history of most men terminates with the grave. It is not so with Napoleon. His wild and wondrous story is continued beyond the dying hour and the silence of the tomb. Nine years after the burial of the Emperor passed away, during which the long agony of St. Helena increasingly engrossed the attention of the world. Every memorial of his cruel sufferings was eagerly sought for, and a chord of sympathy was struck which vibrated in all human hearts.

In the notable three days of July, 1830, the French nation rose as one man, and for the third time expelled the Bourbons from the throne of France. In accordance with the prediction of Napoleon, the crown was placed upon the brow of Louis Philippe, duke of Orleans. Two months had hardly passed after this event, ere, early in October, a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, requesting that the remains of Napoleon might be claimed of the British government, and restored to France. The enthusiasm which his name ever inspired, but which had been repressed under the feudal monarchy of the Bourbons, now found free utterance. "Napoleon," said M. de Montigny upon this occasion, "re-established order and tranquillity in our country. He led our armies to victory. His sublime genius put an end to anarchy. His military glory made the French name respected throughout the whole world, and his name will ever be pronounced with emotion and veneration."

This petition was followed by many others, and a flame was enkindled in the hearts of the people which could not be repressed. It may be supposed that the government of Louis Philippe regarded with some apprehension this enthusiasm in behalf of the memory of Napoleon; but resistance was vain. There was no alternative but to attempt to take the lead in the universal movement.

On the 8th of July, 1831, by a national ordinance it was decreed that the statue of the Emperor Napoleon should be replaced upon the column in the Place Vendôme. The now humbled Allies, who had with sacrilegious hands torn down that statue from its appropriate summit, no longer ventured to resist its triumphant ascension.

On the 29th of July, 1832, the son of Napoleon, born King of Rome, but named by his grandfather the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of twenty-one years, a dejected prisoner in the palace of his maternal relatives. Thus the direct line of the Emperor Napoleon became extinct.

The statue of the Emperor, in accordance with the national decree, was elevated upon its glorious pedestal on the 1st of June, 1833, with great pomp, and amid the universal acclamations of France. Upon that majestic column were inscribed the words,

"Monument reared to the glory of the Grand Army, by Napoleon the Great. Commenced the 15th of August, 1806. Finished the 15th of August, 1810.

"28th of July, 1833, Anniversary of the Revolution of July, and the Year three of the reign of Louis Philippe I., the statue of Napoleon has been re-placed upon the column of the Grand Army."

By similar ceremonies on the 1st of August, 1834, a statue of Napoleon was placed in the court-yard of the Royal Hotel of Invalides. On the 14th of September of the same year, the Court of Cassation, the highest court of appeal in France, rendered homage to the most profound legislator the world has ever known by suspending in the Council Chamber a magnificent portrait of Napoleon, representing the Emperor pointing to the immortal Napoleonic Code. These acts of grateful recognition were but the prelude to a scene of national homage which arrested the gaze of the world, and which, in all the elements of sublimity and of triumph, must forever remain without a parallel.

It will be remembered that the Emperor had written in his will, with his own hand, "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." The French nation, liberated from the bayonets of the Allies, now, with united voice swelling from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, demanded of the English government the remains of their beloved Emperor.

On the 5th of May, 1840, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, the application was made to the government of Great Britain, by M. Guizot, in the following official note. M. Thiers was at that time at the head of the French ministry.

"The undersigned, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the King of the French, has the honor, conformably to instructions received from his government, to inform his excellency, the Minister of Foreign Affairs to her majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, that the king ardently desires that the mortal remains of Napoleon may be deposited in a tomb in France, in the country which he defended and rendered illustrious, and which proudly preserves the ashes of thousands of his companions in arms, officers and soldiers devoted with him to the service of their country. The undersigned is convinced that her Britannic majesty's government will only see in this desire of his majesty the King of the French, a just and pious feeling, and will give the orders necessary to the removal of any obstacle to the transfer of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France."

Times were now changed, and this demand could not be denied. The response was speedy and cordial. On the 9th of May, Lord Palmerston transmitted the following reply, in which it will be observed with pleasure that the English government no longer stigmatized the renowned Emperor of France as a usurping general, but promptly recognized his imperial title :

"The government of her Britannic majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities which, during the life of the Emperor, armed England and France against each other. Her majesty's government hopes that if such sentiments survive any where, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon."

This was all the amends which the English government could make for its unpardonable crime against the independence of nations. Justice exults in seeing the charge of usurpation thus retracted, in the recognition of the imperial title of the monarch of popular suffrage. Napoleon, in his tomb, had gained the victory.

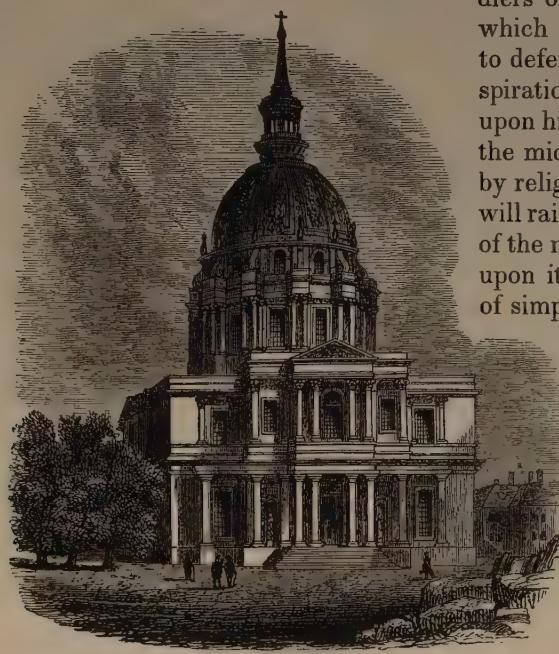
On the 12th of May the French ministry made the following communication to the Chamber of Deputies :

"Gentlemen,—The king has ordered his royal highness the Prince of Joinville to proceed, with his frigate, to the island of St. Helena, to receive the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon. We come to ask of you the means to receive them worthily upon the soil of France, and to erect for Napoleon his last tomb. The government, anxious to accomplish a great national duty, has addressed itself to England. It has demanded of her the precious deposit which Fortune had surrendered into her hands. The frigate

charged with the mortal remains of Napoleon will present itself, on its return, at the mouth of the Seine. Another vessel will convey them to Paris. They will be deposited in the Invalides. A solemn ceremony, a grand religious and military pomp, will inaugurate the tomb which is to receive them forever. It is important, gentlemen, to the majesty of such a commemoration, that this august sepulture should not be in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inattentive crowd. It is proper that it should be in a silent and sacred spot, which can be visited with awe by those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune. He was emperor and king. He was the legitimate sovereign of our country. With such a title, he could be interred at St. Denis. But Napoleon must not have the ordinary sepulture of kings. He must still reign and command in the building in which the

soldiers of the country repose, and to which all who may be called upon to defend it will go to draw their inspirations. His sword will be placed upon his tomb. Under the dome, in the midst of the temple consecrated by religion to the God of armies, art will raise a tomb, worthy, if possible, of the name which is to be engraven upon it. This monument must be of simple beauty but of noble form, and have that aspect of solidity and firmness which appears to defy the action of time. The monument of Napoleon must be as imperishable as his fame. Henceforward France, and France alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon. His tomb, like his renown, will belong only to his country."

This announcement, so nobly expressed, was received by the Chamber of Deputies and by the whole of France with a tumultuous burst of applause. The Prince de Joinville, with two armed ships, was immediately sent to St. Helena. General Gourgaud, General Bertrand, and Count Las Casas, the companions of the Emperor's imprisonment, accompanied the expedition. A coffin of solid ebony, elaborately carved in the shape of the ancient sarcophagi, was constructed, large enough to inclose the coffins in which the Emperor was interred, so that his ashes might not be disturbed. One single word, NAPOLEON, in letters of gold, was placed upon the face of this massive and polished sarcophagus. A very magnificent funeral pall of velvet, sprinkled with gold bees, and bordered with a broad band of ermine, was also provided. At each corner was an eagle, embroidered in gold, and surmounted with the imperial crown.



THE INVALIDES.

On the 8th of October the two ships cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena, and were received with friendly salutes from the forts, and also from the English ships of war which were in the roadstead awaiting the arrival of the French vessels. The 15th of October was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of the august prisoner at this dreary rock. This day was appointed for the exhumation of his remains. Precisely at midnight, the British royal engineers, under direction of the governor general of St. Helena, and in presence of the French and English commissioners, commenced their work.

After nine hours of uninterrupted labor, the earth was dug from the vault, the solid masonry removed, and the heavy slab which covered the internal sarcophagus was lifted by means of a crane. Prayers were then offered, and, with uncovered heads, the coffin was carefully raised and conveyed to a tent which had been prepared for its reception. With religious awe, the three coffins of mahogany, lead, and tin were opened, and, upon carefully lifting a white satin veil, the body of the Emperor was exposed to view. The remains had been so effectually protected from dampness and the air, that, to the surprise of all, the features of the Emperor were so little changed that he was instantly recognized by those who had known him when alive. His military dress exhibited but slight decay, and he reposed, in marble beauty, as if he were asleep. The emotion experienced by all was deep and unutterable. Many burst into tears. The hallowed remains were exposed to the external air less than two minutes, when the coffins were again closed, and soldered with the utmost care, and were then placed in the massive ebony sarcophagus which was brought from Paris, and which was also protected by a strong box of oak.

In the mean time, clouds darkened the sky, the rain fell in torrents, dense sheets of mist enveloped the crags in almost midnight gloom, and a dismal tempest wailed its dirges over the gloomy rock. Minute-guns from the forts and from the ships in the harbor blended their thunders with the sublime requiem of the ocean and of the sky. Still, nearly all the inhabitants of St. Helena, regardless of the deluging storm, were at the grave, and followed in the procession from the tomb to the ships. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, each led by a groom, while eight officers walked by the side of the hearse. All the military, naval, and civil authorities of the island accompanied the remains, with crape on the left arm; and, by the express invitation of the governor, the successor of Sir Hudson Lowe, all the gentlemen of the island were invited to attend in mourning. The whole military force of St. Helena, consisting of the regular soldiers and the militia, were also called out to honor these marvelous obsequies, in which repentant England surrendered Napoleon to France. As the vast procession wound slowly around among the rocks, the most soul-subduing dirges of martial bands blended with the solemn booming of minute-guns and with the roar of the elements. The streets of Jamestown were shrouded in crape, the yards of the shipping apeak, and all their flags at half-mast. Napoleon went down into the tomb denounced as a usurper; he emerged from it, after the slumber of twenty years, acknowledged an emperor.

At the quay, where the English lines terminated, the Prince de Joinville

had assembled around him the French officers, all in deep mourning. As the car approached, they stood in reverential silence, with heads uncovered. The car stopped within a few paces of the mourning group. The Governor general of St. Helena then advanced, and, in the name of the British government, surrendered to France the remains of the Emperor. The coffin was then received beneath the folds of the French flag, exciting emotions in the bosoms of all present such as can not be described. From that moment the same honors which the Emperor had received while living were paid to his mortal remains. Banners were unfurled and salutes were fired as the coffin was conveyed in a cutter, accompanied by a retinue of boats, to the ship. It was received on board between two ranks of officers under arms, and was then placed in a consecrated chapel constructed for the purpose, and illuminated with waxen lights. A guard of sixty men, commanded by the oldest lieutenant, rendered to the remains imperial honors. The ladies of St. Helena had offered, as a homage to the memory of the Emperor, a rich banner, embroidered with their own hands. This graceful token from the English ladies was suspended in the chapel. The affecting scenes of the day were closed by the appropriate observance of those religious rites which the serious spirit of the Emperor had so deeply revered.

The vessels sailed from St. Helena on the 18th of October, just twenty-five years and three days from the time when Napoleon was landed upon the island a captive, to pass through the long agony of his death. As they were crossing the equator on the 2d of November, a French ship of war met them with the alarming intelligence that hostilities had probably already commenced between England and France upon the subject of the Turkish-Egyptian treaty. The danger of capture was, consequently, imminent. The Prince de Joinville immediately resolved that, in case he should meet with a superior force, rather than surrender the remains of the Emperor again to the English, the ship and all its inmates should go down to accompany the ashes of Napoleon to a common sepulchre in the abyss of the ocean. This heroic resolve was communicated to the whole ship's company, and was received with a unanimous and an enthusiastic response. Fortunately, however, this cloud of war was dissipated.

On the 2d of December, the anniversary of the great victory of Austerlitz, the two funeral frigates entered the harbor of Cherbourg. Three ships of war, the Austerlitz, the Friedland, and the Tilsit, immediately encircled, with protecting embrace, the ship which bore the sacred relics. All the forts and batteries, and all the ships of war, fired a salute of twenty-one guns each. The coffin was then transferred to the steamship *Normandy*, which had been, at great expense and with exquisite taste, prepared for the occasion. On the 9th the convoy entered the mouth of the Seine. A magnificent chapel had been constructed upon the unobstructed deck of the steamer, in which the coffin was placed, so raised as to be conspicuous to all who might crowd the banks of the stream. A very imposing effect was produced by the number of wax lights and flambeaux which, by day and by night, threw a flood of light upon the coffin. The imperial mantle, sweeping to the floor, covered the sarcophagus. On a cushion at the head of the coffin rested the imperial crown, veiled with crape. An armed sentry was

stationed in each corner of the chapel. At the head of the coffin stood an ecclesiastic in full canonicals. Several general officers were grouped near him. The Prince de Joinville stood alone at the foot of the coffin.

Thus the cortège approached the city of Havre. Watchful eyes had discerned its coming when it appeared but as a dark speck in the dim blue of the horizon. The whole city was in commotion. Minute-guns were fired; funeral bells were tolled; and the still air was filled with dirges from well-trained martial bands. All business was suspended. Every sound was hushed but the appropriate voices of grief. The crowd, oppressed with a religious awe, preserved the most profound silence as the imperial steam-ship, with her black hull and tapering masts, to which were attached the banners of France gently fluttering in the breeze, glided majestically to her appointed station.

At this place arrangements had been made to convey the remains, by a small steamer, up the River Seine, one hundred miles, to Paris. The taste and the wealth of France were lavished in the attempt to invest the occasion with all possible solemnity and grandeur. The steamer Parisian led the way, filled with the high dignitaries of the kingdom. Then followed a second steamer, with the crew of the frigate which had borne the remains from Saint Helena. After this came the imperial barge, bearing the sacred ashes of the dead. It was richly, but with great simplicity, draped in mourning. The sarcophagus was so elevated in the chapel that every eye could behold it. Ten other steamers composed the unparalleled funeral train.

On the morning of the 10th of December, just as the rising sun was gilding the cloudless skies, the imposing flotilla of thirteen funeral barges, saluted by tolling bells, and solemnly-booming guns, and soul-stirring requiems, left its moorings and majestically commenced the ascent of the river. The back country, for thirty miles on either side, had been almost depopulated, as men, women, and children crowded to the banks of the stream, in homage to the remains of the great man who was worthily enthroned in all their hearts. The prefect of the Lower Seine had issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants :

“ Fellow citizens ! The department of Lower Seine will be first traversed by the funeral cortège, proceeding, under the direction of his royal highness the Prince de Joinville, toward the capital of the kingdom, where memorable solemnities are to be enacted in the presence of the great bodies of the state, and illustrated by all the prodigies of art. There is no event in history which presents itself with such a character of grandeur as that which accompanies the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon. When the vessel containing those venerated ashes shall advance slowly along the river, you will receive it with that religious feeling and those deep emotions which are ever produced by the recollection of the misfortunes of the country, its triumphs, and its glory. You will render the last honors to that great man with the calmness and dignity becoming a population which has so often experienced the benefit of his protecting power and of his special solicitude.”

As the cortège passed along, an innumerable multitude gazed in silence, but with tearful eyes, upon the sublime spectacle. Every battery uttered its salute. From the turret of every village church the knell was tolled; and there was not a peasant’s hut passed on the route which did not exhibit

some testimonial of respect and love. The city of Rouen, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, is situated half way between Havre and Paris. The sagacious policy of the Emperor had contributed much to its prosperity, and had rendered it one of the chief commercial and manufacturing cities in the kingdom. "Paris, Rouen, and Havre," said he, on one occasion, "shall form one great city, of which the Seine shall be the main street." Such were the noble objects of Napoleon's ambition. But the Allies thwarted his generous plans by their assailing armies, and hunted him down as if he had been a beast of prey. The mayor of Rouen, in preparation for the reception of the remains of the Emperor, thus addressed the inhabitants of the city :

" Beloved Fellow-citizens,—After twenty-five years of exile in a foreign land, Napoleon is at last restored to us. A French prince, the worthy son of our citizen king, brings back to France what remains of the great Emperor. In a few days these glorious ashes will rest in peace under the national safeguard of his glory and the remains of his invincible phalanxes. A few moments only are allowed to salute the coffin of the hero who caused the French name to be respected throughout the world. Let us employ them in solemnly manifesting the sympathies which are in the hearts of a population over whom the Emperor once extended his powerful and protecting hand. Let us unite, with a religious feeling, in the triumphal funeral reserved to him by the city where his glory and genius are stamped with immortal grandeur."

From the adjoining country more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants had flocked to Rouen. Both banks of the river were richly decorated, and long galleries had been constructed, draped in costly silks, for the accommodation of the countless throng. Many lofty pyramids were erected, covered with rich purple satin, and spangled with golden tears. Upon the base of these pyramids were inscribed the names of the principal battles of the Empire. A triumphal arch, of majestic proportions, spanned the whole stream, covered also with silk, and brilliantly decorated with bees of gold. Twenty thousand yards of silk were used in this structure, and thirty-six thousand bees. Two ships of honor, imposingly decorated, and covered with the flags of all nations, were so stationed that the funeral procession of steamers might pass between them. The bridges of Rouen were embellished with the highest decorations of art, and from every steeple and turret, and from almost every window of the city, tri-colored banners were floating in the breeze.

Before midday, all the inhabitants of the city and its environs were assembled, cuirassiers, judges and advocates, ecclesiastics, the National Guard with drooping banners draped in mourning, students, members of the Legion of Honor, retired officers, the veteran and wounded soldiers of the old armies of the Empire, fifteen hundred in number, all at their appointed stations. As these veterans, torn and battered by the storms of war, traversed the streets in long military array, many of them in extreme old age, and all of them bearing in their hands crowns of *immortelles* and laurel, marching with reversed arms and to the mournful music of the muffled drum, their eyes moistened with tears and their faces flushed with inexpressible emotion, they were greeted with that fervor of enthusiasm which bursts from the soul

when moved to its profoundest depths. They were the representatives of Napoleon ; they were his *children*. There was probably not one among them all who would not gladly have laid down his own life for his beloved chieftain.

Just at noon of a serene and brilliant day, the funeral procession of steamers made its appearance, moving noiselessly and majestically along the mirrored surface of the river. A sublime peal of artillery from ships, batteries, and the cannon of the National Guard, louder than heaven's heaviest thunders, announced that the Emperor was approaching. The scene of emotion which ensued no language can exaggerate. The Emperor, though in death, was restored, triumphant in love and homage, to his empire. The honor of France was retrieved, for her most renowned and adored monarch no longer slept, a captive, beneath the soil of his enemies.

The speed of all the boats was slackened, that the spectators might have a better opportunity to witness the imposing pageant. On reaching the suspension bridge, over which, like the bow of promise, rose the triumphal arch, the imperial barge paused for a while, and the military veterans, defiling along, cast their crowns of flowers at the foot of the coffin, while with wailing voices they tremulously shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The shout which had so often thrilled in the heart of the Emperor fell upon the cold and leaden ear of death. Did Napoleon, from the spirit land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame ? The veil is impenetrable.

The imperial barge then passed under the arch, and took her station in the centre of a circle, surrounded by the remainder of the steamers. The bells of the churches tolled the funeral knell, minute-guns were fired, the archbishop read the burial service, while dirges from many martial bands were breathed plaintively through the air. Immediately after this act of homage to the dead, a salute from the shore announced that the ceremony would henceforth assume a triumphal character. The Emperor had returned to his grateful people, and was to be received as if still living. The bells rang out their merriest peals. All the bands played national airs. The troops presented arms. The artillermen of the National Guard fired a salute of one hundred and one rounds; and, though all eyes were dimmed with tears, and all voices were tremulous with emotion, the clangor of bells, the thunder of artillery, and the peal of trumpets were drowned in the delirious and exultant shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" It was the shout of an enfranchised people, in thunder peal announcing to astonished despotisms the final triumph of popular suffrage in the re-enthronement of the monarch of the people's choice.

The same evening the procession moved on toward the excited, throbbing, expectant metropolis. The banks of the Seine, from Havre to Paris, are thickly planted with cities and villages. As the flotilla passed along, it was continually received with every possible demonstration of attachment to Napoleon, and of national rejoicing at the recovery of his remains. The shores were lined by thousands of spectators, and the inhabitants of every district did all in their power to invest the scene with the most impressive splendor. Thousands came from Paris to witness a spectacle so singular and sublime.

At Annieres lay the massive and gorgeous ship which had been built ex-

pressly to convey the remains of the Emperor up the Seine. A receptacle for the coffin had been constructed upon the deck, in the form of an Egyptian temple, open at both sides, with a flat roof, supported at the corners by four gigantic statues. The entrance to this temple was by a flight of steps. An immense gilded eagle formed the figure-head of the vessel. Tripods, blazing with many-colored flames, were placed around the tomb. This magnificent and costly piece of craftsmanship was, however, found to be too heavy to be towed up the Seine in season for the ceremony appointed on the 15th. But at this place the vessel joined the convoy, adding greatly to its effect.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, the flotilla arrived at Courbevoie, a small village about four miles from Paris. Here the remains were to be transferred from the steamer to the shore. Thousands from Paris thronged the village and its environs to witness the imposing pageant. A



THE BARGE ON THE SEINE.

colossal statue of the beloved Josephine arrested universal attention, as she stood there to greet her returning husband. Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Cæsars, was then living ingloriously at Parma. No one thought of her. At the head of the quay an immense column was raised, one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a globe six feet in diameter, and crowned by a lordly eagle glittering in gold. Upon the base of the column were inscribed the memorable words,

“It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well.”

A Grecian temple, one hundred feet high, was constructed at the termi-

nation of the wharf, under which the body was to lie in state until transferred to the funeral car. Richly-decorated tripods, twenty feet high, emitted volumes of flame, producing a very impressive effect. Here Sergeant Hubert, who for nineteen years had kept watch at the solitary grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, landed. All the generals immediately gathered around him with cordial embraces, and he was received by the people with deep emotion.

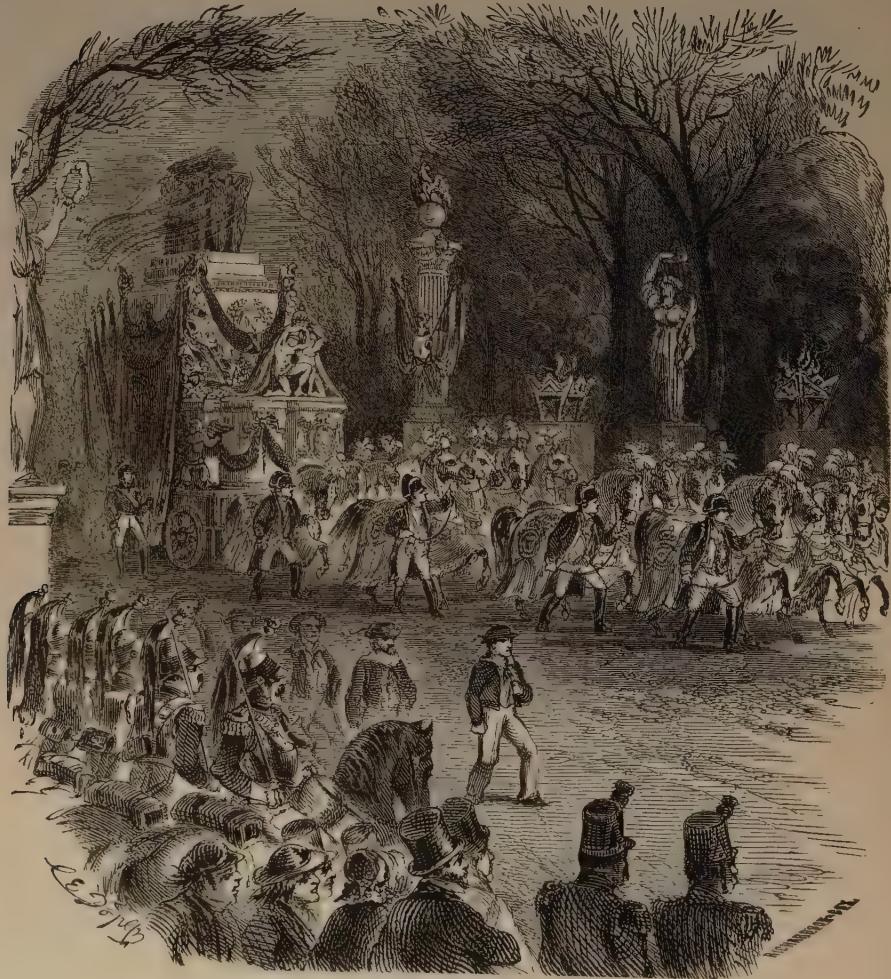
During the night, all the vessels of the flotilla were brilliantly illuminated. The next morning the sun rose resplendently glowing in the clear, cloudless, serene sky. Thousands exclaimed, "It is the Sun of Austerlitz." For a week, multitudes, not only from the distant cities of France, but from all parts of Europe, had been arriving to witness this spectacle of sublimity unrivaled. For nearly four miles, from the esplanade of the Invalides, along the Quay d'Orsay, the Bridge of Concorde, the Elysian Fields, the Avenue of Neuilly, the Bridge of Neuilly to the village of Courbevoie, the road was lined by thousands of spectators, and crowded with an indescribable opulence of embellishments. The excitement of the war-worn veterans of the Invalides amounted almost to delirium. The whole National Guard of Paris was drawn out to escort the remains. The Polish emigrants, many of them men of high distinction, sent a deputation, earnestly requesting permission to assist in the funeral ceremonies of the only monarch who had ever expressed any sympathy in their cause. Louis Philippe, the King of the French, with all the members of the royal family, and the members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, were assembled beneath the gorgeous dome of the Invalides, to render homage to the returning Emperor. The embellishments in Paris, along the path of the procession, surpassed every thing which had ever been attempted before. The Arch of Triumph was decorated with most imposing grandeur. A colossal image of the Emperor stood upon its towering summit, looking serenely down upon his own marvelous triumph, and surrounded by those flags and eagles which his victories had rendered immortal.

The view down the spacious avenue of the Elysian Fields was imposing in the extreme. Each side was lined with lofty columns, surmounted by gilt eagles, and decorated with tri-colored flags. Colossal statues, triumphal arches, immense vases blazing with variegated flames, and the assemblage of a countless multitude of spectators, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten.

The imperial car was composed of five distinct parts, the basement, the pedestal, the Caryatides, the shield, and the cenotaph. The basement rested on four massive gilt wheels. This basement, which was twenty-five feet long and six feet high, and all the rich ornaments with which it was profusely embellished, were covered with frosted gold. Upon this basement stood groups of cherubs, seven feet high, supporting a pedestal eighteen feet long, covered with burnished gold. This pedestal, elevated thirteen feet from the ground, was constructed with a heavy cornice, richly ornamented. It was hung in purple velvet, falling in graceful drapery to the ground, embroidered with gold and spotted with bees. Upon this elevated pedestal stood fourteen Caryatides, antique figures larger than life, and entirely covered with

gold, supporting with their heads and hands an immense shield of solid gold. This shield was of oval form, and eighteen feet in length, and was richly decorated with all appropriate ornaments. Upon the top of this shield, nearly fifty feet from the ground, was placed the cenotaph, an exact copy of Napoleon's coffin. It was slightly veiled with purple crape, embroidered with golden bees. On the cenotaph, upon a velvet cushion, were placed the sceptre, the sword of justice, the imperial crown, in gold, and embellished with precious stones. Such is a general description of this funeral car, the most sumptuous that was probably ever constructed.

This imperial chariot of velvet and gold, impressing every beholder with its gorgeous and sombre magnificence, was drawn by sixteen black horses yoked four abreast. These steeds were so entirely caparisoned in cloth of gold that their feet only could be seen. Waving plumes of white feathers adorned their heads and manes. Sixteen grooms, wearing the imperial livery, led the horses.



THE FUNERAL CAR.

At half past nine o'clock in the morning, after prayers had been read over the body, twenty-four seamen raised the coffin on their shoulders, and, following the procession of the clergy, conveyed it to the Grecian temple. There it was deposited for a short time, while the clergy again chanted prayers. The seamen then again took up their precious load, and conveyed it to the triumphal car. It was placed in the interior of the vehicle, its apparent place being occupied by the cenotaph upon the summit of the shield. As the car commenced its solemn movement, the sun and moon were both shining in the serene and cloudless sky, gilding with extraordinary splendor this unparalleled scene. No language can describe the enthusiasm inspired, as the car passed slowly along, surrounded by the five hundred sailors who had accompanied the remains from St. Helena, and preceded and followed by the most imposing military array which the kingdom of France could furnish. More than a million of people were assembled along the line of march to welcome back the Emperor. All the bells in Paris were tolling. Music from innumerable bands filled the air, blending with the solemn peal of minute-guns and of salutes of honor from many batteries. The multitude shouted, and sang, and wept. In a roar as of thunder, the Marseilles Hymn resounded from ten thousand voices, and was echoed and re-echoed along the interminable lines.

The Church of the Invalides, in the splendor of its adornments, resembled a fairy palace. The walls were elegantly hung with rich drapery of violet velvet, studded with stars of gold, and bordered with a massive gold fringe. The eight columns which support the dome were entirely covered with velvet, studded with golden bees. It would require a volume to describe the splendors of this room. Beneath its lofty dome, where the massive tomb of Napoleon was ulteriorly to be erected, a tomb which would cost millions of money, and which would require the labor of years, a magnificent cenotaph, in the form of a temple superbly gilded, was reared. This temple was pronounced by all judges to be one of the happiest efforts of decorative art. Here the remains of the Emperor were for a time to repose. Thirty-six thousand spectators were seated upon immense platforms on the esplanade of the Invalides. Six thousand spectators thronged the seats of the spacious portico. In the interior of the church were assembled the clergy, the members of the two chambers of Deputies and of Peers, and all the members of the royal family, and others of the most distinguished personages of France and of Europe. As the coffin, preceded by the Prince de Joinville, was borne along the nave upon the shoulders of thirty-two of Napoleon's Old Guard, all rose and bowed in homage to the mighty dead. Louis Philippe, surrounded by the great officers of state, then stepped forward to receive the remains.

"Sire," said the prince, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

"I receive it," replied the king, "in the name of France." Then, taking from the hand of Marshal Soult the sword of Napoleon, and presenting it to General Bertrand, he said, "General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin."

The king then returned to his throne, the coffin was placed in the cata-



INTERIOR OF THE INVALIDES.

falque, and the last wish of Napoleon was gratified. The funeral mass was then celebrated. The King of France sat upon one side of the altar, accompanied by the queen, and all the princes and princesses of the royal family. The ministers and the marshals of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Paris, with his assistant bishops and clergy, and all the prominent civil and military authorities of France, gathered reverentially around the mausoleum in this last sublime act of a nation's love and gratitude. As the solemn strains of Mozart's Requiem, performed by three hundred musicians, floated through the air, all hearts were intensely moved. Thus ended a ceremony which, in all the elements of moral sublimity, has no parallel.

In beautiful tribute to the warm affections of the Emperor, France, in 1847, placed by his side the ashes of two of his most devoted friends, General Bertrand and General Duroc, each of whom had been grand marshal of the imperial palace, as if to cheer, by their love and companionship, the solitude of the tomb. "These two men," said General Gourgaud, in the Chamber of



THE SANCTUARY.

Peers, "have been chosen principally because the functions which they have fulfilled near the person of the Emperor were all those of friendship and confidence. In placing them after their death by the side of his tomb, they will be there, not as the most illustrious, not as the only devoted and faithful, under a reign which furnished so many illustrations, so many generous sacrifices of every kind, but as the natural representatives of devotion the most pure, the most grateful, and of a fidelity which was manifested the most frequently, the most direct, and the longest continued in good as in adverse fortune."

These two beloved friends now repose by the side of the Emperor. "Dear and venerated veterans," said General Fabvier, "when you meet our chieftain, say to him that his glory each day extends and brightens, and that this ceremony is a homage which we render to his loving heart, in again giving him the companionship of two of his most cherished associates." France has also established, in grateful commemoration of the virtues of her illustrious Emperor, an annual religious celebration of the return of his ashes, to be observed through all coming time, on the 15th of December, at his tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides.

With such honors has France received back her Emperor, who had been



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

torn from her by combined despotsms. Napoleon, in death, has become the victor over all his foes. Every generous heart now does homage to his lofty character. His last wishes are accomplished, and his ashes repose in the bosom of his beloved France, amid the imperishable monuments of his wisdom, his goodness, and his glory. France has reared for him a mausoleum which is a nation's pride, and he is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen as monarch was never enthroned before. Through all coming ages, travelers from all lands will, with reverential awe, visit the tomb of Napoleon. His noble fame is every day extending. The voices of obloquy are becoming more faint and few, and soon will be hushed forever.

THE END.

